AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

FEBRUARY 1979 $2·00*

Cricket rebel Ian Chappell on booze, birds and Bradman

Playboy's 25 triumphant years of girls

The love cult of Dracula

Plus:
Ron Saw
Robert Morley
F. Lee Bailey
Belinda Green

The courage of a lone crusader: Bob Bottom's fight against organised crime

The great Australian beer test

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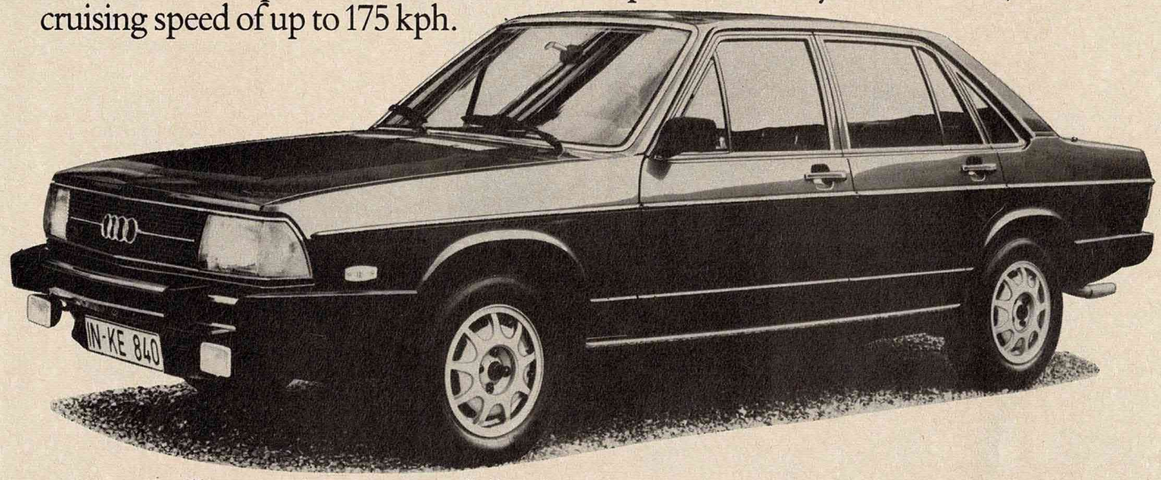

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PLAYBILL

G'day Australia. This is a month of milestones. PLAYBOY in the US is 25 years old; in Australia we are off and running with the eighth international edition – the first in the English language. Proud as we are of our international heritage (for more detail, turn to *Playboy's Quarter Century* and *The Playboy Forum* in this issue) we pledge ourselves to be uniquely Australian. We plan to be relevant to the needs and aspirations of the modern Australian male, and we look forward to your letters, comments and participation.

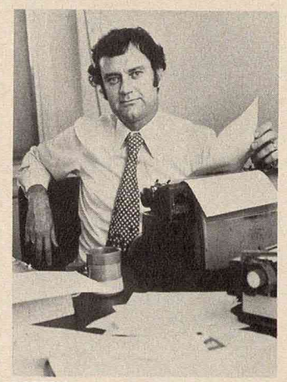
And now, on with the show. Our opening number is a chilling personal account of one man's stand against the frightening forces of organised crime. **Bob Bottom** is a modest and unassuming chap, and he tells his story (in collaboration with staff writer **Russell Deiley)** coolly, and without histrionics. Perhaps that is his job, but we suspect few of us could stand the pressure constantly riding on this man of rare courage. His plea for public participation in the fight against crime should not go unheeded.

Deiley, incidentally, has been busy since he joined us in our early planning stages. He followed daredevil **Dale Buggins** into the backblocks of Queensland, wondering what kind of kid would stake life and limb to challenge – and beat – impossible odds in the man's world of stunt riding. Artist **Peter Ledger,** who has a penchant for the fire and fury of motorbikes, did the illustration. Then Deiley went on the run to pin down Australia's most controversial sportsman, **Ian Chappell,** for our inaugural *Playboy Interview*. Chappell, in fine form, answered Deiley's bouncers with plenty of verbal sixes.

On the lighter side of things, **Ron Saw** tells how he performed as a fledgling satyr; **Graham Goodman** hands out awards for individual performances beyond the call of common sense; **Phil Jarratt** chronicles the often-uproarious behavior of heads and straight playing politics; and **Robert** (Mr Heinz) **Morley** tells of the shadowy world of transvestism in Sydney. It takes all kinds, folks.

During our winter of development we were struck by the seemingly increasing numbers of sports injuries. Hardly a week passed without a death, crippling injury, or rivers of blood. So **Jack Darmody,** who did a bit of boxing in his time, wondered why boxers were not permitted to fight for months after an injury while footballers could back up week after week. His investigation perhaps foreshadows government intervention. Still on the sport front, **John Hampshire** kicks off our series discovering how man reacts when pitted against himself and the elements by leaping out of an aircraft 2500ft above the ground.

Finally, our girls. We are in an enviable position because with this edition we add Australia, and its loveliest lasses, to the world of PLAYBOY beauty. Each month we will select the most delightful damsels for our pictorials and centrefold. Some – most – will be Australian and some will be from overseas because, in all conscience, we could not deny Australian men the chance to see them. We have to sleep at nights, too! In this issue we present a collection of beautiful and famous women who have appeared in PLAYBOY during the past 25 years. Marilyn, Jane, Brigitte . . . right up to the current *Playmate of the Year,* **Debra Jo Fondren.** And then, the pièce de résistance: Australia's first Playmate. We were delighted to photograph dozens of girls in our search, and you'll meet some of them in *The Great Australian Playmate Hunt,* which leads to the jewel of the west, the sumptuously beautiful **Karen Pini.** We loved working with her for our collector's item centrefold, directed by **Stephen Berry** and photographed by **Rico Mettbach.** We hope you love her, too – and that you'll be back for more next month . . . and the next . . . and . . .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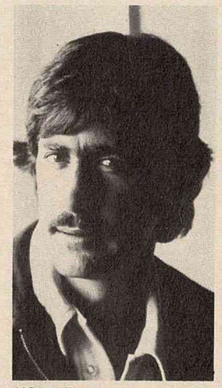
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HAMPSHIRE

SAW

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GOODMAN

DARMODY

METTBACH

BERRY

AUSTRALIAN

PLAYBOY

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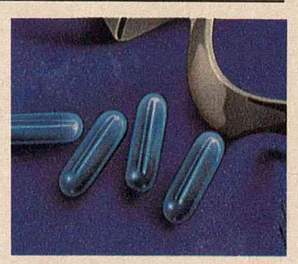

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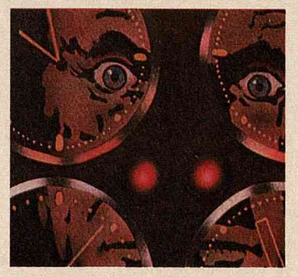

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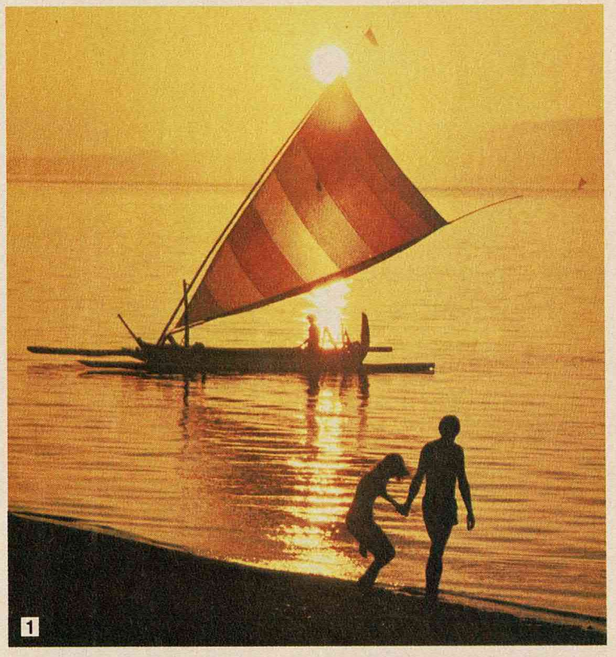
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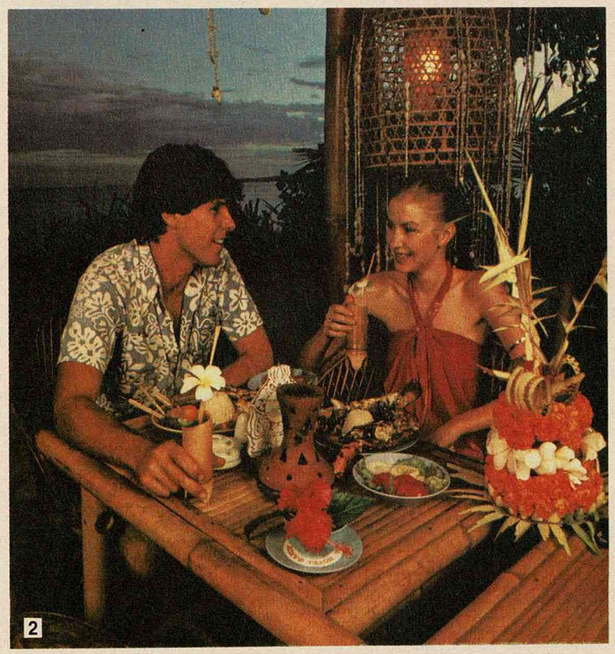
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PLAYBOY AFTER HOURS

A QUESTION OF TIMING

We did our homework before we published the Australian edition of PLAYBOY. We interviewed dozens of men in research groups, showed them prototypes of what we planned, probed their psyches and cajoled them into telling us what they liked and disliked – not only about magazines.

We sought signed and witnessed statutory declarations about this story but, because our source refused to hand over tapes of the conversation, we can only report that we *think* it really happened.

One of our researchers went to Sydney's Kings Cross at night to lure prospective interview subjects to our panel discussions. She came across a likely-looking chap in a spic 'n' span RAAF uniform.

"Excuse me," she said. "I wonder if you'd like to take part in a panel discussion which will probe what you like about women."

"Of course, my dear," the RAAF chappie boomed back.

"The questions might get a little personal," she said.

"Perfectly all right, my dear, perfectly all right . . ."

"Well, really personal . . . like when did you last have intercourse?"

"Oh, about 1945."

"Goodness, wasn't that a long time ago?"

"Oh, I dunno . . . it's only 2100 hours right now . . ."

SEXCESS STORY

To those desperates who spend their lives searching for a rich nymphomaniac whose father owns a pub, we can say only that you should have been born a howler monkey. According to author Edward Wilson in his book *Sociobiology,* the female howler monkey is a great example of uninhibited female libido. In fact the female howler's sexual appetite is so great that masculine frustration is unknown in howler society.

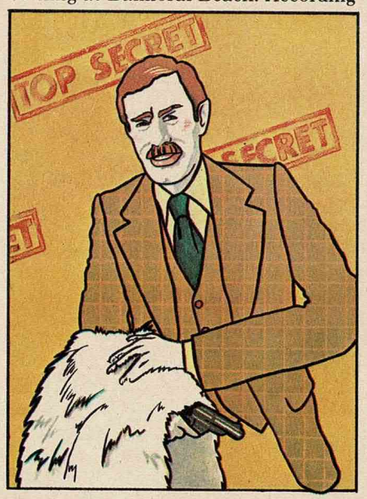
Quite the reverse, in fact. In the early morning the male howlers are more than keen to accommodate the sexual wishes of the females. But as the day goes on their ardor and weaponry start to flag. In fact, they work a shift system. Male No 1 performs while male No 2 eats (breakfast, that is). Then they switch jobs to keep the horny female happy.

The males do have an out. They help to look after the young, and when a baby howler falls from the tree there are plenty of volunteer males to stagger down to retrieve the infant. Some biologists suspect that the young are even pushed out of the tree deliberately by exhausted males desperate for a break.

However, sooner or later the males have to go back up the tree for lunch or dinner, and the sexual cavorting is on again. Only under the cloak of darkness can the exhausted males escape the demands of the females. No one seems to know why the female howler is so highly sexed, but if anyone ever gets around to bottling it they have a sure-fire winner.

NO FURTHER COMMENT

We were fascinated to read of the reaction of Sydney's Mosman Council to complaints by residents about nude bathing at Balmoral Beach. According to the local paper, the Mayor, Alderman Barry O'Keefe, said he would refer the question of nude bathing to the committee-of-the-whole.



THE FURRED MAN

It's hard to see Stephen Dattner, elegant and urbane Melbourne furrier, .32 automatic in hand, wading through the viscous ooze of a Viennese sewer. It's hard, in fact, to visualise those small, almost delicate hands – which contrast so starkly with the rest of the large Dattner frame – doing anything save caressing a $12,000 mink coat.

But as a counter-intelligence officer stationed in Vienna at the end of World War Two, Dattner held the job English novelist Graham Greene assigned to his fictional MI5 espionage agent Colonel Calloway in *The Third Man.*

Like all good spies, Dattner smiles enigmatically and pooh-poohs the suggestion that the character of Calloway could have been modelled on him. However, Greene was working for British intelligence at the same time as Dattner and some of the sequences of the film *The Third Man,* which starred Joseph Cotten, Orson Welles and Trevor Howard, were shot in Dattner's old Vienna office.

"Greene was in a different department to me," says the head of the multi-million dollar Melbourne furrier firm, "but he would have had access to my files. A lot of his novel was very authentic – especially the degree of knowledge about the penicillin racket. I have no doubt that Greene saw those files at the time and later made good use of them.

"I don't doubt there were a few evil geniuses behind the black market and the penicillin racket. But Greene's character of Harry Lime is pure fiction. I have never been down a sewer in my life, and I'm quite sure I don't ever want to."

Be that as it may, some of the men whom Dattner helped track down were a good deal more sinister than Harry Lime. The Dattner team's biggest

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catch was Dr Ernst Kaltenbrunner, the head of Hitler's dreaded security service, the SD.

Kaltenbrunner was subsequently hanged for his war crimes and Dattner emigrated to Melbourne, where he blots out the horrors of the European war with the minks and the sables which dolly up society matrons.

WOMEN WANTED

What do 400 men do with only one woman? According to our man in the West, that's the current ratio among the thousands of mining workers in the Pilbara region. Sex, any sex, even plain old missionary position sex, is terribly, frighteningly scarce.

The trouble is that it's awful country for women. Several of the mining towns have circuits of housewives who provide a small service on the side. Company personnel officers know about them and keep a careful eye on operations in case word gets to the wrong people. With an irate husband on the warpath, it's too easy to have an "accident" amid all the hulking hardware associated with mining operations.

In all fairness, the companies are trying to get more women into the area but the schoolteachers, public servants, white collar workers and others with clean fingernails do best with the few birds who are available. Which leaves a lot of big, horny men with money in their pockets and dull aches in their groins.

They get relief at times from the odd caravan of peripatetic pros who charge like plumbers but still tend to leave a few drips behind. Some of the more comfortable motels and hotels in the area have even attracted very experienced (and very expensive) east coast call girls on working holidays. One tall blonde has wintered there several times, to the delight of the sex-starved males.

But a girl can only do so much. So the cunning stunt is to hop on a charter flight to the brothels of Kalgoorlie, titillated along the way by a comprehensive collection of dog-eared porn magazines.

For those who can't afford to outlay that much for a lay, there is always do-it-yourself.

But even here there are dangers. There is a popular story in Port Hedland about a certain wharfie who bought an inflatable woman from a crewman on a Japanese tuna boat – and had to have a quick course of penicillin.

WHAT ABOUT THE RABBIT?

First Enid Blyton, then Biggles and now Lewis Carroll. The beloved author of *Alice in Wonderland* and *Through the Looking Glass* was a probable paedophiliac. One of his hobbies was photographing little girls in the nude.

Dedicated students of literature have long suspected that Carroll posed some of his little friends undraped and it is known he ordered many of his negatives and prints destroyed after his death.

Recently, however, four of the photos were discovered and they have been published in a monograph by scholar Morton N. Cohen.

Carroll, real name Charles Lutwidge Dodgson, lived from 1832 to 1898. He was a clergyman, mathematician, logician and a lecturer at Oxford University. He was also famous as one of the best portrait photographers of the 19th century.

But there is every indication that he was completely repressed sexually. He stammered so badly that he avoided reading scriptures from the pulpit. He preferred to preach, so he could avoid the words which tripped him up. Only in the company of little girls from about eight to 11 did he feel completely at ease.

All this was seized on by biographers and critics who interpreted *Alice* in the most scatological of Freudian terms. One wrote that the books are really all about bowel movements. Others have said that Alice symbolises a penis, Dodgson's oral trauma or even – wait for it – Christ in drag.

Thus his nude photographs are even choicer ground for speculation. The fact that Dodgson ordered his negatives and prints to be destroyed after his death shows some feelings of guilt on his part.

While preferring, with other scholars, to regard Dodgson as "an artist", even Cohen admits that the author might have experienced subconscious sexual urges in his friendships with little girls.

All we can do is ponder on what the highly-strung white rabbit would have thought of it all.

YANKS STUMPED

One of the problems which has kept sports enthusiasts in the civilised world tossing and turning at nights for decades is the inability of the Americans to handle the complexities of cricket.

We are indebted to a correspondent from Drummoyne, NSW, for a fascinating explanation of why the Yanks are stumped.

According to him, in the early days of the matches against Canadian and other visiting teams, the Americans made the mistake of appointing too many drawling Southern gentlemen as their captains. In between mint juleps,

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these courteous fellows wandered about saying, "Waal, ah do declare. Ah do declare."

Their unscrupulous opponents took them at their word. (After all, who could doubt the word of a Southern gentleman?) Whatever the score, they made the Americans stop batting and then rattled up enough runs to win. Which explains why the Yanks invented baseball.

JUST THE BARE FACTS

There's nothing as boring as highway driving, right? Well, two young women decided to put the time to good use by travelling in the nude to get an all-over suntan. At least, that's the explanation they gave to a group of railway workers and a police constable who gallantly pulled the naked duo to safety after their car ran off the road and into a creek near Rockhampton, in Queensland.

The report we saw didn't mention what effect the incident had on the rescuers, but the young woman driver later appeared in Rockhampton Magistrates' Court and pleaded guilty to driving under the influence.

TO B OR NOT TO B?

The great B-15 debate goes on. Vitamin B-15 (also known as calcium pangamate or pangamic acid) is not really a vitamin at all – that is, it has not been proved an essential dietary requirement whose absence would lead to deficiency or disease. What it does do is increase the supply of oxygen in the blood and its absorption into the body's tissues.

However, the Russians prescribe it for anything from alcoholism to gangrene while the Americans and Australians regard it with the proverbial grain of sodium chloride. It all depends how *you* regard something first extracted from apricot stones by E.T. Krebs, the "discoverer" of Laetrile, the cancer "cure".

B-15 is available in Australia only on doctor's prescription and even then it has to be imported from Russia. The government has been offered a deal to make it here, but the authorities still lean towards the "snake oil" attitude taken by the US Food and Drug Administration. However, because the FDA has approved foodstuffs and additives which later have been proved harmful, its credibility is not at an all-time high.

Laurie Malcolm, the Australian distributor of the Russian B-15, says: "In 1972 we offered it for clinical evaluation to the National Heart Foundation, but they said they did not have the facilities or resources for doing evaluations, and suggested we contact departments of pharmacology in medical schools. We did that and there were no takers, but we are prepared to try again."

TWO INTO ONE

The recent report of an American woman who gave birth to "twins", each of whom had a different father, was only the latest of several instances of this happening. Over the years there have been reports of similar cases in Britain, Germany and New Zealand.

In each case, the woman had intercourse with two men in the space of a few hours and tests proved later that each man had fathered one of the "twins", born from separate, fertilised ova in the womb.

Which leads us to wonder: which woman will be first to produce "triplets" under the same circumstances?

TILL DEBT US DO PART

Sydneysiders Jan Oldham and Graham Bicknell wanted to put their relationship on a more business-like footing. So instead of getting married they signed a legally binding contract joining bird and bloke in a business agreement.

They invited 70 of their friends to the non-wedding partnership party and, Jan being a cookery writer, the guests dined on traditional pie and sauce and fish and chips, wrapped in newspaper and served on silver salvers.

Highlight of the festivities – apart from a downpour – was the officiating solicitor announcing: "The party of the first part may now kiss the party of the second part."

STICKS AND STONES . . .

Are we in for a refreshing change from the stuffy language used in our courts? Mr Ron Tulley, a stipendiary magistrate at Bundaberg in Queensland, is doing his bit, anyway. Mr Tulley called a man appearing before him a clown, an idiot, a ratbag, a nit, a clot and a dickhead.

Mr Tulley said he believes in using language familiar to his listeners. "If you're talking to a politician you use reserved language and correct English. If you're talking to a mob of goons you have to get down to their level before they can understand."

While not everyone would agree about the politicians, Mr Tulley has a point. And a Court of Criminal Appeal tended to agree. The court ruled that Mr Tulley was not biased against the man but had merely been expressing an opinion formed on the basis of the evidence presented in the case, which involved drink-driving charges. However, while upholding the conviction the appeal court commented that Mr Tulley's language was inappropriate for anyone sitting in a judicial capacity.

Said Mr Tulley: "I have no comment. I have my own ways and I dare say the judges have their own ideas, too. I'll have to take some guidance from them in future."

Hang in there, Mr Tulley.

SUGAR AND SPICE

A baker we know does a nice sideline business in pornographic cakes. One, ordered by a policeman organising a stag party for a fellow officer, was in the shape of a pig lying on its back with all working parts displayed. The cakes are so popular the enterprising fellow has compiled a book of color photographs showing cakes the customers might be too embarrassed to describe in detail.

While all this is interesting enough, there is one aspect of the business which did strike us as particularly intriguing: 90 percent of the shop's trade is with women.

DEAR PLAYBOY

ADDRESS: DEAR PLAYBOY,
BOX 4088, GPO,
SYDNEY 2001

This is our first issue, so obviously we can't print any letters from readers. However, we would be glad to hear from you from now on—your comments, your criticism or preferably your praise—and in future issues we will publish a selection of the best letters. Just write to Dear Playboy, Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001.

The Pocket 8 is what other miniature movie cameras set out to be but got lost somewhere along the way. It's a *true* pocket camera. With design features that mark it as a Chinon: TTL Auto Exposure Control with manual override F 1.6 - F 22, electronic shutter, exposure indication backlight control, universally accepted fixed focus F 1.6 15mm lens, battery check lamp, auto footage counter, reflex viewfinder with built-in checks and much more, all packed into an amazing 139mm long (5.47") x 91mm high (3.58") x 38.5mm thick (1.52"). And it weighs just 450g. (0.99 lbs.).

The optional accessories are what you'd expect from Chinon too—converter lenses and a pistol grip which holds extra batteries to provide additional power when needed. The Pocket 8 will suit your hip pocket, too—which makes it a great idea for travelling, business applications—even as a second camera for movie buffs.

The Chinon Pocket 8—another big idea from Chinon.

The CHINON Flightbag, Briefcase, Handbag, Purse, Totebag, Pocket 8.

The Pistol Grip—holds 4 batteries for extra power and allows you to film at 36 FPS.

4 x Zoom Lens—F 1.7 f=8—32mm, fast zooms for special effects and following action.

Telephoto and Wide Angle converter lenses—change your Pocket 8 into a very versatile piece of equipment.

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CHINON
Not just newer. Better.

PLAYBOY'S QUARTER CENTURY

we've come a long way to this first english-language edition outside america

TWENTY-FIVE years ago is a long time to remember. Even to those of us who have lived that long, yet sometimes find difficulty in remembering what happened yesterday. But what was happening in 1953?

It was the year in which Australia signed a 10-year agreement with the US for the sale of uranium from Rum Jungle in the Northern Territory; it was the year in which young Australian soldiers with the 2nd Battalion sailed away to fight, and many to die, in Korea; it was the year in which another, older soldier named Slim, who'd fought in earlier and nearer battles, was made Governor-General of Australia; it was the year in which the first Australian-built Canberra bomber took to the skies, and a huge atomic mushroom cloud darkened them at an isolated test site north of Woomera.

That's what was happening, in 1953, in Australia.

Overseas, a crown was placed on young Elizabeth's head in Westminster Abbey; across the Atlantic the American people showed they did like Ike, and Joe McCarthy, the Honorable Mad Senator from Wisconsin, started a witch-hunt because he hated "commies"; 1953 in America was the year in which *Doggie In The Window* was top of the hit parade, and Dagwood was still the number one comic strip dope. Bumstead was in, but bums were out, for it was also the flannel-fingered dawn of the Organisation Man.

Everywhere, conformity and individualism were diametrically opposed. Fun was in diabolical danger of disappearing. But one man, at least, felt it was a great time to be alive. And Hugh M. Hefner, at the age of 27, had every reason to feel so, for with not much experience and even less money he'd somehow managed to pull off the impossible – with his first issue he'd become the editor and publisher of the most daring, talked-about magazine in recent history. From the very moment of birth, PLAYBOY sales showed it was going to be a very lusty youngster.

Several factors combined to give Hefner that chance, and one was the timing historically. The prevailing bland and boring values of the early '50s virtually demanded rebellion – the demand coming mostly, as always, from the younger people. It evolved from the same restless energy that had created the beat generation, the first rock'n'rollers, James Dean, Marlon Brando, *Mad* magazine – anything that was at all offbeat and interesting because it was not prepared to eat the prevailing bullshit.

Hefner's association with publishing goes back to when he was 10. Then young Hef hand-typed a neighborhood newspaper and hawked it for one cent a copy. Later, in high school during the early '40s, he wrote and drew cartoons for the school magazine. In the army, Hefner contributed to various service papers and afterwards at the University of Illinois edited a magazine called *Shaft*. Not unpredictably, it featured plenty of cartoons signed "Hef". On leaving university and going into what passes for the real world, Hefner's only immediate ambition was to make it as a professional artist. Ironically, he couldn't sell a strip or comic book idea to save his life.

In 1951 he moved from a subsistence position in the circulation department of *Esquire* to a more lucrative one with Publisher's Development Corporation. This organisation put out a number of small-circulation "girlie" magazines typical of the type that were designed for the "men" of those times – the hairy-chested fictional characters who had grizzlies for breakfast, guns for lunch, and maybe a delicious little dolly for dinner. Most of the "girlie" shots in those magazines, however, were of the stereotyped and tame calendar-style pinups, with nothing else in them. Raciest were the anonymous airbrushed honeys cavorting at volleyball in nudist camps.

Involved closely as he was with PDC and this type of magazine, Hefner got to know most of the nation's major magazine wholesalers and was also privy to their circulation figures. And looking at the "girlie" magazines then on sale, he realised that there was an untapped market for the more sophisticated city-bred guy, a man still wanting articles by top writers as well as the cartoon art and decorative arse. Your traditional Gap, just waiting to be filled.

So he did just that. First he hustled 70,000 orders for a magazine that at that stage didn't even exist, then be badgered a printer into giving him 90 days' credit. It wasn't flying a kite, exactly, but it came ingeniously close. Then came his second amazing stroke of luck. This involved an infamous bit of calendar art featuring Marilyn Monroe curled up nude on red satin. Nearly everyone in America had heard of it, but most had seen only a stamp-sized replica in *Life* magazine, so small that you had to be a jeweller to enjoy it. By a typical piece of tenacious detection, Hefner discovered the owner of the rights: an outfit on Chicago's west side that did sexy calendars for the barber shop trade. But they hadn't had the nerve or the enterprise to reprint it. To Hefner's astonishment he talked them into letting him have it for the first issue for just $300 – and they threw in the expensive color separations free of charge.

The value of that single page proved incalculable. It drew national attention to a thin (42-page) magazine which might otherwise have gone straight down the drain. In fact so uncertain was Hefner about his chances that he decided wisely not to date the first issue so it could ride the news-stands as long as possible. But Marilyn turned that first issue into hot news. The 70,000 copies sold out easily, and today fetch as much as $300 each – if you can get one.

This sudden and amazing success blew Hefner's mind. He couldn't believe it. "It is all very, very unreal," he wrote in January, 1954. "The dream has come true too quickly to be fully appreciated." But now he was on the gravy train, and it just kept rolling – and faster. Eighteen months later, in the summer of '55, PLAYBOY'S circulation had bounded to 400,000 – nearly six times the initial print run – and was zooming effortlessly past half a million by that year's end. No wonder, at that stage, Hefner wrote in his autobiography: "When I dreamed this dream of my own magazine just two short years ago, I didn't realise that it would make me rich, but that's what it's doing. I certainly never thought that it would make me famous, but it's doing that, too."

There were two major new areas in PLAYBOY that separated it from the "girlie" magazines that contributed to its success – one, of presenting for the first time a pinup as an "unpinned", the girl next door, the presentation of reality rather than postcard pornography; and two, a far more sophisticated and entertaining editorial

attitude. In the first issue Hefner made it crystal clear that PLAYBOY wasn't going to be aimed at Aunt Effie or the kids, and that it was going to emphasise entertainment – *fun,* on several levels. "Affairs of state will be out of our province," he wrote. "We don't expect to solve any world problems or prove any great moral truths. If we are able to give the American male a few extra laughs and a little diversion from the anxieties of the Atomic Age, we'll feel we've justified our existence."

But Hefner also had his serious side, abundantly documented a few years later in the epic *Playboy Philosophy.* The article *Miss Goldigger of 1953,* in PLAYBOY'S first issue, was a head-on attack on the inequities of divorce, particularly alimony. Not exactly World War Three stuff, maybe, but not escapist froth, either.

In issue four – a year after a national book purge provoked by a State Department directive regarding "commie filth" in United States Information Service libraries overseas – PLAYBOY began serialising Ray Bradbury's *Fahrenheit 451,* a powerful science fiction indictment of censorship set in a dark future where all books were rapidly put to the torch.

Prelude to a long series of heavyweight censorship battles PLAYBOY would fight in the ensuing 24 years, it also revealed where the magazine stood. And in taking that editorial stand, PLAYBOY made a lot of timid people even more nervous – something which, as time has proved, has been one of the best things about it. It has consistently kept naming games and players that weren't supposed to be there, from *The Pious Pornographers* to *All The President's Men* to its award-winning revelations about the Howard Hughes empire.

Such attitudes and articles naturally brought the publication its share of flak – legal and economic. One early antagonist was the US Post Office, which tried to deny PLAYBOY second-class mailing privileges on the ground that the powers at the Post Office had found it too racy for their taste. Rather than back down, as other magazines had, PLAYBOY in late 1955 took the matter to court. It came away with its mailing privileges intact as well as with an injunction restraining the Post Office from further interference with the magazine.

In all directions – the size of his circulation, the increasing size of his buildings and staff – it looked as if PLAYBOY'S Hefner was going ahead, that everything was coming up money. And it was, until the start of 1957. That was the beginning of a very bad year. Circulation figures showed PLAYBOY'S autumn sales had slumped badly, and an abortive attempt to launch another magazine, *Trump,* cost Hefner $95,000. All sort of cuts were instituted. Hefner quit taking a salary, and chopped a quarter off the top from his executives. He was able to ride this storm only after he'd raised a $250,000 loan – but he had to surrender 25 percent of PLAYBOY'S stock to clinch the deal.

Having survived that crisis, Hef got his head down and went from strength to strength. PLAYBOY products of all kinds were being marketed, and were selling like crazy. A major real estate operation was beginning to accumulate, and the original and dedicated staff of seven had grown into thousands. By the early '60s what had started as a magazine had become an empire, with resort hotels, clubs, casinos and a black Big Bunny personal DC-9 jet.

Many of the ideas and values that PLAYBOY had taken so much shit for in the '50s were on their way to becoming mainstream. Camelot had arrived, and it looked as if the young were going to inherit the earth. Among those out there in the water to catch this changing wave was PLAYBOY, riding it right in the pipeline. It was the first mass magazine to chronicle the emerging drug culture – to take one aspect of the times a-changing – in a straightforward way. Dan Wakefield's *Prodigal Powers of Pot* was years ahead of its time when it came out in August, 1962, and it remains as complete and fair an appraisal as you can find. In November of the following year a three-part series ran under the title *Hallucinogens.* Others followed on the same topic, informing and enlightening, and in September, 1966, PLAYBOY published an *Interview* with the acid guru himself, Dr Timothy Leary. All these articles were presented with the editorial message – with drugs, ignorance isn't bliss.

Vietnam, civil rights, racism, women's rights, equality, inequality . . . the list of PLAYBOY'S presentations of social conscience has always been and will continue to be an editorial obligation. Jane Fonda, Muhammed Ali, Sammy Davis Jr, Marshall McLuhan, Ayn Rand, Bill Cosby, Germaine Greer, Ray Charles . . . all of these who have voiced their opinions in PLAYBOY'S pages over the years will testify to that firmly-held belief.

In September, 1972, PLAYBOY'S circulation hit a phenomenal peak of 7.2 million. But there were hard times coming up ahead.

About this time PLAYBOY magazine came up against competition of a new sort on the nation's news-stands. Since 1955 or so, the world had never lacked in imitations (and parodies) of PLAYBOY. One that was started in 1966, *Penthouse,* was one of the more slavish and humorless imitators; but by the early '70s it was changing the game somewhat by, simply, being a lot raunchier than PLAYBOY had ever been – or wanted to be.

But sometimes it *is* darkest, etcetera. In what the news weeklies were calling "The Raunch Wars" and "The Pubic Wars", PLAYBOY had taken a chance and done something right. After brief indecision, PLAYBOY decided to stay true to its school. It would *not* try to follow the trend towards intra-uterine photographic expeditions and beavers so split and close up they might as well be steak tartare.

As Hefner explained: "We are moving in new directions aimed at dissociation from imitators. We will present sexuality without vulgarity. Sex will continue to be an important part of the editorial package, but we are not going to take the magazine out the window."

By 1976 that decision had begun to pay off. What had been lost in circulation was being regained in record revenue: advertisers increasingly fled in flocks from the competition as it got nittier and grittier. Just the same, it must have seemed like old times last August when Hefner saw the goggling front-page headlines in the *Chicago Tribune:*

HEFNER AND PLAYBOY
ACCUSED OF OBSCENITY

A zealous prosecutor in Atlanta was accusing Hefner of "distributing obscene materials". It was a misdemeanor under Georgia law, but nevertheless was front-page news to Hefner's old friend the *Trib.* Apparently it did not matter to the prosecutor that a Federal judge in the Atlanta District Court had ruled that recent issues of PLAYBOY were definitely not obscene; or that PLAYBOY has never lost such a case in a court of final appeal. He just thought it was dirty, and that was that. A man with a one-track mind.

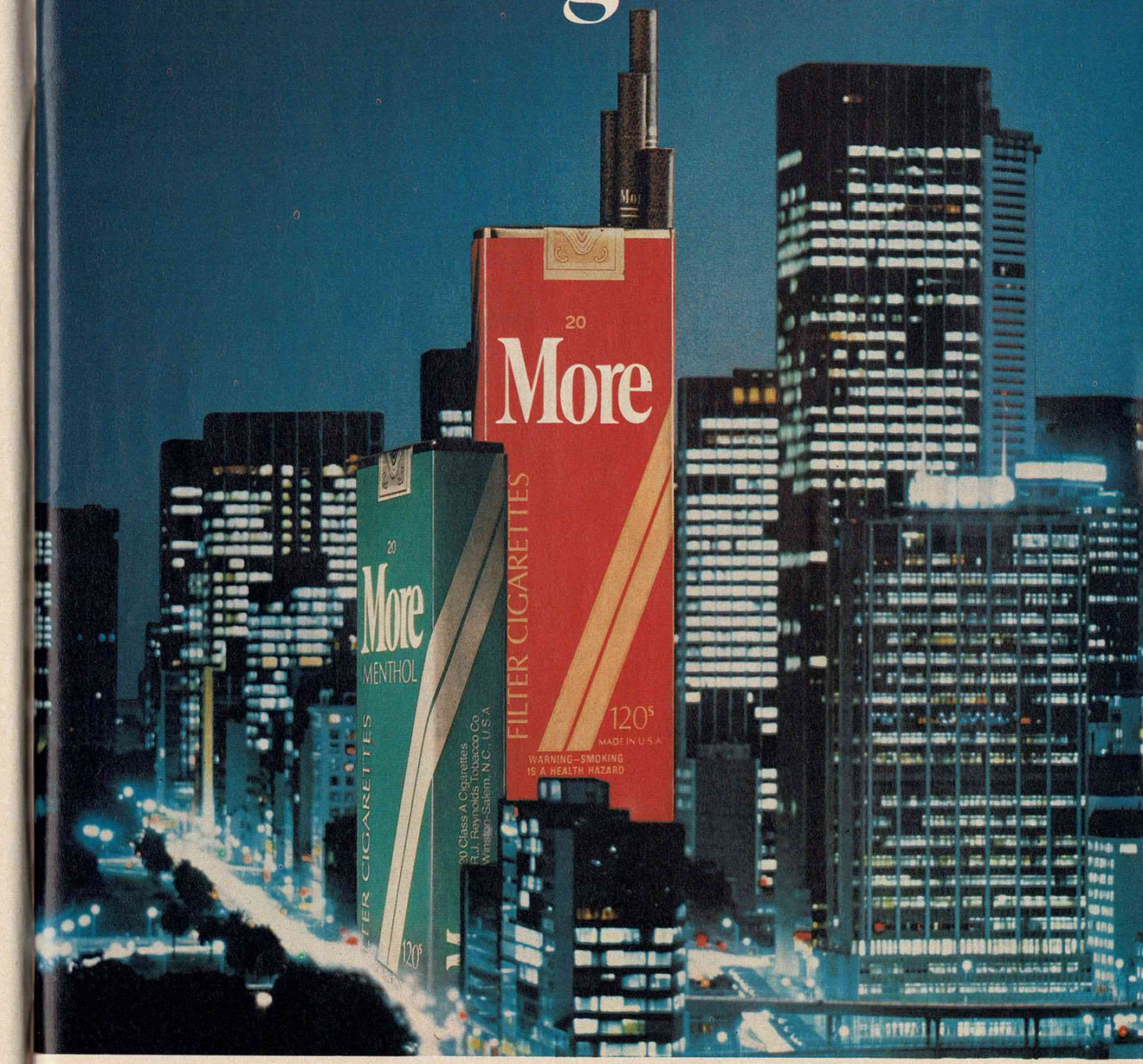
In 25 years PLAYBOY has become an international empire, with foreign language editions in Germany, Italy, France, Japan, Brazil, Mexico, Spain, and now, the first English-language foreign edition, in Australia. As a result, the PLAYBOY bunny logo has become one of the most universally-recognised symbols in the world.

And some crackpot still wants to put Hefner in jail.

It seems like a sign of another 25 lively years.

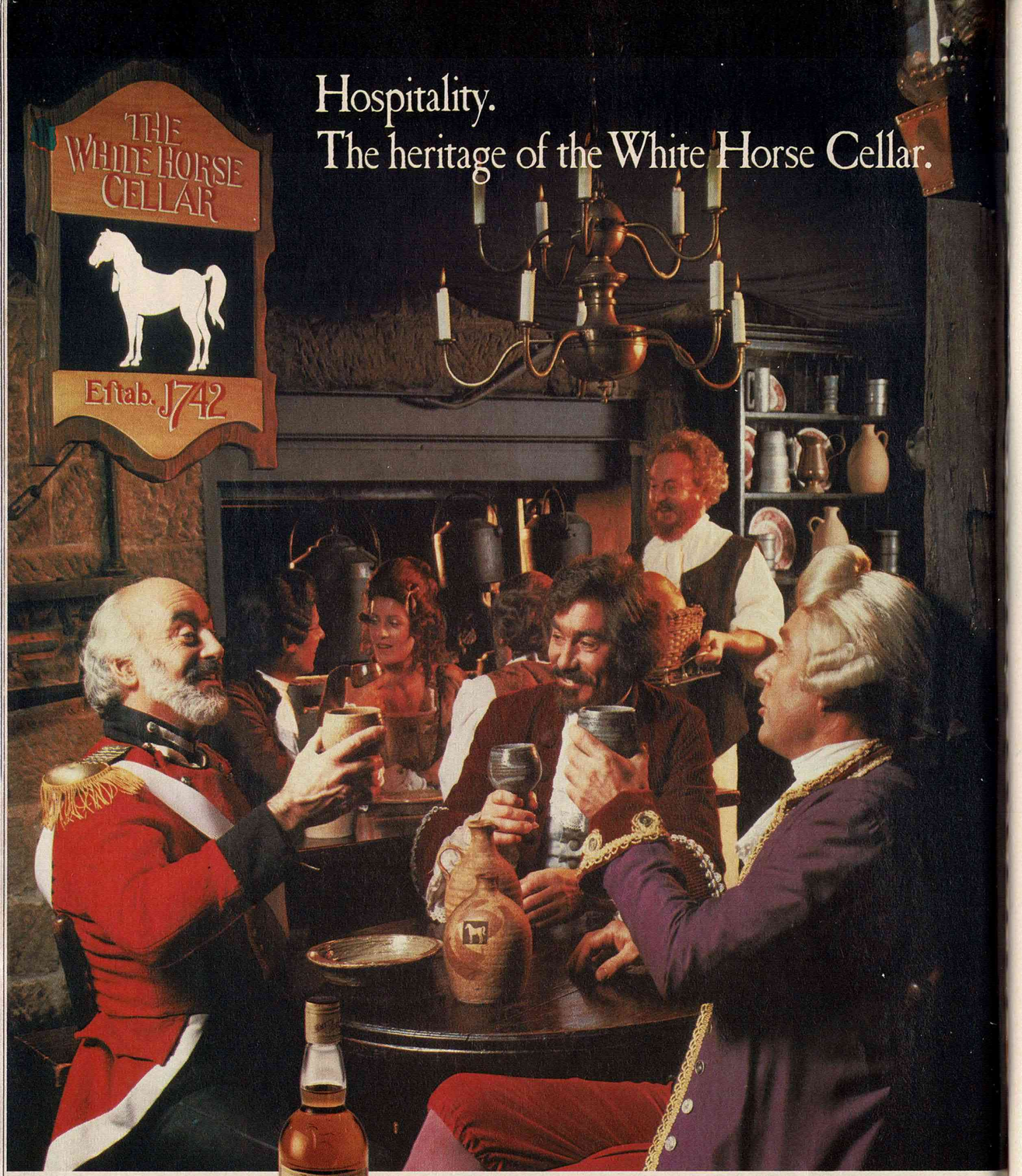
Have fun. We will.

More
A little larger than life



More has more of everything you could ask for in a cigarette.
It's larger. A little larger than life.
It's elegant.

More has a long lean burnished brown look.
Choose from Filter or Menthol.
What more could you ask for?



Hospitality.
The heritage of the White Horse Cellar.

The sign of the old White Horse Cellar. What a welcome sign it must have been, all those years ago, to the road-weary traveller.
It guaranteed a warm welcome and lavish hospitality from a convivial inn-keeper.

The White Horse Cellar
Estab 1742

Many customs have changed over the intervening years,yet the finest scotch served by a discerning host, is still the sign of hospitality.

The sign of hospitality.

176/1/32

THE PLAYBOY ADVISER

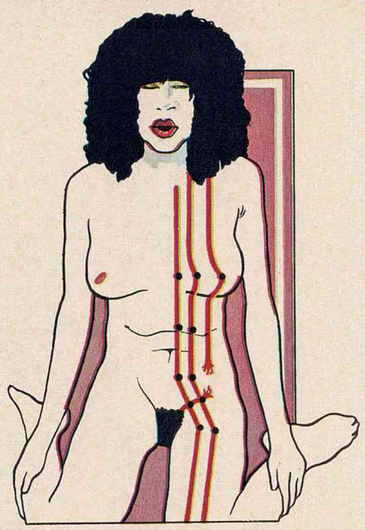
ALL reasonable questions – fashion, food and drink, hi-fi, cars and bikes, personal relationship dilemmas and taste and etiquette – will be answered in the Playboy Adviser. To kick off, we asked men and women who work with us to outline (anonymously) the problems they face. Kinky lot, it seems to us. Send your letters to the Playboy Adviser, PO Box 4088, Sydney 2001. We consult the experts, and the most provocative, pertinent queries will be presented on these pages each month.

I've been dating a girl everyone regards as Miss Wonderful. She is stacked, has a face fit for a PLAYBOY cover, and can talk rationally on any subject save Uncle Joh. She is also great in a twosome. If she sounds like a paragon, let lucky me be the first to agree – with just one reservation. She reckons our tongues are for talking and gently caressing, but not for vigorous sexual stimulation and satisfaction. Do you think a visit to a porno movie would help us overcome the final barrier?

Your paragon is a sexual paradox. Even missionaries have their sense of gratification. But by ageless libertarian standards, fellatio is one of the fundamentals. As for your question on the therapeutic value of sharing a blue movie, tread warily. These poor quality flicks are mostly shown behind sleazy curtains – and a straight bird like yours is more likely to be turned off forever by rubbing shoulders with the raincoat brigade. You'd be much better advised to borrow a couple of films from a sympathetic friend and play the scene casually with your Diana in the relaxed privacy of your own little love nest. If she freaks out you can always throw the home projector switch and turn up the lights. But if the atmosphere is right, the film evening could well melt her restraining icicles. Controlled university experiments have shown that females are just as turned on by erotic films as males. It is simply a matter of choosing the right time and mood to open the eyes of the beholder.

What is this craze for chilling some red wines? The wine companies seem to be encouraging this barbaric fad by stepping up production of lighter reds. Chilling heavier wines strikes me as flying in the face of all tradition.

You are a traditional old fuddy duddy. There is no hard and fast rule against chilling any wine. Even a 1962 Grange Hermitage will taste vile if it is served at the 40 degree temperatures so common in an Australian summer.



Good reds should be served about 18C, depending on the time of the year. A young Coonawarra, for example, is perfect around 15C at the height of summer. An old, mellow Hunter, on the other hand, will be squandered if you crack it at anything less than 20C before a blazing, mid-winter fire. The quaffing wines – flagon and cask reds – certainly benefit from half an hour in the fridge to bring them down to between 10 and 12C. Paradoxically, we tend to serve our whites and roses too cold. As a general rule, young whites are at their best between five and 10C. Any colder and you run the risk of freezing out the taste. In fact a fine 10-year-old Hunter semillon is at its gutsiest around 18C.

I've always read that a girl's nipples are a hotline to her clitoris. But one little number I've come across (no, *she* came across) lately has the strangest set of funbags you've ever seen: her nipples go *in*, not out, and she says that fondling, kissing or sucking does absolutely nothing to her. I believe there is a surgical answer to the problem. Can you explain what the doctors do, and is it covered by medical insurance?

You have been reading fairy tales. While some birds will slaver and quiver at your breastwork, others will be bored frigid. Each woman has her own peculiar erogenous zone. It could be her nipples, but it's just as likely to be her toes, her ears, her coccyx or, in the case of single-minded ladies, her clitoris. There is, in short, no guaranteed direct or alternating current between tit and clit. As for your latest little number, she is neither odd nor even. Erectile tissue that they are, nipples are quaintly like penises – they come in all sizes. Your lady happens to have developed with retracted nipples. It is not an uncommon condition and it won't cause her any problems unless she wants to use her breasts for the purpose they were originally designed: suckling. Women who want to breast-feed their babies, and who don't want to go through the hassle of wearing a suction cap during off-peak hours, can undergo simple surgery to pop the inverted nipples. The operation is covered by insurance.

I am planning a trip to England, and I seem to recall reading a few years ago during a period of disenchantment between Aussie and Pom that each is now regarded as an alien in the other's country. Does this mean that I will need a visa to enter the UK? And as a true blue who fancies a little flutter on the odds, will I be able to walk into a London casino as freely as I used to wander into my local illegal casino?

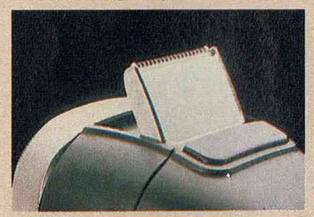
As an Australian national, all you need to be ushered through Heathrow Airport is a current passport. However, as an avowed gambler, planning on mixing it with the big leaguers in the casinos, you might have to find a job in the Old Dart to pay your passage home. As an insurance, you would be well advised to apply for an entry certificate at the nearest British Consulate. The certificate will allow you to work in Britain part-time for one year or full-time for six months. While some of the gambling clubs in London might accept you and your money on a casual basis, the laws that control English gaming insist that all players have to register at the casino of their choice 48 hours before they begin gambling. Bon voyage and good luck.

A university flatmate and I were discussing our favorite subject, girls, when the conversation drifted round to aphrodisiacs. My mate said that although he had never tried it, nor knew anyone who had, he had heard or read that strychnine was a magic turn-on. Is he on the right scent?

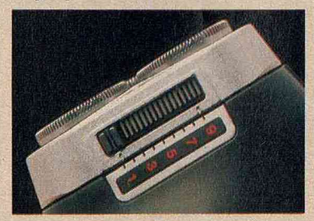
Your friend – or rather, his bedmate – is lucky. Strychnine is strictly the love potion for necrophiliacs. Because it stimulates all parts of the nervous system it was, at one time, widely used for the treatment of various neuroses, but its medical use these days is restricted largely to a constituent part of so-called tonics. It is certainly not for kicks. As the

The new Philishave Exclusive has been designed to give you a smoother, faster, closer shave than ever before.
With 36 self-sharpening blades inside 3 floating heads that follow the contours of your face.
9 skin comfort settings to suit every type of beard.
And a unique pop-up trimmer that features an improved cutting system.
The new Philishave Exclusive offers you all this technical precision to make it easier to face up to shaving.

Three 12-blade cutters give you a total of 36 self-sharpening blades.



New 24% wider trimmer makes it easier to trim longer hairs, quickly. Pops up at the flick of a finger.



New recessed comfort control with nine height settings. Personalised comfort for your type of beard and skin.

PHILIPS

We want you to have the best

medical text book Pharmacological Basis of Therapeutics *says: "To the drug have been ascribed properties which it does not possess or which it exhibits only when administered in toxic doses." And toxic doses will, at best, induce faintness, dizziness and vomiting and, at worst, fatal convulsions. Stick to your fatal charms, fellows, and forget the poisons.*

On a recent business trip to Melbourne, I accepted an invitation from a male friend to dine in one of that city's best restaurants. I followed the maître de to the chosen table. But as he pulled out a chair for me, my escort indicated a seat on the opposite side of the table. Although it was all done without fuss, I was embarrassed, because I have always understood etiquette requires the lady to sit in the chair chosen by the maître de. Am I wrong?

We think your escort was out of line. Maybe he wanted to have the pleasure of brushing your body as he settled you into the chair or he wanted to seat himself in the most flattering light. Whatever his reasons, he acted the boor. Most etiquette authorities agree that the lady sits in the chair presented to her by the maître de.

Why do champagne and some wine bottles have indentations in the bottom? My wife, who can never think ill of anyone, says there must be some perfectly logical explanation, while I reckon it is just a device to give us a little less wine than we pay for.

Your scepticism is unfounded. The hollow in the bottom of a wine bottle is called a punt, with a P. Its function is to strengthen the bottle, especially for champagnes and carbonated wines, and it helps to trap the loose sediment in aged wines. The punt also accommodates a wooden peg to hold the bottle secure during shipping. Its origin dates back to the days when glass blowers supported the bottom of the bottle with an iron rod – called a punty, from the Italian word for point, puntello*—while they formed the neck. The punty left a ragged indentation in the still-soft glass and, to finish the bottle neatly, a glass marble was pushed into the bottom to form a rounded, smooth hollow. Get the puntello?*

My latest live-in mate has me puzzled. We met at a party, dated a few times, and then she moved in with me. That was a night to remember. We hit it off perfectly and neither of us could get enough of the best thing in life. But the next day she couldn't bear my touching her and diagnosed her problem as "honeymoon cystitis". She made an appointment with a doctor who prescribed a course of antibiotics and, for me, night starvation. I'm wondering whether she is playing it straight or covering up for something less socially acceptable. I don't want to run the risk of alienating her by asking her point blank.

Proper little doubting Thomas, aren't you? The lady knows her own body and is being very sensible. Honeymoon cystitis is a bladder infection often inflamed by a vigorous bout of sexual intercourse. This lady is almost certainly a chronic sufferer and has recognised the tell-tale symptoms of frequent and painful urination and, possibly, traces of blood in the urine. The infection is controlled by antibiotics or other chemotherapy and usually clears up after a few days. There can be no guarantee it won't recur, but maybe if you confine your bedroom athletics to single events rather than the decathlon your sexual careers might meet with fewer interruptions.

I have a record storage problem. My wife insists on stacking them flat. I reckon this might cause damage to discs on, and near, the bottom. Just how tough is this vinyl stuff?

Vinyl is very tough, but records can still be damaged by scuffing, dust and exposure to heat. You can, however, insure your collection for years of pleasurable listening by following a few simple rules. Don't leave records out of their covers, don't touch the playing surface, and protect them by storing them so that the inner envelope opening is inside the outer sleeve to create a dust seal. And do educate the housekeeper to the fact that records must be stored vertically, not flat. Records in a flat pile tend to slip all over the place, you can never find the record of your choice because it is nigh impossible to read the title on the spine, and they will warp. Vertical storage is neater and the side pressure helps prevent warping. The final insurance is an approved record-cleaning accessory. The Decca anti-static brush, the Discwasher system and the Nion electronic cleaner, which cleans as the record spins, are among the best available.

My husband insists that when he sucks my breasts they emit a fluid he can taste. I reckon he is crazy because I am not pregnant and never have been. Please tell me he is wrong.

For fear of setting you up for an "I told you so", we suggest you read and destroy. It is not unusual for the breasts of a non-lactating, non-pregnant woman to secrete small amounts of fluid. There could be a slight hormonal imbalance involved, but our medical advisers assure us that you have little cause for alarm. If you need a second opinion or reassurance, then a visit to a gynaecologist will put your mind at rest.

Jogging is doing marvellous things for my sex life. I'm lasting longer and harder, but waking up shin sore. I know the more energetic bed romps are not affecting my lower limbs and have come to the conclusion that I need a neater pair of running shoes. Is there any athletic shoe on the market to dull the pain?

Yes, the sportswear manufacturers do make a heavy-duty running shoe designed to cushion some of the shock in running. But take care. Although jogging might be increasing the power and capacity of your bellows, some wear and tear could be developing in the framework. There is a growing body of sports medicine experts which is beginning to weigh the cardio-vascular plusses of jogging against the minuses of bone and joint dislocation that can result from pounding the roads. The human spine is designed for all-four progression and not for walking or running on the hind legs. The experts now believe that the shock transmitted through the legs from every running stride can lead to later problems in the hip joints and in the vertebrae. More and more doctors, in fact, are recommending exercise bikes or cycling for that daily workout. Exercising on a bike will increase the heart and lung capacity without sending shock waves through the skeleton.

I've just started doing a little trail riding, which has led me to think of buying a road bike to beat the peak-hour traffic. Everyone I ask tells me something different when I try to work out the relative merits of two

Bill Redman, legendary winemaker, talks about the terra rossa soil of Coonawarra.

'The rich red "terra rossa" is right in the flat black soil country of southern South Australia. It brings out the individual grape flavour as no other district does. I proved it when I purchased my first vineyard here in 1908.

My son-in-law Eric Brand, with his Laira wines and Hungerford Hill with their vineyard — which I selected — have all continued this great tradition.

Hungerford Hill Coonawarra wines have won 39 medals since 1975.'

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~ exactly Coonawarra.

FA20

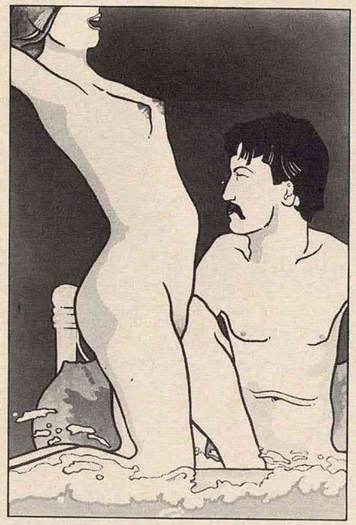
and four-stroke motors, how big my first bike should be, and what gear I will need. What's your version?

Probably the best thing you could buy is a portable orange, yellow and green flashing neon sign to alert other road users to your presence. The next greatest hazard is your lack of experience, which will lead you into high risk areas unless you use your brains – and if you want to keep your brains intact, buy a good *helmet. It's a curious truth that because the law insists on helmets anyway, riders feel resentful and try to "get away" with the cheapest approved type. Now let's look at weather protection gear. Leather is still best for fending off the cold and gravel rash, but must be oiled after it gets soaked. The old two or four-stroke argument? There are a thousand answers, but you'll find a four-stroke easier to look after until you have the knowledge to assess the pros and cons yourself. Start with something in the 185cc–250cc range. Good luck and ride safely.*

I have just started living with a man and, although my friends know the score, I have trouble introducing him to people we don't know. Do I call him my "live-in man", or "the man I live with", or "my de facto", or what? I don't want to call him "my husband" because we have decided we don't want marriage, "my man" makes him sound like a servant and "my friend" implies just that. Is there any word that will make the situation clear without involved explanations?

For pity's sake call him Peter, Paul or Mario – or even the name his folks gave him. Not everything or everyone in this world has to be tagged or packaged. We can only assume from your reluctance to call him by his given name and your desire to brand him that you're afraid he will chase after the first piece of competition to wiggle her hips. If those who meet you both don't know you well enough to know the score, they don't know you well enough to care.

My girlfriend is the outdoors type. Tennis, squash, basketball – you name it, she's had a crack at it. Vigorous sporting activity keeps her trim and, in the past, always seemed to enhance her sex drive. Lately, however, she has taken up surfboard riding. She spends every spare minute on the beach and has developed huge thighs and muscle-bound shoulders. Worse, she seems to have lost all interest in sex. She still goes through the motions, albeit mechanically, but the thrill has been lost at sea. The other night she even practised holding her breath for the duration. "Just like being held under at



the Pipeline," she said. I've heard that surfers reckon a good wave beats a screw hands down, but it's getting ridiculous. Please help.

Try rubbing yourself down with paraffin wax before a session in the cot. Lie very still and make gurgling, ocean noises. It might not help, but it'll take your mind off what a lousy time you're having. Seriously, informed medical and psychological opinion is that there is no correlation between surfboard riding and sex drive. Perhaps you should just work up a more exciting and competitive act.

Every now and again, when I make or receive a telephone call, I hear this distinct click. I don't know whether my imagination is running amok or I am paranoid, but I suspect my phone is tapped. How can I tell for sure? I have nothing to hide but my dirty underwear.

Have a mate ring up and identify himself as a Mafia courier and announce that he will pick up the plastic explosive outside the local pub within the hour. If a carload of trench coats cruises by within the appointed hour, your phone is tapped. The only legal taps in Australia can be planted by ASIO, and only with the express approval of the Federal Attorney-General. Any other telephonic interceptions are illegal. Which brings us to the click in the auricle. As Mr Justice Hope observed in his report on the Royal Commission into Intelligence and Security, many people had complained to him that they suspected their phones had been tapped because of those clicks. He found that when ASIO plugs into a telephone line there are neither clicks nor any other tell-tale noises. But if you are still suspicious, complain to Telecom. If the man from Telecom proves evasive, go to the top–the Attorney-General of the Commonwealth of Australia, Senator Durack. His staff assure us that every complaint of telephone tapping will be investigated. In the meantime, take your receiver off the hook and feed a steady flow of Chinese opera over the line. Even eavesdroppers have been known to go mad.

I have been engaged to my girl for three years. Recently we were stranded in the country and spent a night in a motel. We got carried away and although my fiancee stopped short of giving me her body, she did consent to oral sex. Now she is numb. She feels she has lost her virginity which we had agreed would be preserved for our marriage night. Is she technically still a virgin?

The classic definition of deflowering a maiden is the breaking of the hymen by an erect and thrusting penis. In the old days the piercing of the hymen, the fine membrane which seals the vagina, was often a painful experience for the virginity-surrendering lady. But these days, with young women taking part in vigorous sports, there are few intacto virgins around. It is not that the virgins are any less pure than they were in days of yore, but simply a case of the hymens being ruptured accidentally rather than in the heat of young passion. In your Jill's case, she is still a virgin. The critical orifice is still vestal, even if her mind is screwed up.

I always thought thrush was an attractive little songbird. Now I find – on belated information from my girlfriend – that it's also a disease, or, at best, an infection. What do I do to make it fly away?

Open the cage. If your girl has given you the bird, you are a trifle unlucky. Like all yeast organisms, the thrush infection prefers to dwell in dark, moist caves rather than pinnacles. If it has taken nest in your pudenda, the worst you can expect is a mild irritation which almost certainly will clear up of its own accord within a few days. If it doesn't, consult your doctor, who will flush the thrush from its roost. Thrush, however, can be a chronic nuisance for women. Fungus that it is, thrush lives happily in the vagina and makes its presence known by a rather malodorous discharge. Any woman with any vaginal discharge should seek medical advice. If the doctor diagnoses thrush he will recommend pessaries to clear up the fungus. If he traces the discharge to any sort of venereal infection he will prescribe the appropriate antibiotics to treat the problem.

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ANS 116

PLAYBOY SEX POLL

an informal survey of current sexual attitudes, behavior and insights

The *Playboy Sex Poll* provides an opportunity for you to find out just what other people think about today's changing sexual lifestyle. And the accent is on changing. In this decade of pleasure run rampant, bedroom breakthroughs are reported faster than you can say Masters-Johnson-Kinsey-Comfort. Where is this intense eroticism carrying the sybarites of the '70s? Toward a future in which everyone has done all the exciting things there are to be done? Where each physical nook and cranny has been nooked and crannied? We wish.

For instance, total erogenous freedom is further away than diehard libertarians like to admit. Everyone, even the sexually daring avant-gardist, is still afraid to live out at least some fantasy, probably one that frightens more than it titillates. What are these special inhibitions?

In this example, we asked 100 men and 100 women what taboo they were most eager to explore and what they thought the opposite sex would say. Are you ready?

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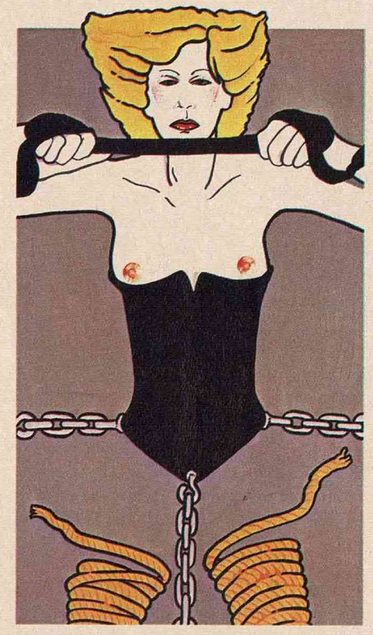
Q: MEN, WHAT SEXUAL TABOO DO YOU THINK WOMEN MOST WANT TO EXPLORE?

Twenty-three percent of the males guessed that most women wanted to make it with another woman: "It's odd, whenever we're out, my girl spends more time commenting about other women's sex appeal than about any of the men she sees: 'That waitress is beautiful because her tiny tits are firm and upright with nipples that stick way out, that one because she has a cute bottom.' At times, I almost feel she'd rather get off with women."

Twenty-one percent of the males believed that most women would some day like to participate in a group-sex scene: "I think it must be an extension of the gang-bang fantasy, but I'm convinced every girl wants to let go at least once with more than one man. That's got to be the popular remaining taboo."

Eighteen percent of the males thought that many girls wanted to get involved with bondage and domination: "One New Year's Eve, I floored my fiancee when I showed up at her apartment dressed as the Marquis de Sade, complete with whips, handcuffs, gags and other kinky gear. I immediately cuffed her hands behind her back. I almost talked her into spending an 'educational' night at her place, instead of our going off to some corny costume party, but she got more scared the more I pressed. Scared but excited. Next time, she'll surrender."



Q: THE LAST TABOO

Twelve percent of the males said women would like to have the nerve to turn a trick like a prostitute: "I go with an interior decorator. She's told me that many times when she arrives at some particularly attractive man's place, she finds herself romanticising that she's really a high-class prostitute showing up to turn him on to the thrill of her body instead of the color of the kitchen curtains."

Eleven percent of the males thought that women could get into public exhibitionism: "I've decided that every girl harbors a desire to flash her body to see if the male would appreciate the merchandise. Unfortunately for us men, most of the girls who feel that way like to do it only in the privacy of their pretty little heads."

Six percent of them decided that some women would love to learn to let a man ejaculate in their mouths, while another six percent of the males replied that the women would want to discard their anal sex taboo. Two percent of the men were sure the females would express suppressed desire to rape a man, while one man thought that some girls wanted to give themselves to a life of white slavery.

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Q: WOMEN, WHAT SEXUAL TABOO DO YOU MOST WANT TO EXPLORE?

Forty percent of the females said they'd like to participate in a group-sex scene: "Near where I work as a lab technician, a secret swingers' club opened. One of the more adventurous fellows I work with invited me to check it out with him. I had no trouble stripping and partying amidst the room full of bare bodies. I even made it with several super men, but only one by one. I just couldn't get up the nerve to fulfil my wildest fantasy. I guess it's still *verboten* for me: I want a trio of studs to screw me at the same time. I would position myself on all fours on a giant mattress to make it easier for them to enter me. I want us to pace ourselves so we all come at once. Someday . . ."

Nineteen percent of the females stated that they would eventually like to make it with a woman: "I'm turned on by the idea of making it with someone of my own sex, but my life is so filled with boyfriends I'll never do it. I'd like to see if I could make some other woman squirm at my touch. Could I give her more orgasms than men do?"

Sixteen percent of the females expressed a very strong desire to get involved with bondage and domination: "I was sailing with my boyfriend. There were lots of ropes on board and I really wanted him to tie me up — spread-eagled on the deck, and blindfolded — making me his sexual prisoner, powerless, with him having total control and with me not knowing what would happen next. Would he tease me with his penis or the empty champagne bottle? The mystery is an incredible turn-on."

Ten percent of the females said they wanted to try anal sex: "It's certainly the new rage. Almost all the men I sleep with try. I can't do it, though I really get excited by the idea. I wish I could loosen up, in every sense of the word. However, I automatically freeze up and can't go on."

Seven percent said they'd like to have the nerve to have a fling as a prostitute. Four percent responded that they wanted to become public exhibitionists, two percent hoped they

could eliminate their inhibition about a man ejaculating in their mouth and the rest of the women wanted to try incest: "Making it with my brother. That would be healthy."

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Q: WOMEN, WHAT SEXUAL TABOO DO YOU THINK MEN MOST WANT TO EXPLORE?

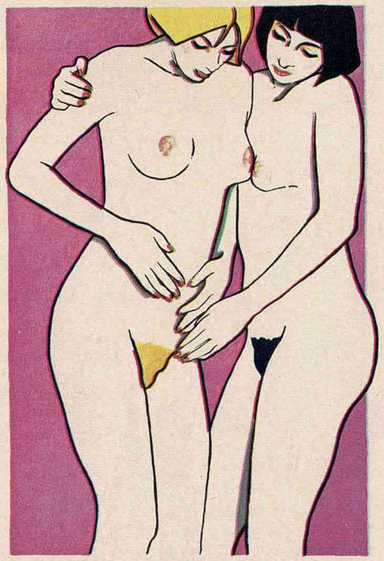
Thirty-four percent of the females guessed that men wanted to participate in a group-sex scene: "The chairman of the pharmaceutical company where I work doesn't mind when his secretary quits. It gives him a wonderful opportunity to interview lots of gorgeous ladies. I'm sure he'd give his chauffeured car in return for the nerve to pull off a scene in which he was a different kind of boss, playing the kingpin with a bevy of prospective applicants – trying them out all at once, checking the extent of their sexual dexterity."

Fifteen percent of the females believed that men would like to make it with a prostitute: "My boyfriend has never admitted his craving to me, but by the way he acts, he either wants to screw a hooker or he's losing his marbles. He can sit for hours reading out loud the classified ads in the back of the sex rags – pointing out which whore advertises the most intriguing come-on, which madam offers the most novel nooky. But at heart, he's the same as other men; vicarious pleasure is all he can handle. He's afraid to do anything except window-shop."

Thirteen percent of the females thought that most men had a repressed craving to commit rape: "When I was 11, I was almost raped. Every time I tell a lover what almost happened to me, it's incredible; without exception, they get turned on. You can bet that sweet lock on your door that given half a chance, rape's what all those nice fellows we women date would want to try out, if society didn't ban it."

Twelve percent of the females assumed that men secretly wanted to get involved with bondage and domination: "Now that women can control the bedroom scene, I think a lot of men secretly would enjoy turning the tables again, roping chicks in through bondage. I've had only one guy tie me up. What a night that was! He stretched me across the hood of my Volkswagen bug, spread my legs, secured my arms, gagged me and then threatened to drive me around as his new car ornament. I thought I'd come just hearing his hard-nosed commands to lie perfectly still and submit to his mild tortures – like tickling my vagina with the car-upholstery brush."

The rest of the women came up with a variety of taboos for men. Seven



percent of the females answered that men yearned to make it with young girls, while another seven percent of the females replied that men would want to abolish the anal sex taboo. Five percent said that men would eventually like to get into exhibitionism, four percent thought that men were curious about other men, and three percent thought that, for some men, oral sex was still taboo.

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Q: MEN, WHAT SEXUAL TABOO DO YOU MOST WANT TO EXPLORE?

Thirty-six percent of the males felt that anal sex was the taboo they would like to explore: "This desire to penetrate a woman anally started a few months ago and now it has turned into an overwhelming obsession. One of my ex-girlfriends showed me how arousing it was to have your anus kissed and licked. By the second week, she would gently stick fingers up me just as I came. Then she got me a vibrating dildo for a one-month anniversary gift. She wouldn't let me screw her unless I let her shove it up my anus at the same time. She always prohibited me from doing anything to *her* posterior. I gave in to what she wanted because I was absolutely wild about her body."

Twenty-seven percent of the males said they would really like to get involved with bondage and domination: "Dominating a powerful woman into naked submission. Just the thought makes my penis swell."

Seventeen percent of the males said they'd like to participate in a group-sex scene, and seven percent responded that they'd like to have the nerve to rape a woman: "Jail is one place I never intend to live in, which is why I don't take my obsession about raping women any further than the limits of my very fertile imagination."

The rest of the men gave an assortment of answers. Six percent said they'd like to make it with other men. Four percent hoped they could eliminate their inhibitions and learn to ejaculate in a woman's mouth. Two percent answered that they would like to be daring enough to slip their dates an aphrodisiac, and one man confessed a desire to become a gigolo.

Summary: Almost half the women (40 percent) said group gropes were the forbidden fruit they'd like to sample. For years, they've been told by books, movies and TV that the sexual capacity of a she is superior to that of a he. At an orgy, the new female can see just how far her body can really go. It's the perfect opportunity to discover how many "ohs" make up the highly touted multiple orgasm.

However, women have become so fascinated with the idea of flinging themselves into these physical free-for-alls that 34 percent of them wrongly surmised that men would feel that way, too, when, in reality, half that number (17 percent) expressed that preference.

The second-largest female category was the stated desire to make love to another woman. Men actually guessed that this inclination would run high; whereas, for themselves, the homosexual taboo hardly piqued their own sense of carnal adventure. For a woman, experimentation with lesbianism is considered a permissible step in her sexual development; it doesn't brand her for life. On the other hand, a gay experience for men can leave an indelible stigma.

The self-imposed embargo of screwing women in the anus is the ban that 36 percent of the men want to overcome, a sentiment shared by only 10 percent of the women.

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An invitation to readers: It is a peculiar Australian trait to be overly concerned with what others think of us. All too often we read of put-downs of Australian men and women by people such as overseas film stars who have spent all of 45 seconds here. Inevitably, Australians become "the worst lovers in the world" when compared with the "gentle" British, the "talented" French or the "flamboyant" Latins. Well, are we? Is it possible to categorise individual performance on a national basis? Or do a few ocker Norms give us all a bad name? Tell us your views and experiences by writing to *Sex Poll,* Australian PLAYBOY, Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001. We'll publish the results.

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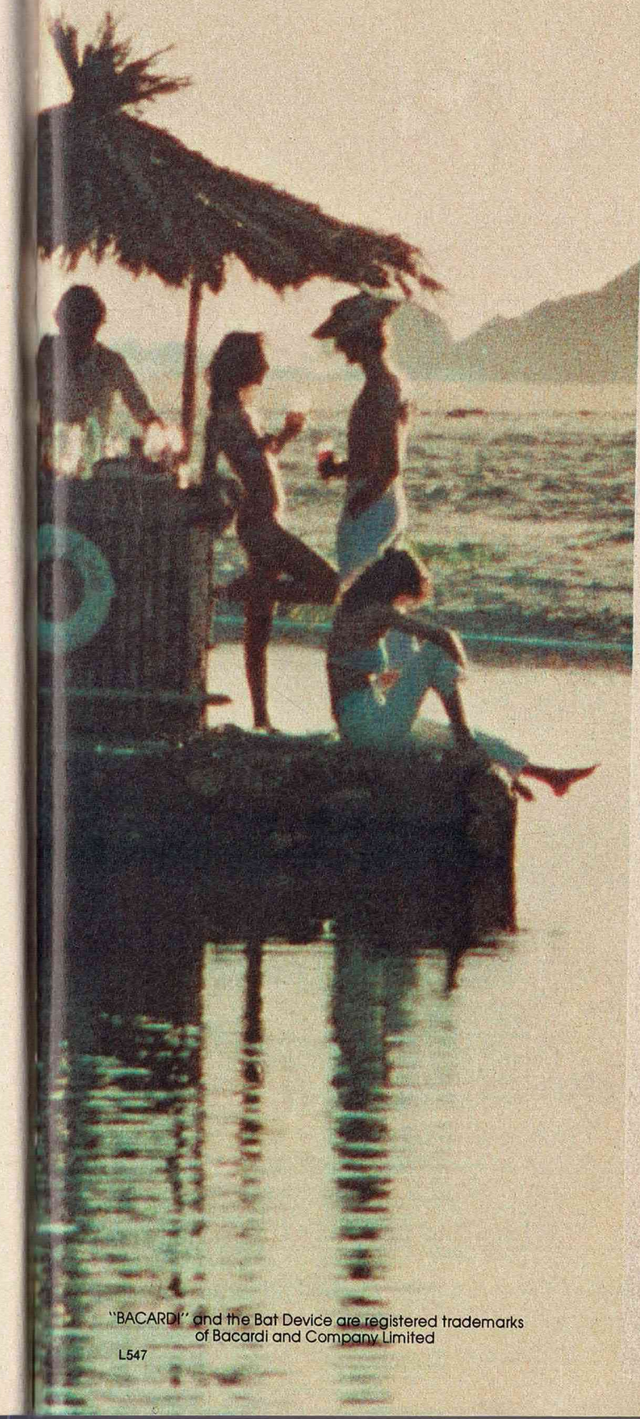

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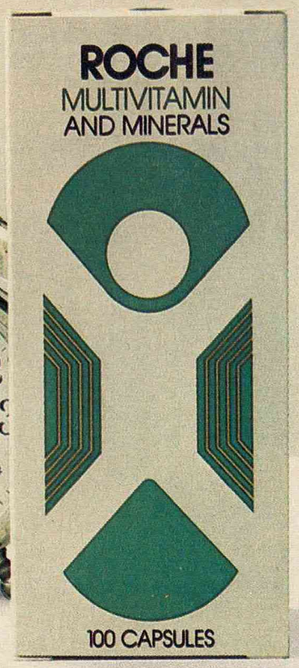

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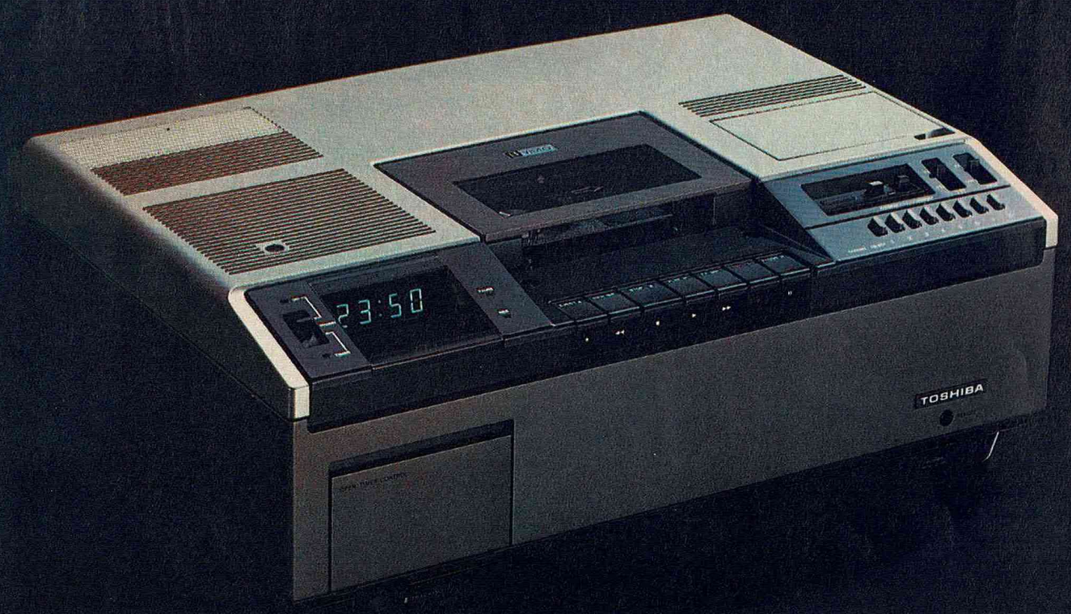

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THE PLAYBOY FORUM

a continuing dialogue on contemporary issues between playboy and its readers

IN the beginning there was PLAYBOY, *launched on a December, 1953, dream that was to entrance America and the world. Ten years later came the thought-provoking* Playboy Philosophy, *harbinger of the* Playboy Forum. *For 15 years the* Philosophy *and the* Forum *have provided a unique international platform for the exchange of ideas on the liveliest and most controversial issues of the day.*

The Forum *has supported the abolition of restrictive abortion laws, championed the cause of sex education in public schools, called for the repeal of laws attempting to regulate the private sexual activities of consenting adults, demanded an end to censorship affecting what adults may read or see, supported women's liberation and defended* PLAYBOY *against charges of sexism, opposed capital punishment and proposed the decriminalisation of the private possession and use of marijuana.*

At the same time Forum *has encouraged dissent and flourished because of it. The* Playboy Philosophy *runs hand-in-hand with the American Constitution, that all are equal and that all have the right to freedom of conscience and speech in the pursuit of personal fulfilment. Australians have no such written guarantees. Only commonsense, sanity, and the Westminster system (all of which have been in question at times since Federation) protect us from the extremes of those who seek to govern, and overgovern, us. In all but its peculiarly American projections, the* Playboy Forum *is as relevant to the rights of Australians as those of Americans. It encourages the expression of personal convictions and debate as a meaningful mechanism for change and reform and, ultimately, the enrichment of our society.*

In following issues, as you respond, the Australian Playboy Forum *will be open to all, to those who seek to learn, to know, to utter and to argue freely according to conscience.*

PLAYBOY philosophy was born out of dissenting views of learned academics and theologians who sought to analyse the magazine's raison d'être and its incredible success. By the early '60s, PLAYBOY was being described as "the publishing phenomenon of the century," and as a veritable "handbook for the urban male". It became an increasingly popular subject for discussion, debate and dissection by columnists, commentators, clergymen and authors and even among serious social scientists writing in scholarly journals. The creators had intended PLAYBOY to be a response to the repressive anti-sexual anti-pleasure aspects of the Puritan heritage that pitted mind and body against each other for so long.

But in an article titled *The Anatomy of Playboy,* published in the elitist magazine *Commentary,* Benjamin DeMott, professor of English at Amherst, described PLAYBOY as "the whole man reduced to his private parts". In *Playboy's Doctrine of Male,* published in *Christianity in Crisis,* Harvey Cox, professor of theology at Harvard, said the magazine was "basically anti-sexual". He described PLAYBOY as "one of the most spectacular successes in the entire history of American journalism", but stamped us as "dictatorial taste-makers", decried the magazine's emphasis on "recreational sex", and concluded that – like the sports car, liquor and hi-fi – women were "just another PLAYBOY accessory".

Writing for *Motive,* the Reverend Roy Larson said: "PLAYBOY is more than just a handbook for the young man about town; it's a sort of bible which defines his values, shapes his personality, sets his goals, dictates his choices and governs his decisions. The PLAYBOY philosophy has become a sort of substitute religion."

But, overall, Larson rather liked PLAYBOY. He obviously empathised with the magazine's interest in style and was "upset by those people in the church who seemed to assume that averageness is more Christ-like than distinctiveness. Certainly – God knows – there's nothing in the mainstream of the Christian tradition which justifies this canonisation of mediocrity". He summed up: "I sympathise with PLAYBOY'S revolt against narrow, prudish puritanism, even though I would disagree with the way this revolt is expressed."

PLAYBOY had been called and the magazine responded. The *Playboy Philosophy* was an attempt to spell out for both friend and foe the manifesto. The first instalment of the guiding principles and editorial credo appeared in the December, 1962, issue of the magazine. Originally intended to be encapsulated in one article, the *Philosophy* spilled into a second instalment, then three, and finally spread into a 25-part series that proved to be the most popular and provocative feature ever published in PLAYBOY.

Through its first 10 years PLAYBOY had taken up many causes, some of them unfashionable, but all aligned to the defence of the importance, and inalienable rights, of the individual. August, 1959: The opening night proceeds of The Playboy Jazz Festival donated to the Chicago Urban League for its work in improving race relations – the first of an ongoing commitment to minority rights and racial equality. October, 1959: PLAYBOY'S first editorial condemned radioactive pollution of the earth's atmosphere by the continued testing of nuclear weapons. That editorial was highly significant, marking a shift in policy.

Six years earlier Editor-Publisher Hefner had promised a publication that would entertain, extol the good life and not try to solve world problems. That initial declaration was modified when it became apparent that the vision of the good life was being denied to many because of repressive and irrational social and political policies. Gradually, then, through isolated support for the oppressed and the unfulfilled, a philosophic pattern began to emerge in the PLAYBOY columns. The pattern was both constant in its support of the individual and pragmatic in its related interpretation of the individual's position in terms of the important contemporary issues. It all came together as a written constitution in the 25-part *Playboy*

Philosophy and its spinoff, the *Forum*. Today, it is timely to look back on the critical planks of that philosophy, as published 15 years ago, based on the belief in the importance of the individual and his rights as a member of a free society. That is the kernel from which everything else evolves.

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We hold the view that man's personal self-interest is natural and good, and that it can be channelled, through reason, to the benefit of the individual and society; the belief that morality should be based upon reason; the conviction that society should exist as man's servant, not his master; the idea that the purpose in man's life should be found in the full living of life itself and the pursuit of happiness.

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We point out the utter lack of justification in the state making unlawful certain private acts performed by two consenting adults. Organised religions may preach against them if they wish – and there might well be some logic in their doing so, since extreme sexual permissiveness is not without its negative aspects – but there can be no possible justification for religion using the state coercively.

SEXUALITY

The sexual activity that we pompously preach about and protest against in public we enthusiastically practise in private. We lie to one another about sex; we lie to our children about sex; and many of us undoubtedly lie to ourselves about sex. But we cannot forever escape the reality that a sexually hypocritical society is an unhealthy society that produces more than its share of perversions, neuroses, psychoses, unsuccessful marriages and suicides.

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There are a great many well-meaning members of our society who sincerely believe that we would have a happier, healthier civilisation if there were less emphasis upon sex. In our view, these people are ignorant of the most fundamental facts on the subject. What is clearly needed is a *greater* emphasis on sex, not the opposite. This is provided, of course, that we really do want a healthy heterosexual society. A society may offer negative, suppressive, perverted concepts of sex, relating sex to sin, sickness, shame and guilt. Or, hopefully, it may offer a positive, permissive, natural view in which sex is related to happiness, to beauty, to health and to feelings of pleasure and fulfilment.

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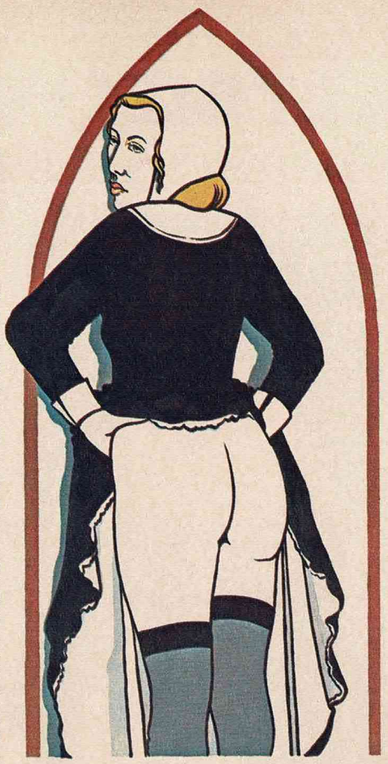
Sow concepts of sin, shame and suppression in the early years of life and you will reap frustration, frigidity,



impotence and unhappiness in the years thereafter. We cannot accept the argument that it is some flaw in the nature of man, some weakness or devil in the flesh that produces our sexual yearnings and behavior. We reject as totally without foundation the premise of the prude, who would have us believe the proposition that man would be healthier and happier if he were somehow able to curb or suppress these natural desires.

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So intimately is sex inter-related with the rest of human experience that it is impossible to believe a society existing, as we know it, without the benefit of the primal sex urge. Most certainly, if such a society did exist, it would be a very cold, totalitarian and barbarous one. The existence of two sexes, and their attraction for each other, must be considered the major civilising influence in our world. As much as organised religion has done for the development and growth of today's society, sex has done a great deal more.

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Since PLAYBOY is especially concerned about the depersonalising influence of our society, and considerable editorial attention is given to the problem of establishing individual identity – through sex and as many other avenues of expression as may be available in a more permissive society – it is wrong to suggest that we favor depersonalised sex. We certainly think that personal sex is preferable to impersonal sex because it includes the greatest emotional rewards. But we can see no logical justification for opposing impersonal sex unless it is irresponsible, exploitive, coercive or in some way hurts anyone involved.

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We are opposed to wholly selfish sex. We are opposed to any human relationship that is self-orientated, that takes all and gives nothing in return. We also believe that any such totally self-serving association is self-destructive. Only by remaining open, and vulnerable, can a person experience the full joy and satisfaction of human existence. That he or she must also, thereby, know some of the sadness and pain of this world is without question. But that, too, is part of the adventure of living. The alternative – of closing oneself off from experience and sensation and knowledge – is to be only half alive. The ultimate invulnerablity is death.

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The simple act of sex performed prior to marriage does not, *per se*, increase the chances of a successful marriage. It is the attitudes that lead to the act that will determine how well a person adjusts both to sex and to marriage. Sex is often a profound emotional experience. No dearer, more personal act is possible between two human beings. Sex is, at its best, an expression of love and adoration. But this is not to say that sex is, or should be, limited to love alone. Love and sex are certainly not synonymous, and while they may often be closely inter-related, the one is not necessarily dependent on the other.

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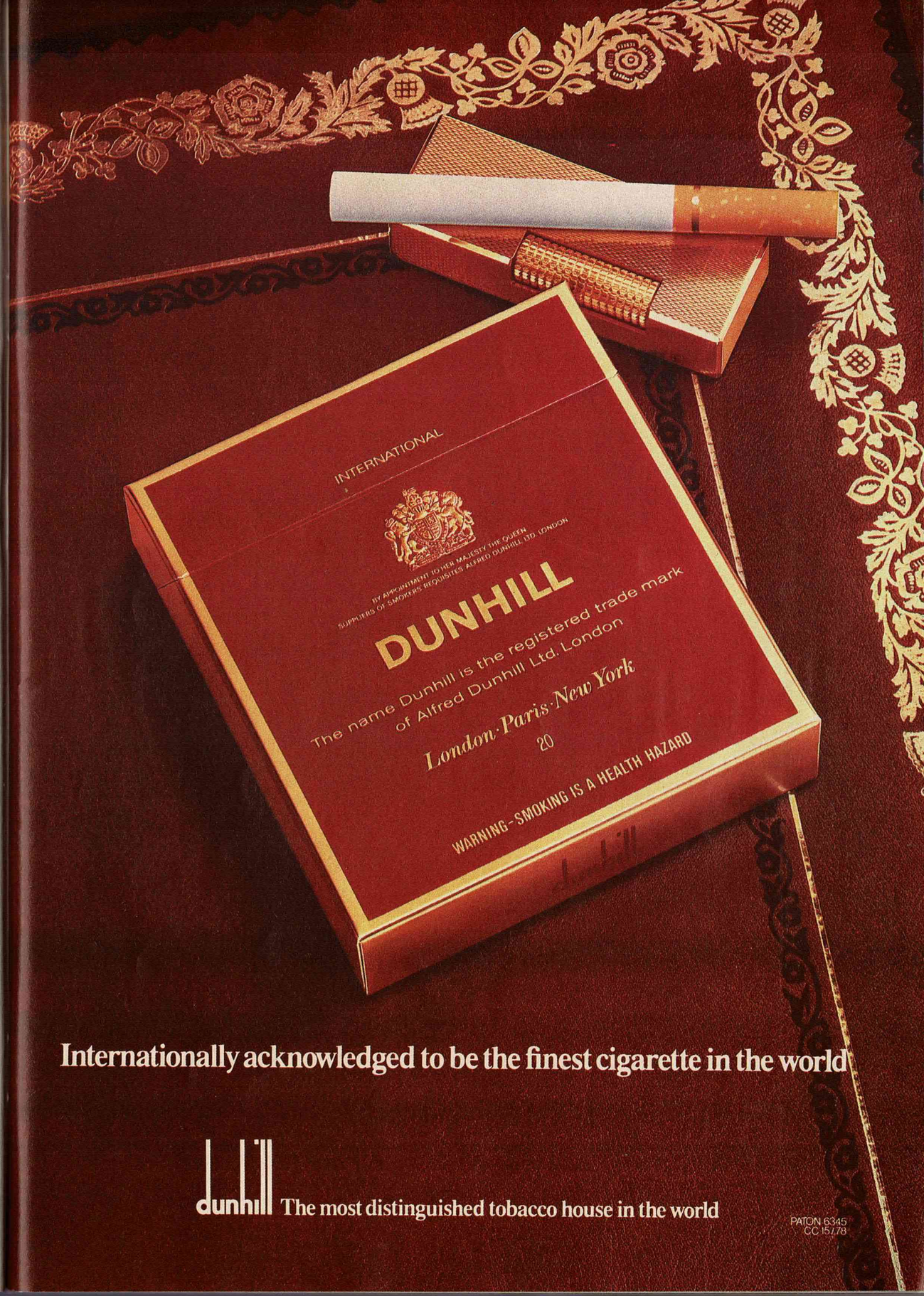
Sex can be one of the most profound and rewarding elements in the adventure of living. If we recognise it as not necessarily limited to procreation, then we should also acknowledge, and openly, that it is not necessarily limited to love, either. Sex exists with and without love, and in both forms it does far more good than harm. The attempts at its suppression, however, are almost universally harmful, both to the individuals involved and to society as a whole.

RELIGION

Sin and crime become intermixed and confused. And the religious views of a portion of society are forced upon the rest of society through government pressure irrespective of whether they are consistent with the personal convictions of the individual. If a man has a right to find God his own way, he also has a right to go to the Devil in his own way. Repressive and suppressive anti-sexualism is derived from twisted theological concepts that became firmly embedded in Christianity during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the Dark Ages and which spread and became more severe with Calvinist Puritanism after the Reformation. In many areas we are still applying 16th century religion to a 20th century world. A more sophisticated time requires a more sophisticated faith. There is no logic in the belief that man's body, mind and soul are in conflict rather than in harmony.

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Our religious leaders of every faith can proclaim their moral views to one and all and attempt to persuade us of the correctness of their beliefs. They have this right, and, indeed, it is expected of them. They have no right, however, to attempt in any way to force their beliefs on others. And, most especially, they have no right to use the power of government to implement this. It should be understood that when we refer to freedom from religion we are not simply contemplating the problems that a publicly-professed atheist or agnostic might encounter in being accepted in certain areas of our society. Our concern is the extent to which the religious beliefs and prejudices have infiltrated and influenced our laws as well as the men who enact, execute and judge them.

HOMOSEXUALITY

We confess to a strong personal prejudice in favor of the boy-girl variety of sex. But our belief is that a free, rational and humane society demands a tolerance of those whose sexual inclinations are different from our own – as long as their activity is limited to consenting adults in private and does not involve either minors or the use of any kind of coercion. To whatever extent homosexuality represents an emotional disorder, it must be dealt with psychiatrically. You don't successfully treat a neurosis by passing a law against its symptoms. Besides, homosexual behavior is not necessarily symptomatic of an emotional aberration. Far too great a percentage of our adult population has engaged in some form of homosexuality at some time to permit it to be scientifically defined as abnormal.

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Most analysts, psychiatrists and psychologists consider the confirmed homosexual emotionally disturbed, and the majority with whom they come in contact undoubtedly are. Dr Ernest van den Haag, a recognised psychiatrist, was once told by a colleague: "All my homosexual patients, you know, are quite sick." "Ah, yes," said Dr van den Haag, "but so are all my heterosexual patients." Nothing but a healthier emphasis on the heterosexual will ever reduce the homosexual element in society. And not even that will ever eliminate it entirely. It is one of the natural variations on the human sexual theme.

CENSORSHIP

Whatever the multiple motivations that prod the prude and the censor, it should be clear that much more is involved than simply the considered protection of the public from ideas that might prove harmful. Our democracy is founded on the premise that people have a God-given right to knowledge – a right to know. And no human being, irrespective of his position, has the right to tamper with the free flow of ideas among his fellows.

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Since the beginning of recorded history there have been individuals determined to force their own standards upon their fellow men. Time invariably proves that the "dangerous" work of art or literature of one generation is the classic of the next.

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The charge of obscenity itself is sometimes used as a cover for other things to which the censor objects. Political, philosophical, social, medical, religious and racial ideas have all been damned at one time or another for being "obscene". Obscenity, like beauty, is in the eye of the beholder. As D. H. Lawrence observed: "What is pornography to one man is the laughter of genius to another."

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If the human body – far and away the most remarkable, most complicated, most perfect and most beautiful creation on this earth – can become objectionable, obscene or abhorrent when purposely posed and photographed to capture that remarkable perfection and beauty, then the world is a far more cock-eyed place than we are willing to admit. It has long seemed incredible – indeed, incomprehensible – to us that detailed descriptions of murder, which we consider a crime, are acceptable in our art and literature, while detailed descriptions of sex, which is in no way a crime, are often prohibited. It is almost as if our society puts hate above love – favors death over life.

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The attitude that some ideas are best kept from the people advances a concept of totalitarian paternalism that is contrary to the most basic ideals of our free society. It is akin to the colonialist concept that a new nation may not be ready to rule itself. The only way in which the people of a country can ever become sufficiently mature for self-rule is by setting them free to practise self-rule. Similarly, the only way in which society can mature sexually, socially and philosophically is by allowing it naturally free and unfettered sexual, social and philosophical growth.

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The lowest forms of pornography tend to flourish in a sexually repressive atmosphere rather than in one that is open and permissive. Censorship creates an appetite for the hidden and suppressed. Pornography would lose much of its appeal in a sexually free society. The judicial assumption that pure pornography is without any redeeming social importance is open to serious question. There is a considerable school of scientific opinion among authorities on human behavior suggesting not simply that pornography is harmless, but it may actually have some value as a sublimation and release for pent-up sexual frustration.

SOCIETY

Progress necessarily requires the exchange of outdated ideas for new and better ones. By keeping open all lines of communication in our culture, every new idea – no matter how seemingly perverse, improper or peculiar – has its opportunity to be considered, to be challenged and, ultimately, to be accepted or rejected by society as a whole or by some small part of it. This is the important advantage that a free society has over a totalitarian one, for in the free exchange of ideas the best will ultimately win out. A dictatorship, with its pre-established dogma, is chained to the past. A free society may draw from the past and the present.

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All totalitarian concepts place a particular group – a race, a religion, a class, a country – ahead of the individual. Societies benefit as much from the differences in men as from their similarities. We should create a culture that not only accepts these differences, but nurtures them.

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It should also be clear that man must remain free if he is to continue to conceive and create, for history has proven, in every age and place, that the men most responsible for the world's progress are often ridiculed and derided by their fellow-men and their contribution perceived only with the passage of time.

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That, then, is an outline of the Playboy Philosophy. *It is not intended as a sermon, but as a catalyst to encourage our new readers to enter the* Forum, *to air their ideas and, perhaps, to help mould a more satisfying and more fulfilling society.*

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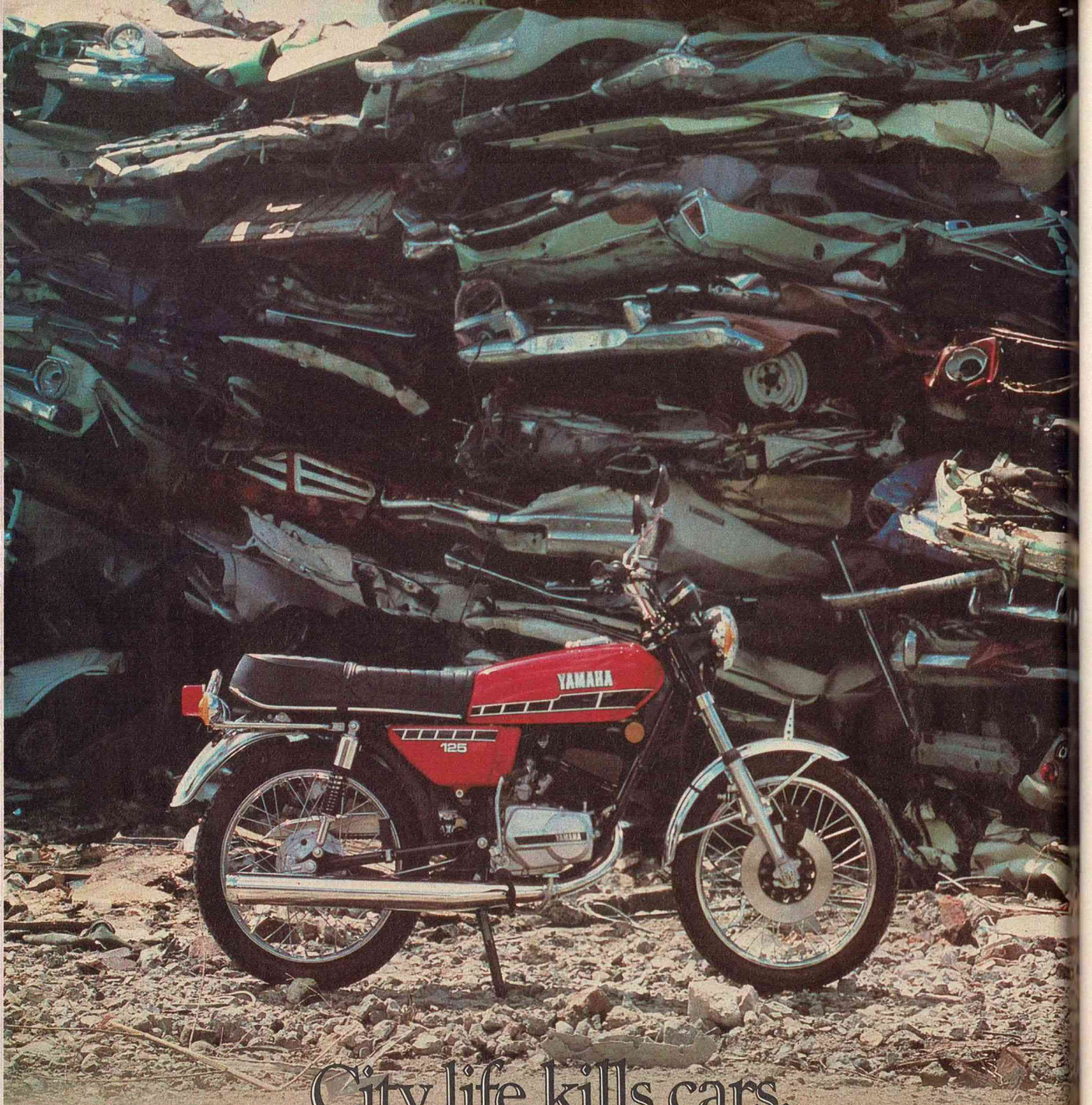

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Playboy Interview

Ian Chappell

a candid conversation with the scourge of the australian cricket establishment

FOR a guy who professes he doesn't want to be a millionaire, Ian Chappell gives a pretty good imitation of a young man in frantic pursuit of the golden grail. If he can lope rather than walk, he'll lope. If he can run rather than lope, he'll run. Chappell is a man of action and its twin, controversy.

It matters not if Chappell is fiddling with his cap, pads and box as poker-faced Andy Roberts wheels in for another blitzball; it matters not if he is calculating the odds on the stock market; it matters not if he is before camera checking his armpits for the hint of Brut. Challenge is the perfect pitch for such a man on the scent of the dollar and the chase of life.

After he led the assault on the big plums of the World Series money tree, Chappell scarcely had time to check his bank balance. The off-season demands of WSC have paraded him in India, New Zealand and on repetitive runs to all the Australian capitals. Promotional tours for Qantas have taken him to coaching clinics, pro-am golf dates and after-dinner podiums hither and yon – to Paraburdoo, Cairns, Hobart and Suva. Chappell weaves an international web as intricate as Telecom on tours encompassing Australia, New Zealand and the West Indies. It is as golden a path as any Australian – cricketer, captain or capitalist – has trod, but Chappell beats the bush not for the holy dollar. His rod is as primal as life. No modern Australian sportsman has competed in his chosen field as savagely or as compulsively.

It is not just coincidence that Chappell is a chip off the gnarled timber from which Victor Richardson, the man most Australians acknowledge as the greatest all-round sportsman of them all, was hewn. Had their spans not overlapped, Chappell could be his grandfather's reincarnation. He is combative, peerless in cussing, flamboyant, irreverent of tradition, – and successful. So damned successful, in fact, that wealth is almost coincidental and jealousy tracks him as a cur its master.

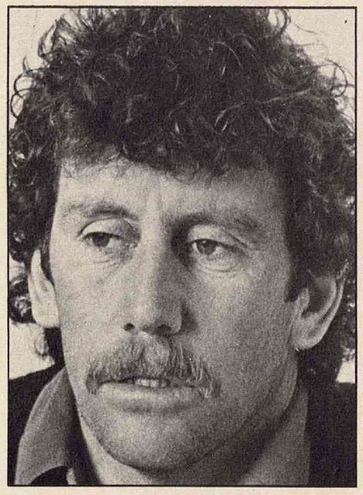
He has been accused of treason in leading the defection of Australia's cricketing cream from the clutches of the Australian Cricket Board into the World Series Cricket ranks. The accusers conveniently forget that at the time the World Series concept emerged from the ashes of discontent, the man had temporarily retired from first-class cricket. Chappell doesn't care a fig for their barbs. He has never been at ease with the cricketing Establishment from the time he first played Sheffield Shield cricket 16 years ago. That coolness has long since grown into contempt.

Arm in arm with that attitude to the men who run the grand old version of the game goes Chappell's disrespect for the knighted grand-daddy of all cricketers, Donald Bradman, although he freely admits his deep regard for Bradman the inimitable cricketer and batsman.

His attitude toward the reactionary administrators he blames for the cricket schism typifies Chappell. He despises double standards, indecision and, above all, pomposity. Chappell is a highly competitive man on the cricket field, on the golf course, the tennis court, the baseball diamond and in his business dealings. It is his style. He likes to win. He hates to lose. No matter what he is doing, he feels compelled to do it in top gear.

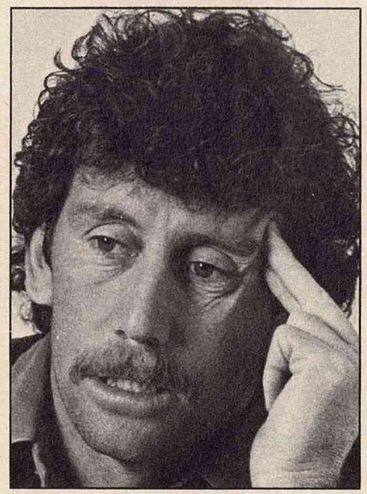
But no one, not even his enemies – and there are a few – will deny Chappell is anything but fair. He will take advantage of another man's weakness only because he figures that anyone who has a batting deficiency against express bowling or is hesitant in business has to take what is coming to him if he wants to play, and stay, in the big league.

Chappell's diary testifies to how



"One of the things I didn't like was being yelled at. I felt it was a bit embarrassing and it wasn't necessary, so I've tried to retain that principle that I don't yell at any of the players."

"I always have a few beers at night because it's what I've always done. It helps me to go to sleep and I believe you can run off those half dozen beers in five minutes the next morning."



"I consider myself to be a very simple person. I'd be just as happy to keep away from bloody trouble and controversy, but I've got my opinions and once I'm asked for them I give them."

hard he works and how far he will travel for his various masters. His body is witness to how mercilessly he drives himself to maintain peak physical fitness. Twice a week during the off-season he worked out with fellow WSC men David Hookes and Wayne Prior. He can give both of them a few years' start, but Chappell is always first back from the six-kilometre run.

Not that he is a 24-hour slave to his work. Chappell has a great love of life, and plays hard. He likes his booze and admits there have been quite a few occasions when he has suffered hangovers on the long walk to the middle. But he makes no apology for his private life, nor the controversy he has stirred throughout his public career. He accepts that he is labelled as the stormiest petrel of modern cricket and as the radical whose militant demands for a better deal for players raised more dust than any other man in the game.

Born 35 years ago in the city he still calls home, Adelaide, and educated at the solid, middle-class Wesleyan Prince Alfred College, where he learned more about cricket than the disciplines of the three Rs, Chappell has made certain that the game he has played so successfully will never be the same. In those 16 years on the first-class cricket scene he has carved his epitaph: Stuff the Establishment.

Trying to pin Chappell down to stay for a few answers is like trying to bowl him with a slow, full toss when he is on 98 and belting the cover off the ball. Staff writer RUSSELL DEILEY *finally made contact with him in a motel in Paraburdoo, in the sweltering heart of Lang Hancock's lodestone. They met in another motel — in Adelaide. The interview continued over a wide-ranging series of backdrops — alongside a jogging track skirting the River Torrens, in a crowded pub restaurant, in lunch-time traffic in his Alfa Romeo GTV, in a freezing gymnasium, and in the car park of the Grange Golf Club.*

It wasn't that Chappell was being evasive. In fact he is a bluntly candid man, protective only of the two areas of his life he regards as sacrosanct and nobody's business but his own — his money and his sex life. The man simply leads life in its fullest sense and it was quickly established that Deiley and his questions had to fit into those rare and uncommitted time slots.

But when the questions finally started, he was generous, something like 75,000 words generous in the half dozen sessions he shared with Deiley. It was a typical response from a cricketer and man who believes with an almost religious fervor that to give less than a total effort is a cardinal sin. He is a hard man to tag. Call him arrogant, brash, foul-mouthed, insensitive or quick-tempered and he couldn't give a damn. Call him dishonest or insincere you can't.

PLAYBOY: Your record establishes you as one of Australia's greatest cricketers and captains. It also sets you apart as the stormiest petrel of cricket. Why?

CHAPPELL: When I took over, Australia hadn't been going so well and my thoughts were to try to get us back on top. I believe a captain is only as good on the field as the other 10 or 11 guys around him, and because I had tremendous support from the other guys on the field I thought it was my job to support them off the field. I didn't feel that we, as players, were getting a fair deal from the Board as far as money and conditions were concerned, so I took them on. It was my duty.

PLAYBOY: Was your cause based purely on demands for better pay?

CHAPPELL: Obviously money and security were very much part of our pleas to the Board. One of the reasons so many signed with World Series Cricket was because it was the first time in their lives they had been offered cricketing security. But we also gained more say in the running of the game and the conditions we play under. Richie Benaud, when he was captain of the Australian side to England in 1961, wrote that the English tour was far too long. And yet in '72 and '75 we were still playing virtually a six-month tour of England.

"I didn't feel that we, as players, were getting a fair deal from the Board as far as money and conditions were concerned."

When I first started to play for South Australia the sight boards at the Sydney Cricket Ground were much too small, and on occasions could be dangerous. We complained about it a number of times, but when I retired from first class cricket the sight boards at the Sydney Cricket Ground were still the same size. I believe now they have been enlarged, but the reason we were given was that it would have blocked out the view from a number of seats in the members' stand. Well, I really couldn't give a stuff about those guys. I am more interested in some player who might get hit on the head because he can't pick up the ball. OK, obviously you have to have a lot of people coming through the gate, and the people who pay the money are terribly important to cricket but if you haven't got good cricket those people won't come anyhow. So it's just as important to worry about the players' conditions. We also believed we should share in some of the gate takings. It was certainly a very minor share we were asking, but that was never considered.

PLAYBOY: That euphemism for abuse, sledging, has become a byword during your time. You have been cited by umpires, you have shed your flannels in centre field. Are you fairly labelled as a cricket revolutionary?

CHAPPELL: I've never looked on myself as that. I've never tried to do something to gain personal publicity or publicity for the game. I was always more interested in just getting on with the game and playing my cricket. As far as sledging is concerned, that's got nothing to do with swearing on the field at all. The saying really originated from "subtle as a sledge hammer". I didn't go that far out of my way to upset players, but it was gamesmanship to upset some of them. If I thought it was going to be an advantage either to myself or to the team I would do it, but if you upset good players they only play better. I've used it on players I've felt have a bit of a weakness either in playing ability or character.

Probably the thing I regret in my cricket career is the two occasions I swore at an umpire. I was taught by my father and grandfather that you don't abuse umpires. I agree with that principle, and so by my own principles I was guilty. I was approached by two Board members straight after one incident and told that if I apologised to the umpire there would be no report. I told them, Ray Steele and Bob Parish, that I had no intention of apologising, not because I hadn't done wrong, but because I felt I was guilty and if I did get a suspension I deserved it. I wasn't going to take the easy way out.

Now, dropping my pants? I never ever considered that I was dropping my pants. As far as I was concerned I was adjusting my thigh pad, which had come loose. If you get five or six guys to stand around you, you waste time. So I decided to adjust my pad by myself. I don't think you see any worse at the beach these days anyhow. I was just unfortunate that some guy happened to take a photograph of it. And the really unfortunate part was that it was put on the front page of the newspaper, which I think is bloody ridiculous. It just must have been a slow news day or something.

PLAYBOY: Was Tony Greig justified in

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calling you drunk the day in Perth you ran on to the field in shorts and thongs to remonstrate with the umpire?

CHAPPELL: To say I was drunk?

PLAYBOY: Yes.

CHAPPELL: I've never in my life had a drink when I'm taking part in a first-class cricket match. And there was certainly no way I'd been drinking on that occasion. It all happened because I was sitting in the dressing room watching the game on television, and because it was warm I had on a pair of shorts and a T-shirt. I came out to do a television interview when the whole thing happened. I've never done it before and I will probably never do it again. If I do, I will make sure I have a tracksuit on. But if the same circumstances happened I would show my annoyance again.

PLAYBOY: What circumstances?

CHAPPELL: It had been building up for quite some time. The South Africans in the World XI, Greig and Eddie Barlow, had been whingeing about a lot of things. It started in Adelaide where they were watching television, and they said one of our players slid over the boundary line and the two runs called by the umpires should have been four. So the decision was changed because of what was seen on the television replay. Now that's crap. The same situation arises if a guy is given out and the replay shows him to be not out. On that basis you can go out to the umpire and say: "Listen, the television replay shows he wasn't out and he has to come back in again." You can't run the game like that. Anyhow, they whinged and complained and the umpire changed his decision. I thought that was wrong, but in the end, although it annoyed me, I said we would accept it.

In the Perth game, Robbie Langer chased a ball and slid over the boundary. He said he knocked the ball back into play. In other words, he didn't have the ball in his hands when he slid over the boundary. The umpire called it a two. Once again one of the television commentators said it should have been a four, so the South Africans started to complain again. The umpire spoke to me about it and I said: "Look, you've asked Robbie and as far as I'm concerned he's an honest player who's given you his honest opinion." I turned round and asked Robbie again if he was sure the situation was as he described it. He guaranteed me it was. Greg (Chappell) said he had seen it all and backed up Robbie's story. I said to the umpire: "For Christ's sake, you've made your decision. You must have been happy with it. Stick to it. Don't worry a stuff what the bloody World XI say."

Drinks came out some overs later, and Bob Woolmer, the 12th man, came out with a message from Mike Denness saying they wanted it changed to a four. I really flipped my lid at that stage, and I said: "Who the fuck is running this game?" I got quite hot about the whole situation. I said the umpires have made a decision and let's forget about the whole bloody thing.

Then we came in to bat. I must admit it was getting tense and we were scoring slowly. Greg was batting at the time and he cover drove Derek Underwood. Some kid ran on to the field and either caught the ball or knocked it down into the field of play. The ball would have cleared the boundary rope and gone for six. The umpire actually signalled six, and what really set the whole thing off was after his signal I saw Eddie Barlow walk in from point and speak to umpire Duperouzel. The umpires then changed their decision to four. I went out on the field, but not to get it changed back to a six. As far as I was concerned the umpires had changed their bloody minds. Unlike the World XI, I was accepting that and I never went out with the intention of getting it changed back to a six. I can tell you exactly what I said to umpire Duperouzel: "Who is running this bloody game? The umpires or the South Africans? For Christ's sake. These bastards run their game and their umpires in their own country. You give them half a chance and they start trying to do the same thing here. For Christ's sake step on them right now and stop them." Umpire Peter Enwright said: "Look, we are in sole charge of this game, and the South Africans are not running it." I said, "Just see that it stays that way, for Christ's sake", and I went off the ground. There was no mention of changing the shot back to a six.

"Richie Benaud has probably been the greatest influence on my cricket career, my business and private life."

PLAYBOY: Your record stamps you as a winner. Has the desire to win colored your personality on and off the field?

CHAPPELL: No, I think it's something that's just inside me. It's a natural thing. I can remember practising every morning in the summer from the time I was five until I was 16. Some mornings when it was really hot, mid-summer hot, I can remember being ill on the side of the pitch while I was batting and then just going back and facing up again. My father didn't tell me to do it, my coach didn't tell me to do it. But I think they probably expected it of me. They would come and say: "Are you all right?" And I would say: "Yeah, I'm OK." So they would just walk back and get into a position to bowl again. But I never felt that I was forced to go on. We practised until we felt it was right. And I play everything the same. I could organise a game of tennis with you this morning and say: "We'll have a nice friendly hit and a bit of fun." And I could say that with every intention of doing it, but then when we got out to play there's no way I would do it just for fun. I would play as hard as I possibly could, and if I could beat you 6-0, 6-0, well, that would be fine.

PLAYBOY: Are you hard to live with or work with?

CHAPPELL: I am probably a bit hard on my wife, but she's basically the same sort of person, and if I start getting into her she points out a few things that I do wrong, which is good because it then brings me into line. I try to think of others. As a player I didn't like to be yelled at by the captain. I played under three captains in first-class and international cricket – Bobby Simpson, Bill Lawry and Les Favell. When I became vice captain of the Australian side I began to think I might be captain at some stage, so I started to try to work out the approach I was going to use. Richie Benaud has probably been the greatest influence on my cricket career, my business and private life. I consider him a good friend. What I tried to do as a captain was to look at the fellows I'd played under, pick out the things I liked that they did in captaincy, then the things I didn't like, and then say, "Well, I'm going to use the things that I liked and I am going to try not to do the things I didn't like", then blend it with my natural personality and let what comes out come out. One of the things I didn't like was being yelled at. I felt it was a bit embarrassing and it wasn't necessary, so I've tried to retain that principle that I don't yell at any of the players, either on the field or in the dressing room.

PLAYBOY: Was there any one captain who yelled a lot?

CHAPPELL: Les Favell used to yell a bit, particularly if things were going bad.

PLAYBOY: When you have made an obviously bad decision, do you feel depressed about it?

CHAPPELL: You have to steel yourself a bit. I never believed that we were going to win every match we played. My philosophy was that we tried to win more than we lost. If we lost a match because of a decision I made, I felt

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pretty bad about it, but it's no good sitting down and saying: "Christ, I wish I had done this" or "I wish I had done that." I remember a night game against the West Indies when Wayne Daniel hit a winning six off the second last ball. Now that was a decision made between Mick Malone and myself. I had been thinking for the last two or three overs we couldn't really get beaten. I went over to Mick and he said: "Have you got any thoughts?" and I suggested that he bounce the ball over the batsman's head. He didn't think he could get it up high enough to do that, so my next suggestion was to fire it down leg side, which we did, and when Wayne Daniel hit it I remember thinking: "Oh, shit, that's going to be four." Then when it was finally signalled a six my first reaction was: "Christ, we couldn't have lost this game." I thought we'd played so well that we deserved to win. I think it took a couple of seconds for me to realise we had lost the bloody thing. So it turned out to be either a piss poor decision on my behalf or a bloody good guess by Wayne Daniel. For half an hour in that dressing room afterwards there was just bloody silence, apart from a few blokes kicking lockers. But after half an hour at being annoyed at myself and being annoyed with having lost, I felt it was time to say: "Well, we lost that game; now we have to try to work out where we went wrong." In other words, if you lose a game there is always a reason. So you try not to make the same mistakes again.

PLAYBOY: How do you define discipline within the team?

CHAPPELL: I've never been one for bringing in curfews and so on. I believe that if you're picked to represent your country in any form of cricket you are old enough and sensible enough to know what has to be done. You've surely got enough pride in your own performance not to stuff it up by carrying on the night before. And if you're silly enough to do that, I don't really want to know. All I expect of a bloke is to bowl when I give him the ball and to bat when he's supposed to go in. So I don't want to know that he's been out late drinking. If he does, and if I find out about it, and I think it's affecting his play, I'll speak to him. If he continues to do it and he continues to play badly, then he's killed himself anyhow because he gets dropped from the team. I always have a few beers at night because it's what I've always done. It helps me to go to sleep and I believe you can run off those half dozen beers in five minutes the next morning. And it helps me to relax. What I *would* suggest is: if you're a non-drinker, don't start drinking. Don't try to change your lifestyle. Over a long season, players ought to be allowed to relax now and again, and while they might overdo it occasionally, they should be sensible enough to overdo it only when they have a reasonably easy game coming up. I've done it myself – I've got full the night before playing a county, because on tour I don't think there's any way you can go for six months without a drink. You'd go mad if you went back to your hotel every night, watched television and just sat in your room. It would send you to the looney bin. I would admit to having a hangover when I've played some games.

PLAYBOY: Can you recall any specific matches when you batted with a hangover?

CHAPPELL: I can recall quite a few. Probably one of the worst was in South Africa. I'll never forget the place because I reckon every time we stayed there I ended up with a giant-sized hangover. It was a little place called Deal's Hotel in East London. The manager always had a stock of those large Foster's in big boxes of ice. It was perfect for an Australian beer drinker. I just forgot I was playing cricket the next day, and before you know where you are with those big cans you aren't feeling all that flash. And, of course, I had a hell of a hangover the next

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morning. I thought I'd kept it away from Bobby Simpson, who was captain, and I tried to spruce myself up as best I could. But either someone told Bobby or he found out for himself. When he went out for a warm-up I lay down to try to recoup some energy. As soon as Bobby came back into the room I made a big show of getting changed. I thought I would be batting number four or five and suddenly Bobby came over and said Redpath had pulled a muscle warming up and would I mind opening the batting. Of course I said: "Sure, that'll be fine, Bobby." Underneath, I was saying: "Christ, at least I thought I'd get a couple of hours to recover." Anyhow, I started to put the pads on and then Bobby came over, pissing himself laughing, and said that it was OK and Redders was all right and would be opening.

As soon as Simmo and Redders went in I lay down again and tried to recover. When it came my turn to bat there was a hell of a big fellow bowling – super lanky with an enormous run up of about 40 metres. I remember thinking to myself: "Christ, this fellow must be nice and quick. This is the last thing I need with a hangover." Anyway, he came thundering in and when he let it go it didn't come out nearly as fast as his run up. In fact the first ball turned out to be a big, slow, half volley. I got such a pleasant surprise that I tried to belt the living daylights out of it. I fell arse over tit. And all I could hear from the small grandstand was Graeme Watson's laughter. He'd been with me the night before. But it was a small ground and I hit a few boundaries that day. Unfortunately, because I got a few runs, I celebrated when I got back to the hotel – and woke up feeling just as bad the next day!

PLAYBOY: Teams you have led have had the reputation of raising a bit of hell. Are you a hell raiser?

CHAPPELL: I think the encouragement was always there for members of the team to say what they thought. Because of that, and because of the personalities of a lot of the players, we became a very forthright side. We were called arrogant in a lot of ways. OK, if the opposition felt we were arrogant that's good, because it gave us an immediate advantage over them. But we walked out on to the field determined to crush whatever opposition we came up against, and if that made us arrogant that's bloody fine. Because we played bloody hard on the field there were times when we played bloody hard off the field. Once again that was something I tried to encourage. We're no different to any other normal human beings. A normal human being likes to go down to the pub and get pissed occasionally. So do we. But I don't think we ever did anything that was any more outrageous than any other side.

PLAYBOY: A cricket team, or any other team for that matter, is made up of a lot of young, fit men. I suppose they get frisky?

CHAPPELL: I think it's their right. If we've just won a Test match we want to celebrate. We are bloody fit, we can afford to get pissed. We train the next day and we run out all the booze.

PLAYBOY: I meant ladies. What do you do if a lady has the hots for you?

CHAPPELL: I've never been that lucky.

PLAYBOY: Even as a young player?

CHAPPELL: Things have changed. When I was young and unmarried there weren't as many women interested in cricket and there weren't as many around the game. It's up to the individual guy, and what he does is his own business.

PLAYBOY: You must have been propositioned at some time?

CHAPPELL: That's an individual thing in how the guy handles it. You can tell them to buzz off or you can let them down lightly. I guess it depends on your feelings at the time, what sort of mood you're in. It's just the same as me saying I don't sign autographs in the bar. Some people may think that's terribly rude and may think I've got myself up on a pedestal. I believe that's a right of mine.

"Because we played bloody hard on the field there were times when we played bloody hard off the field."

PLAYBOY: How do you deal with a situation where birds are following the team around trying to establish a record head count in how many of the team they can race off?

CHAPPELL: I've heard about those things happening on Rugby tours.

PLAYBOY: Are cricketers saints?

CHAPPELL: Once again, it's up to the individual or the guys involved. If they want to get involved, that's fine. If they don't, they tell them to buzz off.

But I guess that kind of bird will always find someone who is a willing taker. Hopefully that will keep them happy.

PLAYBOY: OK. Back to cricket. When you announced your retirement as captain toward the end of the 1975 tour of England, Bobby Simpson said you had the same ability as Richie Benaud – you seemed to be able to walk on water. Were you a lucky captain?

CHAPPELL: I've never heard that comment from Simmo before. I can assure Simmo that I can't walk on water. I'm just like normal people: I have to swim. But I think I was a lucky captain. If you have the guys so much on side that they believe in whatever you do, and are going to put their whole weight behind it, there's a fair chance of being successful. But you could be the best captain in the world and not have the team behind you.

PLAYBOY: A certain number of gambles must be taken. Apart from your cricket, do you gamble at all?

CHAPPELL: I'm not a great gambler, except that I used to play the share market, which was pretty good to me. I've never been greatly interested in horses. I might have the odd bet when someone in the team says there's a good thing going, but I've never had any bloody luck that way, so I usually bow out because I reckon I'm going to Jonah everyone else. I'll always have a bet on golf or tennis. I never bet on cricket because I believe I'm placing too much pressure on myself to bet on either my own performances or the team's performances. Put a roulette wheel in front of me and I'll have a flutter on that. Probably the most I've ever had on a horse is $100. At one stage, when I was really down on the roulette wheel, I did stick on maybe $300. That was probably silly, because I was trying to get back some losses, which the experts always say you shouldn't do.

PLAYBOY: And did you?

CHAPPELL: Yeah, I did, fortunately. It was in the Sportsmen's Club in London. I was following a system I hadn't really thought could go bad until that night. After that I dropped the system because I realised it could cost me a lot of money.

PLAYBOY: How did you place the final bet?

CHAPPELL: I had to borrow. I don't remember how much I borrowed off Dougie Walters, but he just happened to be the poor unfortunate who was standing next to me at the table. I kept doubling up, which is fine, because that system will always get you out of trouble as long as there is no limit on the table and as long as you've got enough money. But the Sportsmen's Club did have limits. And I was dead lucky because, when I made that bet, it was the maximum I was allowed to put on. I just thumped it on the table as quickly as I could before the bird said no more bets, and it won.

PLAYBOY: Had Kerry Packer not happened along, would a players' association modelled on the Professional Tennis Players' Association have been

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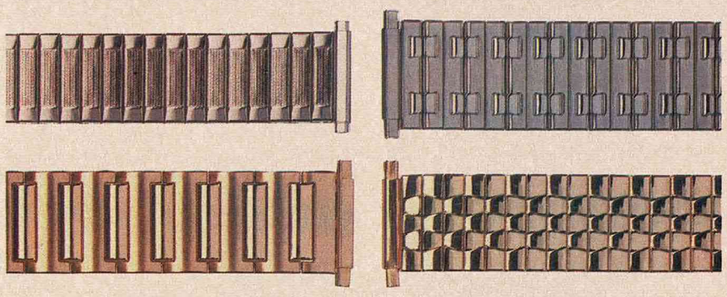

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inevitable as a bargaining base in Australian cricket?

CHAPPELL: There was going to be a big head-on collision. I think we'd given the Board a hell of a lot of warning. We even got to the stage where we spoke to Bob Hawke about the way we ought to go about approaching the Board for a better deal, and I think in Bob's own words he said: "You guys have been right for years." So we felt we had some sort of a legitimate grievance.

PLAYBOY: Bob Hawke didn't offer to negotiate for you?

CHAPPELL: No, we'd never ask that of Bob. He has a genuine love of cricket, but he said if we called ourselves a union it would look as if it was a militant bunch, and that would have given the wrong image straight away. Bob's suggestion was to make it a players' association, or something.

PLAYBOY: Had the World Series bombshell not dropped on May 9, 1977, what would your future have been?

CHAPPELL: I was quite resigned to not playing again. As far as I was concerned, my first class and international career had come to an end, and I was quite happy playing with North Melbourne and commentating. It's sad that I was probably worth a lot more money retired than when I was playing. A lot more money went through my company in the 12 months after I retired than in the previous 12 months. People might think that sounds as if I'm just playing for money, which I never was. It's nice to be paid well, but if Kerry Packer said: "Here's $100,000 to go and play" and I didn't have the love of the game at heart, if I had no feeling for the game and no competitive desire in my heart, I'd have to turn around to Kerry and say: "Look, I'm sorry, but keep your cheque. I can't do it."

A lot of people have said to me: "You obviously retired because you knew World Series was coming up and you wanted to have a bit of a break." That's crap. But as I said, we had warned the Board. I can remember writing in one of my articles for *The Age* that I'd been approached on at least four occasions about professional cricket. They had never got off the ground, but I made the comment that sooner or later someone was going to have the determination and the wherewithal. I hate to turn around and say I told you so, but Kerry was the right man at the right time in the right place, as the Cricket Board probably now realises.

PLAYBOY: Do you think that negotiations between WSC and the authorities could have been handled differently?

CHAPPELL: Kerry Packer is used to dealing with businessmen, big businessmen, and I guess that when he puts up a very good offer which is way in advance of anything else the Board has had and he gets it knocked back, he starts to wonder why. He probably wasn't used to dealing with a body that was amateur in style and couldn't comprehend how a reasonable offer could be knocked back. So I can understand that he came out fighting.

If the whole thing was done again now, knowing what everyone knows, maybe it would be done differently. But I also feel – this is purely a feeling of my own and a thought of my own – that in some ways the Board was almost relieved that World Series Cricket came along and took a lot of the more senior players off its hands. Because to the Board, those senior players become a little more militant as they became older and wiser. Young players, when they get the green and gold cap, would play for nothing. Sure, there's the glory and the honor of playing for Australia, but after you've played 50 or 60 Tests you also think about your family and your rising costs. You still represent your country with honor, but you have to be recompensed for it.

So in some ways I think the Board members might almost have been thrilled that some of the militant guys were out of their hair. Now they have a bunch of young blokes they can push around and give them exactly what they want to give. Maybe in five years they'll be hoping someone will come along and buy the next lot off their hands, too. But I see the game going as tennis has done. Eventually the players will start to run the game. You'll get a players' association or whatever. They'll organise the sponsors, they'll organise the tournaments, the whole program will be mapped out. There will be businessmen involved and it will be done on a business-like basis. Now, whether Kerry is involved in that, whether World Series Cricket is still involved in that . . . who knows what will be happening in 10 or 15 years?

PLAYBOY: Once the battle lines were drawn, did you expect some defections from your ranks, or did the withdrawals of people like Jeff Thomson and Alvin Kallicharan disturb you?

CHAPPELL: I don't know the situation with Kalli, but Jeff told me he would prefer to be playing with us. He was after the best of both worlds, the 4IP contract and also the World Series, and he thought he could do both and thereby do fairly well out of the whole thing – which I guess is only a natural reaction. Unfortunately, I don't think Thommo's own feelings came out then.

PLAYBOY: You are quoted as saying Kerry Packer wanted you to "work bloody hard because he is paying good money. If things go wrong I expect he will kick me up the arse". Has he loosed his boot?

CHAPPELL: No, he hasn't. We have our discussions and I've always felt I can express my opinions in my own way. When I was talking to Don Bradman or Bob Parish I never really felt that I could say: "That's bullshit." I wanted to disagree, but I never really felt that they wanted to let me disagree anyhow. OK, I swear. In most cases it's just laziness, but in some cases I do it for emphasis, and if I get annoyed and I want to say "that's bullshit", to me that emphasises the fact that I disagree with it. Therefore I feel much more at home talking with Kerry over a point. I expected if I stuffed up being captain of Australia he'd kick me up the arse. But it's a much better situation to be in. I'm sure there were times when the Board members felt like giving us a good kick, but I don't think they were game to because they felt guilty about not paying us enough.

I don't think they liked us in jeans and T-shirts (just to give an example), but I'm sure they felt that if they ripped into us about that we would say: "OK, you bloody well pay us properly, and we will dress in whatever

you want us to get dressed in." If Kerry Packer tells me I've got to wear a suit and a tie I wouldn't be very happy about it and I'd say so. But if he says: "Well, I am paying you such and such, you *will* wear a bloody suit and a tie", OK, I'll go away and wear a suit and a tie. In the long run, if he says "you'll do it", we'll do it because we are being paid as professionals.

PLAYBOY: So you prefer to work for one strong man?

CHAPPELL: I prefer to know where I stand.

PLAYBOY: Were there any particular people administering Australian cricket who really set out to keep cricketers under the thumb?

CHAPPELL: As soon as money was mentioned, Sir Donald Bradman was the first one out of the chair to argue. When I took over as captain of South Australia in 1969 I had a meeting with him in his office, and one of the things I brought up was a provident fund for SA players. He just said there was absolutely no way they could afford a provident fund. I tried to suggest that we might look to get a sponsored provident fund from the insurance companies and he pooh-poohed it.

PLAYBOY: When the time came to stand for the toast to Sir Donald at the Centenary Test, you were reported to have remained seated. Is this true?

CHAPPELL: Yes, that's true. I wasn't the only one, but yes. I have my reasons. I admire the bloke as a cricketer. He was always seen as the greatest cricketer Australia has ever seen – and the world, probably – but that's not everything.

PLAYBOY: When did your personal feud with Sir Donald start?

CHAPPELL: It's not a personal feud. But every time I spoke to him about money I got the feeling that going through his mind was the fact that I was trying to line my own pocket. We clashed on a couple of occasions over certain things to do with SA, and so I guess I just lost a bit of respect for the guy. Every cricketer, I think, holds him in the very highest regard. As an administrator I think in a lot of ways he was brilliant – very good, and as a selector I think tremendous. I've no doubt that the selection panel has gone downhill since Sir Donald went off it. But just his attitude to the present players as far as money and conditions were concerned, and other reasons, meant I lost respect for him.

PLAYBOY: But he is regarded as a god figure. Are you suggesting that he has feet of clay?

CHAPPELL: All people have faults. I don't think for one minute that anyone is perfect. It's just a thing that I have – it's personal.

PLAYBOY: Were there any specific incidents which made you lose respect for him?

CHAPPELL: Well, it had to do with a guy, Younis Ahmed, coming out here to play for South Australia. I'd said in a letter that I wouldn't play for SA if he was being brought out to play. I had my reasons for saying that – I'd been captain of SA for at least a couple of seasons and I believed I should have been consulted on some bloke who was going to be brought to SA. And yet I was never consulted. When I found out, I wrote and said if he was going to play for SA, I wasn't. Because I'm the poor silly bastard who has to get the team together and keep the team's spirit together. And I knew the guy wasn't particularly wanted in the SA side. I thought it was an absolutely ridiculous decision to bring him into the State side because at that stage we had a batting line-up of John Causby, Ashley Woodcock, myself, Greg Chappell and Ken Cunningham – all experienced players. What we needed was a young guy in the number six position who we thought was going to be a good player in the future. We didn't want Younis Ahmed to bat number six because I reckon he was a very ordinary county cricketer, and I've been proved right. He makes 1000 runs every season. Well, if you are a batsman continually playing county cricket in England and you can't make 1000 runs a season you ought to chop off your arms.

Sir Donald later explained to me it was done to maintain the sponsorship of a company in cricket. I said: "Well, that's fair enough." But I was given information which caused me to doubt that. So I was bloody annoyed. I was quite serious about the fact that I wasn't going to play for SA. I was going to buzz off and play somewhere else.

PLAYBOY: So your objection was that Younis wasn't a good enough player to bring out. Was there a personal dislike of this man?

CHAPPELL: Oh yes, sure, I didn't like the guy personally. I'd be the first to admit that. Younis was nobody, and no one had heard of him in Australia. He certainly wasn't going to bring anyone through the gate.

PLAYBOY: What changes do you see to cricket in the future?

CHAPPELL: We have to have the five-day Test match, which is a basic traditional game which people have been used to for years. We never want to lose that, because it's still the only true test between country and country. But then you have the one-day game, and if we take the game to America there'll probably be a few changes made, all designed to add pressure to players and tension for spectators and to quicken up the action for TV. If we are, as we

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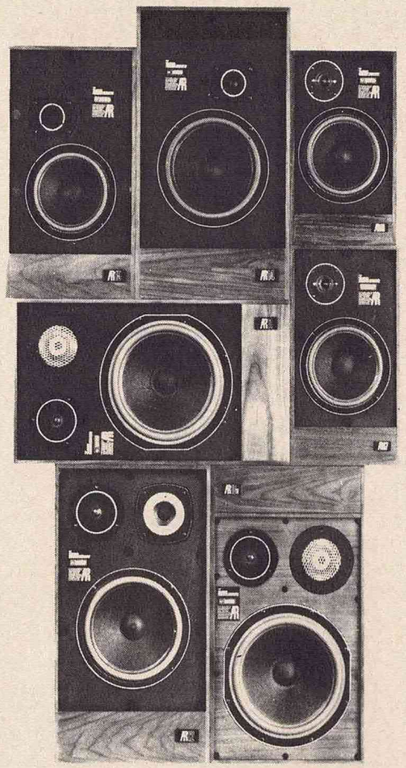

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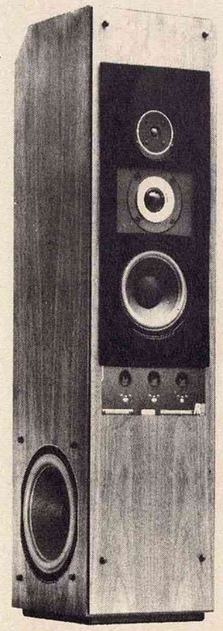

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say, professional cricketers, then we have to be able to adapt to all sorts of wickets and all sorts of rules. It's no good saying: "I'm a great player in five-day cricket but stuff that one-day game." That has been the attitude of a lot of Australian players. We laughed at the one-day game a bit. But now it's bringing a lot of money into the game, both in sponsorship to the players and in gate receipts. You aren't a totally professional cricketer until you can play every facet of the game.

PLAYBOY: Can you see Americans bringing their own teams to play cricket in Australia?

CHAPPELL: It will take a lot of work and time and money to get the game off the ground in America, but I think it's worth making an attempt. If the Yanks do get hold of it, you could see some very amazing and quick changes, because the Yanks as businessmen are prepared to speculate to accumulate. I like the way they do business.

PLAYBOY: The Americans like everything instant. Their sport is just the same. Could you ever see them sitting down for five days watching cricket?

CHAPPELL: No. I think that if you took it to America it would have to be a one-day game. Probably 40 six-ball overs because you are probably looking, at the best, at two or three hours of TV. I don't think you'd have to change the laws too much. One thing that might come in is that if a batsman faced six balls without scoring he would be sent packing. That would be a bloody interesting rule. I can see some bloody quick runs being taken, I can see a lot of overthrows being caused because the guy's faced four balls and he either drops one at his feet and runs or he tries to knock one over the in-field to score. There's going to be a tremendous increase in the tension and the pressure. There's also going to be encouragement if the guy's faced three balls without scoring to bring your field in, and that involves a tremendous amount of tactics as far as bowlers and captains are concerned. I think it would be a bloody interesting game just as a change.

The other reason it would be good in America is that much of their sport involves the crowd. They do it basically through the scoreboard and an organ at the ground. The scoreboard will flash out messages – for instance if, in baseball, you have a guy on first and he is a good base-runner, the message starts flashing up on the scoreboard "go, go", and the poor pitcher doesn't know whether this fellow is going to run or not. The crowd is yelling and the organ is playing fast, running music. It's all action – all go.

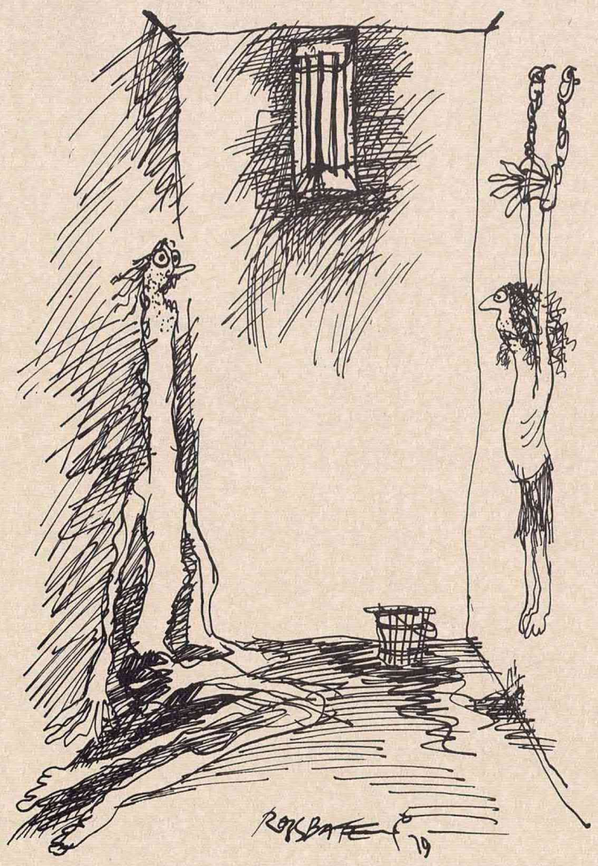
PLAYBOY: With so much money at stake, do you think it will get to the stage where blood will flow?

CHAPPELL: I guess it already has. I mean Hooksy (David Hookes) got hit in the jaw, but that's just part of cricket. Every time you walk through the gate you say: "I'll accept what comes at me within the laws of the game." You've got the umpires to administer the laws and, obviously, if they think something is going over the fence they are there to stop it. Once you've walked through the gate you are saying: "If I happen to get hit on the head or get a broken hand I accept it; I take what comes to me." You can't make a special law for someone batting with a broken finger. By walking through the gate he's declaring himself fit, and he takes what comes at him. And if it's very awkward for him to play a bouncer and he's liable to pop up a catch on the on-side, well, that's just his bad luck. If you worry about getting hit on the head or breaking bones there's one simple solution: you don't walk through the gate. You go and play Saturday afternoon cricket or women's cricket.

PLAYBOY: Your feelings towards Tony Greig have, at best, been ambivalent; there are cases where it seems you were almost at blows on the field. Was it genuine, or a bit of a put-on for the crowd?

CHAPPELL: No, I don't do things to attract publicity for myself or the game, or try to build up the crowd. I have respect for Greigy as a player. I always respected the fact that he tries like hell, he puts a hell of a lot in from his side. That's probably one of the reasons we've always had a few words on the field – because we are both trying to do the same thing. I felt he was very hard done by as far as the Test and County Cricket Board was concerned. But it didn't surprise me. Christ Almighty, that has to be one of the worst jobs in sport, being captain of England, because the English press just tears the bloody captain apart like bloody lion's meat. I once said to Mike Brearley I didn't know why he bothered to wear head gear – he should be wearing armor, because the knife comes from the back.

Greig was thrown into the English captaincy at a time when they were really battling, and he at least stopped the bloody tide of Australia beating England. He did a lot for English cricket, and it gave me the shits the way the public started to tear him



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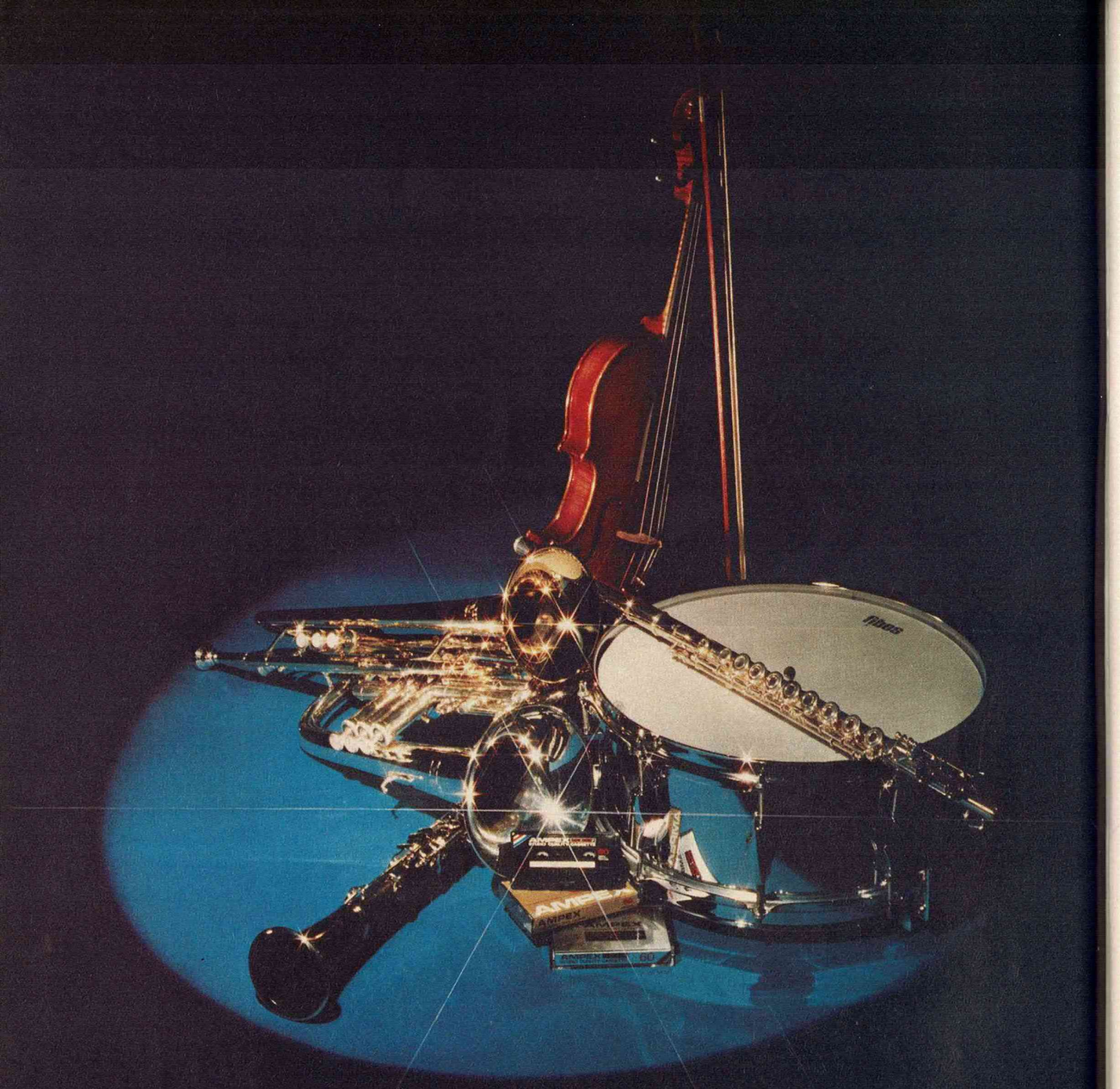

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down. He'd been one of the greatest things since sliced bread when he came along and they couldn't stand up and applaud quick enough. Yet as soon as he was painted as being one of Kerry's right hand men they started tearing him down and said he wasn't much of a captain anyhow, and really couldn't hold his place in the English side. That really got on my wick and made my blood boil every time I heard it. It wasn't as a friend. Our personal relationship has had its highs and lows, but he has my professional respect — cricketer to cricketer.

PLAYBOY: How would you define your relationship with brother Greg?

CHAPPELL: There's about five years between us, and I wouldn't say we were particularly close in our younger days. We used to fight and argue a bit over sport, and I used to find myself being the protector for Trevor because he was the youngest and used to cop a bit. Greg and I were not that close. We would see each other early in the morning and then at night when we got home from school, and we were either fighting over the table at breakfast or out in the backyard in a cricket match. So I probably thought of him as a little prick in those days. But since then we've become pretty close. I enjoy seeing him. I enjoy working with the guy and I have learnt a lot from him. I think one of the best things that happened to my cricket was Greg coming into the Australian side. I was playing just well enough to hold my place in the side but not really pushing myself. Suddenly I had a young brother step into the side and get 100 in his first Test match. That was a bit of a jolt to me. All of a sudden I could see myself being pushed out of the side or overshadowed by my younger brother. You need challenges, and that was really a challenge not to be outdone by him. I've always felt Greg is a far better player than me, and he can do things as a batsman that I would never try to do. I've just accepted what I can do and I try to stick within that.

PLAYBOY: Have you ever been jealous of his ability?

CHAPPELL: Oh, I admire his ability. It wasn't jealousy that spurred me when he first came into the side. I've never had to feel protective towards him. He was just a brother who was around the house. When I was 14 or 15 and he was nine or 10, he was just that little so-and-so in the backyard who had to be beaten at cricket or football or baseball or whatever we were playing. And suddenly he got picked for the baseball team. I was captain/coach at 21, and Greg would have been 16. He was at third base and I was the catcher. Some guy was stealing third and he slid in with his feet up pretty high and gashed Greg in the leg. I've never had a fight in my life and I've never been a very physical person, but I was off down the line to clock that guy as soon as it happened. I'd never really considered our relationship too much until that moment; come hell or high water I was going to clock that fellow. I didn't give any thought to the fact that I might get reported. Someone had gashed my brother and I guess that's the first time I started to think we were a lot closer than perhaps we had been.

PLAYBOY: You went to a Methodist college. Was religion an important part of the upbringing of students?

CHAPPELL: I'm not Methodist. We are Church of England, although I did go to a Methodist college. Religion never really grabbed my interest, but I had a lot of respect for the chaplain at the college, and Kay and I were married by the chaplain from Prince Alfred College. I make no excuses for it, but I do at times think about the Big Fella up there and how sometimes you feel as if you might have been protected or had a little bit of luck come your way just at the right time. And I look on that and say to myself: "Well, I wonder if there's someone up there who is looking down on you and looking after you a little bit?"

PLAYBOY: Were you a good student?

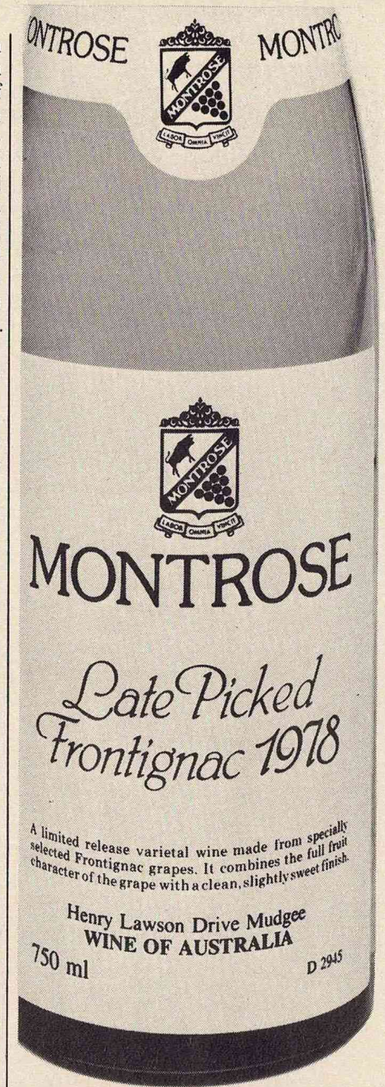
CHAPPELL: I was a lazy student and a bit of a silly bastard at school at times. I suppose it was just that bloody thing — people call it headstrong — inside me. I was punished for just stuffing around in the classroom, and I was punished at cadets for silly bloody things. It was a bit of a challenge to do something bloody silly or ridiculous and see if you could get away with it. And obviously you didn't always get away with it. There were times when you got caught and you were punished. That was an accepted part of the challenge.

PLAYBOY: What was the most stupid thing you recall doing?

CHAPPELL: There were a few silly things. I suppose when you look back on it you don't think of other people's feelings when you're a kid. I remember we had a sergeant in cadets who was a little on the weak side, and it was always a bit of a challenge to mess up what he was trying to tell you because he found it hard to get back on the track.

PLAYBOY: What sort of things did you do that might have upset your parents?

CHAPPELL: I think I would have upset my parents a lot if I'd really got into trouble at school. I remember once in my life I stole. That was when we were away in a group with a junior baseball team — aged about 16 or 17. Once somebody starts, it's a bit of a challenge to pinch a packet of lollies or pinch a book, or something like that,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from a shop. It's almost a dare. And I did it, and I got caught.

PLAYBOY: Do you recall what it was you stole and what happened to you?

CHAPPELL: It was an American baseball book giving a run-down on all the players of all the teams. It was back in the days when I harbored thoughts of playing professional baseball in America. The bookshop guy grabbed me by the scruff of the neck and frightened the Christ out of me. He dragged me back to the shop and said: "Righto, you've taken that book. Now you pay for it and get on your way, and don't do it again." I consider myself very fortunate he didn't put me in to the nearest policeman. I could have finished up in a lot of trouble. And I'm sure that that would have upset mum and the old man tremendously. It was a tremendous lesson to me and I don't know who the guy was, but if he remembers the incident I'm forever grateful to him. He just made me pay for the book, and I left that shop a very frightened young bloke. There was no way I was ever going to pinch anything ever again.

PLAYBOY: Would you say that your philosophy on life is basically pretty simple?

CHAPPELL: Oh yes. I really consider myself to be a very simple person. I'd be just as happy to keep away from bloody trouble and controversy, but I've got my opinions and once I'm asked for them, I give them.

PLAYBOY: Do you ever regret being as forthright as you are?

CHAPPELL: No. If I tell a guy I don't like something he has just done, or I don't like something about him, at least the guy knows where he stands with me, and I'd like to think people would treat me the same way. If they don't like what I've done, they come and tell me. I'm quite happy to listen and give a hearing and then sit down and work it out in my own mind. And if I think "That was the wrong thing to do," I would apologise or do something to clear my conscience.

PLAYBOY: A few sportsmen have used a sporting career as a springboard to politics. Do you think you are too honest to be a politician?

CHAPPELL: I could never be a politician. A couple of times I've been spoken to about going into politics, but I don't like to play little games – the little power games that are played. I can't be bothered with all that sort of crap. To me, joining a political party would be like joining the Australian Cricket Board. You'd be just one voice among numbers of people. I remember listening to Bob Hawke on TV. Bob's a half politician, but he was saying that for the benefit of Australia this and that ought to be done. It did my heart good to hear somebody talking like that. I think the other guy who probably feels a little bit that way is Don Chipp. I hope he can make a few waves and rock the boat a bit, and get people thinking more about what is for the benefit of the country rather than the benefit of the parties in power.

PLAYBOY: Which party approached you to enter politics?

CHAPPELL: I had an approach from two parties in South Australia. But I never had any intention of getting involved.

PLAYBOY: Where do you stand in the political spectrum?

CHAPPELL: For many years I voted the same way as my father. Not because my father told me to, but I knew the way the family voted and not knowing too much about politics, I just went on voting the same way. Now I still vote the same way, but I'm a little bit more thoughtful and, in fact, I once voted the other way.

PLAYBOY: What are you? A disillusioned Liberal?

CHAPPELL: Not really disillusioned. I think the choices aren't very great at the moment. I think that's one of the problems. I think Australia really needs a dynamic leader. *The Australian* was saying that the people really want to be led. They're there almost with tongues out waiting to be led. And all they need is to be given a bit of direction. I don't think they're really getting it. But I look at one side and I don't think the other side is any better or any worse. Perhaps my idea of the situation is that Bob Hawke would make a good Prime Minister of Australia. I see Bob as an honest, down-to-earth sort of guy. I've had discussions with him on the South African problems, and he says to me: "You obviously don't agree with me, but that's fine. That's my opinion and you've got your opinion, and you're entitled to it."

PLAYBOY: You've always championed that cause of South African cricketers. Do you really think that the rights of South African cricketers can be divorced from their government's policies?

CHAPPELL: Yes. I look at my own situation. If you love your country, obviously you don't want to get tossed out; you don't want to be thrown into the background unless you can help it. Cricketers like Barry Richards and Graham Pollock and others have stood up enough to walk off the field in protest. Now I wonder at my own situation and the situation of the Lillees, the Marshes. If we were in that position, would we have enough guts to walk off the field in protest at our government's policies? I'd like to think that if we felt strongly enough about it we would do that. But it takes a lot of guts.

PLAYBOY: Would you have liked to have seen a South African cricket tour here under the same cloud as the Rugby Union tour? A cricket Test must be harder to secure than a Rugby Union match?

CHAPPELL: I grant you all that. But it was a bloody minority, those people throwing bombs and flashing mirrors in your eyes. The majority would have wanted to see South Africa here. I'd have been prepared to put up with that crap in the hope that by the time the fifth Test got around most of those people would have either been beaten up on the ground, or pissed off, or had just got sick of their efforts being wasted because the players weren't taking any notice of them anyhow. If it was left to the players, I think they'd all go out there and you wouldn't give a stuff who you played against or where you played. You're all bloody cricketers, and you play bloody cricket.

PLAYBOY: Do you demand too much of others?

CHAPPELL: I think I only demand a lot from other people if I think they've got the ability to produce. What pisses me off in life is to see fellows with ability who waste it. I've played a bit of cricket against Ashford House, which is a crippled children's home in South Australia, and I've seen so many

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handicapped kids who love sport. It's so much a part of their life. I've seen them in matches we've played: kids in bloody wheelchairs and completely crippled for life, and yet they go out there and they try to hit the bloody ball and they try to bowl, and I look at that and think to myself: "There's so-and-so who's got so much bloody ability as a cricketer and he never ever gets off his arse and out of second gear." That pisses me off no end. I suppose that's why I demand. As I said to David Hookes: "I'll keep on your back until you're a good cricketer all the time, not a good cricketer some of the time, because I believe that's what you should be." I would hate to see Hookes, just as an example, waste his tremendous ability. Some of the things I say might sound silly or big-headed at times, but it's just my way of trying to push a guy into doing something. If I say to one of the younger blokes "How many times have you made 200?" I'm not being big-headed, or considering myself a great player. What I'm trying to do is to goad that bloke into making 200, and to come back to me and say: "There you are, you prick, now my top score is better than yours." If he did, I'd be the happiest man around.

PLAYBOY: Bobby Simpson seems to spend a lot of time sniping at you. Why do you think that is?

CHAPPELL: When he came in as captain he said that we'd become slobs, our language was bad, we were sloppy dressers because we wore jeans and T-shirts. Now that's all a load of crap. As a captain, all I'm interested in is if the player is neat and tidy. Apart from that, if he wants to be casual, so do I. But the most important thing is that he makes 100 when he bats or gets five wickets when he bowls. How Bobby would know about our language is beyond me because we saw so little of him. Like everybody else, he's just judging what he thinks has actually gone on out in the middle. If two guys happen to be talking to each other from opposing sides, they must be swearing at each other. It couldn't be just passing the time of day or having a joke. That would be too bloody simple.

If I believe Bobby Simpson deserves to be criticised I will criticise him. I'll also praise him – whatever is necessary. I'm fortunate that I haven't been told by World Series Cricket to run down the Board or Bobby. But it came out in the court case that World Series Cricket was to be de-rated at every opportunity. You know, I worked alongside Bobby for six months as a commentator, and I know what he said about some of the players. It was entirely different six months later when he was calling them slobs. Now OK, he may have been misquoted. I'll grant that could have happened. I look forward to seeing him and having it out with him. If he says he was misquoted, I'll accept that. But if he says he wasn't misquoted, then I'll ask him why he was saying that the same cricketers were good cricketers six months before they suddenly changed to slobs.

PLAYBOY: What happens to you when the ball is finally faster than your reflexes?

CHAPPELL: Well, I've retired once before. Having made the decision once I'll know the right time to get out. Then once out I hope I'll never be one of those people who say the game is not as good as it used to be. If, in three years, I retire and five years later Australian cricketers are getting paid $150,000 for a 12-month period and getting $2000 a Test match in superannuation, I'd like to think that I would say: "Bloody good luck to them." And not say: "Shit, I wish that had happened when I played."

PLAYBOY: There was a time when an Australian who served his country well on the cricket field could bask in the glory and then spend the rest of his life in dusty memories of his own sports store. When did you decide that you wanted something more – you *deserved* more than that for your service?

"Some of the things I say might sound silly or big-headed at times, but it's just my way of trying to push a guy into doing something."

CHAPPELL: I always had the thought in the back of my mind that I didn't want to be looked upon as just a cricketer, knowing something about cricket but nothing else. There were two things: I didn't want to finish in the gutter, as a couple of Australian cricketers have done, and I didn't want to finish up as an alcoholic. As much as I like a drink, I like to know that I've always got it under control.

PLAYBOY: You obviously have a fair share of aggression in your makeup. If sport had not been in your life to absorb that aggression, do you think you might have got yourself into bother along the road?

CHAPPELL: I've never really thought about that. Maybe if I hadn't played sport that aggression would have come out in fights in bars. Maybe I could have gone the other way. I feel that when I'm coaching kids. I've coached some very tough kids up in Mt Isa. Those kids were the toughest I've ever seen. They didn't have a great deal of talent for cricket, but I wouldn't have minded spending a week or so with them because they were so bloody tough. They didn't wear gloves and they didn't wear pads, and the wicket was as rough as hell and the ball was bouncing up and about to hit them on the head. A couple of them got hit on the fingers from quick deliveries, and they were getting hit on the shins. They just laughed because they couldn't afford to cry in front of their mates. It takes a hell of a lot of courage to bite your bloody lip when you get hit on the hand by a cricket ball. Their teacher didn't see these qualities. He just said: "Jesus, they're rough kids."

I went back to the motel that night and thought that perhaps we are completely wrong with our education system. Someone should take those kids into the bush outside Mt Isa and teach them how to hunt, or fish, or shoot, or to work with their hands rather than teach them English or arithmetic which they obviously couldn't give a stuff about.

They had some good qualities, those kids. They could laugh at themselves and at each other. One of the white kids was asked by an Aboriginal kid called Wes: "What are you doing with pads on? You don't know how to play cricket." The kid just said: "Shut up, nigger." I said: "Christ, you can't talk to him like that." He said: "Oh, he's a mate of mine. I talk to him like that all the time. You want to hear what he says to me." If I turned round to someone in the West Indies and said: "Shut up, nigger" – which I'd never do – there would immediately be hard feelings. But with kids it was so natural. No one was worried about black and white. He was either a mate or he wasn't a mate. There were so many good qualities in those kids that it worries me that they won't be brought out, and because they'll be forced to learn English and maths and history they might rebel and finish up in jail. I just think that if they were led in the right way a lot of that could be avoided.

I look back to when I was a kid, and how happy I was that I was never forced to do things I didn't want to do. How fortunate I was to have had the opportunities to play sport, which I wanted to do. I didn't have to rebel, and I finished up on the right side of the law. Those kids have got courage and a sense of humor – two great qualities which are very important in life. If they are led in the right direction those kids could be good Australians.

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article **By Bob Bottom**

ONLY history and Broken Hill are familiar with the name Percival John Brookfield. But to me he is much more than a mere reference in a dusty library document, much more than the Australian labor movement's first genuine martyr. His memory is my personal fountainhead, the lodestar that has led me to delve so thoroughly into the cesspit of organised crime in Australia.

There have been times when I have cursed Brookfield's ghost. Those times when I have been threatened by the overlords of crime; times when my family have been afraid to walk to the local shops after sundown; times when the telephone has rung in the middle of the night and the line has been open but silent; times when the mob has sent me the age-old warning card – like the attack on my children's pet cat. But at those times when the fear has gnawed into the pit of my gut and I have had chilling self doubts, the memory of the man I regard as the gamest social crusader of them all has spurred me on.

"Brookie" was Broken Hill's first red saint, the man who, from the streets and the floor of State parliament, led the Hill workers through the 18-month strike that brought Australia and our first mining and industrial giant, BHP, to their knees. He was the man who resigned from the Labor Party over the jailing of industrial rebels for sedition and conspiracy to burn

Sydney and held the balance of power as an independent in parliament.

Brookfield died as he lived – the first and only Australian political figure killed by an assassin. He was gunned down by a crazed Russian, Korrman Tomayeff, on Riverton Station in South Australia on March 22, 1921, on his roundabout rail trip to parliament. He has been dead for 57 years, but his memorial tower still dominates Broken Hill and, like all Hillites, I grew up in the shadow of his monument. Yet while most of my generation pay blind deference to his memory, "Brookie" has been my inspiration.

I have been exposed to so many killings, violence and threats during my working life that I have spent many hours thinking about their relevance to me and my family. For years the possibility of being maimed or killed by the crime bosses or their lackeys I have sought to expose has been in my mind. For a long time it was not something I could discuss with my childhood lover and wife, Judy, or my children, Sally and Louise. But the spectre was always there. That cloud became so oppressive in our daily lives that the day finally came when death and its meaning to my family had to be seeded. There was no storm, no rain – just relief.

Fatalistic it might be, but neither Judy nor I fears death. As a victim of a chronic illness, Judy is no stranger to acute pain and suffering, the handmaidens of death. We no longer regard death, hers or mine, as a closet subject. We discuss it as rational human beings and never exclude the children, who are aware that sudden death is a prospect both their parents face.

Not that I am a bravado walking the high wire. I have enough sense to make sure there is always a protective net – held either by trusted police or associates to whom I have given documents which will accuse from the grave should anything happen to me. But more of that later. There have been times when the threats against me have been so real that I have been under constant police guard. The longest period was in November, 1973, during the Moffitt Royal Commission into allegations of organised crime involvement in NSW clubland. For 13 days I lived behind the shield of a Commonwealth Police gun. With the police operating in 12-hour relays, I remained under guard until I completed my testimony before the commission. In retrospect it was a time of melodrama and torrid tension.

I remember one warm night. The family was in bed and the duty officer, Detective Geoff Williams, kept a watch in the lounge. A shuffling sound brought him to his feet. Carefully he unholstered his pistol, pointing it in the direction of the sound. A shadowy figure appeared in the doorway and Williams' finger tensed, then relaxed. Louise, then aged eight, was walking in her sleep.

I was and am always grateful for the protection of the police. A bodyguard is a comfort, but he can also curb one's personal life. It is a bit inhibiting to have a stranger standing watch outside the master bedroom. But to my mind, my greatest protection is my journalistic pen. Although the disappearance of Donald Mackay and Juanita Nielsen underlines the lengths to which mobsters will go to protect their multi-million dollar rackets, I still believe my typewriter and my public standing are my best life insurance.

I could not, for example, have taken on the all-powerful Barrier Industrial Council – barons of Broken Hill and Australia's so-called seventh State – and won had I not been a reporter. Neither as a private citizen nor a unionist could I have been instrumental in closing down – albeit temporarily – the BIC-blessed SP shops and the Hill two-up school. In 1967, while working as a regional journalist for the ABC, I broadcast a controversial news item which struck at the central leadership of the BIC. The BIC had been blitzing employers, forcing them to agree to shorter working hours for their union employees. I really lit a short fuse when I revealed on national radio that the BIC, as proprietor of the *Barrier Daily Truth,* was flouting its own industrial manifesto by refusing to grant the shorter hours to its own employees. I was peremptorily summoned to appear before the imperial wizards of the BIC to explain my actions. To safeguard the freedom and independence of the press, I ignored the summons.

Hard on the heels of my refusal came a second summons from the BIC "to answer a charge that you refused to appear before the executive when requested to do so."

In what was to develop into a cause célèbre in the modern industrial history of the seventh State, I repeatedly refused to enter the BIC executive den. Eventually I was tried in absentia and fined $10. I refused to pay the fine. I was banned. Over the years many people and organisations had challenged the Broken Hill union autocracy. Invariably the challenge was turned aside and the victim railroaded.

I knew to resist meant bucking a system that no other individual had ever bucked. There was irony in my confronting the unions Percival John Brookfield had helped forge into the most powerful industrial bloc in the land, but I was convinced I could preserve my personal and professional integrity only by refusing to surrender.

The piper demanded a heavy price. I was harrassed and publicly smeared as no other man had been since the early rough and tumble days on the Hill. An exclusive beer drinker, I began drinking Scotch to try to steel myself. I packed up my wife and children, sent them to stay with relatives, and dug in for the inevitable siege.

On the eve of a mass meeting of all Broken Hill unionists called to impose a total black ban, newspapers round the world were predicting that I would be sent to Coventry by the town's 8500 unionist families. The milkman would not deliver to my home and the electricity supply would be turned off. Shopkeepers would refuse to serve me or my wife. No hotel would accommodate us and no restaurant would serve us a meal. No taxi driver would let us into his cab. A sweetheart deal signed and sealed behind my back defused the crisis. The Australian Journalists' Association moved in to negotiate secretly with the BIC. Part of the deal involved the AJA paying my fine – selling me out, in effect, for $10.

Because my honor had been satisfied, I suppose I could have left Broken Hill there and then, but I stayed on for another year during which, through public disclosures, I again faced the shutdown of the illegal SP betting shops which threatened to make a mockery of the introduction of the State Government-controlled TAB agencies. I was touched by fear for the first time during that campaign. Illegal bookmaking in Broken Hill at that time was a $1-million-a-year industry. That kind of money, I told myself, could buy a lot of protection. As I was to express it in a book, *Behind the Barrier,* published shortly after I left Broken Hill: "The thought struck me late one night as I walked home through the parklands. Then I thought of the public reaction should a journalist be attacked for conducting such a crusade. The bookmakers and their union protectors would not risk that, I thought, and dismissed any fears I had from my mind. On other issues I had experienced anxiety, but never fear. Certainly not the kind of fear which seems to deter most people from rebelling against trade union dictation."

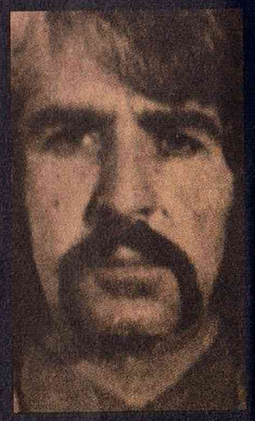
When I left the Hill, I left on my own terms to join Australian Consolidated Press and receive my baptism into metropolitan journalism as a writer for the *Daily* and *Sunday Telegraphs.* I quickly realised that the Hill bookies and swy merchants were choir boys compared with the racketeers in the Big Smoke. Gradually I became one of a number of journalists "in the know" about the hidden tentacles of what was then euphemistically labelled "the Sydney underworld", now more fittingly termed organised crime.

My initiation began on an otherwise uneventful Sunday as Australia moved into the '70s. Throughout the eastern States, Australians took to the roads to be confronted by glaring newspaper posters saying: Crims Grab Clubs. It was the first public revelation of organised moves by criminal elements to muscle in on NSW's lucrative licensed club action. It was July 25, 1971. The newspaper posters pointed to a splash story in the mass-circulation *Sunday Telegraph.* Although the article ran under the anonymous "Special Reporter" by-line, it didn't take the underworld long to find out I had written it.

Eighteen days later the telephone rang in my office. "Is that Bob Bottom?" the male voice on the other end of the line asked. "Yes," I replied, and he went on: "I have a few words to say to you ... you are the man who wrote a story about me in the *Sunday Telegraph* – that story about me taking over the clubs. This is Lennie McPherson here. You know who I am. I'm a man who gets upset easily and that story upset me. I'm upset about it and that's why I am calling you." Among other things he maintained that the story "was all wrong", and "I'm telling you it's not me in it at all." He said: "Every time any newspaper says 'Mr Big', everybody says it's me. My young boy came home from school the other day and said: 'Dad, are you Mr Big?' I didn't know what to say. I told him no, it wasn't me, but some other kid at school had said I was." Before ringing off, McPherson added meaningfully: "I wanted you to know that I get upset if the wrong things are written about me."

That exchange and other background information detailing events extending over a number of years

THE NAMES... AND THE FACES



Left: Percival John Brookfield.

Below: George Freeman (arrowed) pictured in the crowd at Randwick races.

Right: Karl Bonnette.

Centre: Bob Bottom with Commonwealth Police guard Detective Ian Alcorn.

Upper far right: Stan (The Man) Smith and Lennie McPherson (right).

Lower far right: Donald Mackay.

figured prominently when I appeared as a voluntary witness before the 1973-74 Royal Commission into allegations of organised crime in clubs.

My testimony to the inquiry plotted a series of events which chronicled the critical moves by criminal elements to infiltrate and pocket the profit from the billion-dollar club industry. If my evidence needed any seal of approval it was given by the police counsel, Mr D. B. Milne, QC, who had treated me as a hostile witness in his cross-examination. In his final summing up, he paid me the tribute of describing me as the only journalist to have testified who had spoken directly to persons alleged to have known what was going on.

Not that I was the only reporter during that period to have tried to unravel the criminal web. Throughout the 1960s and early '70s, the *Daily* and *Sunday Telegraphs* under the late Sir Frank Packer had led the newspaper crusade in exposing organised crime. Journalists in his pay tended to feel secure because Packer, of all the Australian newspaper barons, knew how to use the power of the press – and everybody knew it, not least the underworld. Yet, despite the Packer umbrella, one of my *Sunday Telegraph* colleagues, who was a thorough chronicler of underworld wheelings and dealings, had received threats and kept a loaded shotgun in his home. Nor would he ever get into his car without checking that it had not been booby-trapped or tampered with.

It was incredible then, and still is, just how much some journalists know about Australian crime and its operation. In this field, Australian journalists are in·investigative tune with reporters throughout the world. As George E. Q. Johnson, the US District Attorney who put Al Capone behind bars on an income tax evasion rap, once said: "Newspapermen have amazingly accurate information. It was rather astonishing. It was not evidence but accurate information as to who the gangs were and the leaders."

Of course there is always the criminal maverick willing to gamble against the odds. During the club inquiry the Royal Commissioner, Mr Justice Moffitt, received at least one threatening phone call. The affair was played in the lowest key, but police almost certainly guarded the judge in the court and in his home. The threat against a judge touched some raw nerves among journalists and it certainly sent my mind racing back to the holocaust of the American '30s.

America's most celebrated crime-buster, Eliot Ness, recorded in his autobiography, *The Untouchables,* that the killing of a reporter in Chicago triggered the national revulsion that resulted in the massive crime clean-up in the Capone era. In July, 1934, Jake Lingle, a *Chicago Tribune* reporter, was shot, and, although it was later discovered that Lingle was on the take, Ness described the murder in this way: "It created as much a stir as if Capone gunmen had wiped out the entire band of Untouchables with one murderous fusillade." Afterwards, according to the posthumous testimony of big boss Charles "Lucky" Luciano, Mafia leaders from all over America agreed at a conclave in Chicago that "we wouldn't hit newspaper guys or cops or district attorneys."

The same unwritten law has been largely honored here, but because the disappearance of Juanita Nielsen was still fresh in my mind, I was wary when I went to work for the NSW Country Party Leader, Leon Punch, in March, 1976, as his press secretary. Again I became closely involved in the ramifications of organised crime, especially its inter-relation with politics. From my cubbyhole in Parliament House it became more obvious than ever that organised crime cannot flourish without some sort of police, bureaucratic and political graft and collusion.

Working with Punch, whose style befits his name, I was able to play my part in influencing events in State politics – helping to force a Royal Commission into Drugs following the disappearance of Donald Mackay and the closure of Sydney's mob-ridden illegal casinos. As a direct result of my role in Opposition in chipping away at the tip of the crime monolith – some aspects of which embarrassed the Wran Government – I landed the now well-publicised job with the Labor administration as special adviser on organised crime.

They were an exciting, if worrying, eight months. I relished the opportunity to delve into the crime morass and reinforce my old network of journalistic, political, police and underworld contacts with direct consultation and a two-way information flow between crime intelligence agencies around the world. From these agencies I was able to obtain irrefutable proof of links between Australian criminals and prominent business figures and the American Mafia.

If I made one mistake, it was being too successful too quickly. It soon became clear that there were people who didn't want the job to succeed, no matter who the special adviser was. There were enough crooked cops, dubious bureaucrats, shady politicians and shonky journalists white-anting me and trying to set me up for me to know that my time as an investigator answerable only to Premier Wran was rationed. Long before the October election, whichever way it went, I knew that if I remained in the job I would have to wear a bureaucratic straitjacket that would have hamstrung my efforts and jeopardised my relations with others in the field.

It was no bed of roses and certainly no sinecure for a public service fat cat. My mail was intercepted. Some packets of highly sensitive documents and photographs from the US never arrived. One American package which did turn up after a suspicious delay of four months bore a double hand-written notation: *By Boat, By Boat.*

Of course I was unable to work without telephones, but I had to make calls and take incoming calls in the knowledge that someone was almost certainly listening to and recording every conversation. An independent investigation turned up evidence that my home telephone was bugged by sophisticated equipment involving a duplicate line. Every time my telephone was used, the signal tripped the duplicate line – probably in a nearby house – and a tape machine was triggered to record incoming and outgoing calls. All sorts of schemes were hatched behind the scenes to fix me after the election. Plotting politicians on both sides of the fence did not want to show their hands before the election for fear of a backlash.

The clouds of dust raised some weeks before, when I had appeared before a Select Committee of the NSW Legislative Council and named men such as Lennie McPherson, George Freeman, Stan Smith and Karl Bonnette as organised crime figures, were still causing allergic reactions in some quarters.

I decided to move first. I made arrangements to leave and to join *The Bulletin,* and confirmed the decision with Premier Wran a few days after the election.

If I had any lingering doubts about the wisdom of my decision, they were dispelled by a telephone call at 11.30 on Sunday, October 8 – the morning after the election. "This is George Freeman," said the caller. Now that the election was over, he said, I was to get my come-uppance. He made no direct threats, but he did say I could expect an eye for an eye and I could read between the lines. He told me he had been given a copy of some documents relating to boyhood convictions against me in Broken Hill. Rationalising that their disclosure would either force me out of the government job or shut me up as a crusader, he said he was prepared to go on television and drop the bucket.

As it happened, I had already known for weeks that the underworld,

"We can't make him take it down. It's his grandmother."

in complicity with certain police and politicians, thought it could use the information to get at me. I outlined the plot to the Premier on the day I saw him to confirm my decision to leave. Of course not only the Premier, but the State Attorney-General, Frank Walker, knew about my youthful convictions before I took the government position, and they made no difference. They had never been a bar to any previous job. Nor, for that matter, had they been mentioned or considered relevant during any of my appearances before judicial inquiries or in public controversies involving reports to parliament by police commissioners. After 20 years, I was certainly not going to allow anyone to use them to blackmail me into silence or submission.

Thus I advised the Premier in my memo: "If necessary, I shall allow the public to be the judge of whether such an antecedent should in this day and age debar me from investigating and raising matters of public concern." Then all hell broke loose when not George Freeman but Lennie McPherson rang John Laws' talkback radio program in Sydney and poured his load of shit into the public fan. Not only did he mention my boyhood conviction for stealing, but blandly announced that, in 1959, I had been convicted of carnal knowledge. Rather embarrassingly, I then had to go on air and explain what I had previously described to the Premier as a personal family matter whose public airing I regarded as a gross invasion of privacy. The truth is that the charge involved a relationship with my wife before we were married. We have been together since our early teens and were married when I was 17 and she was 16.

Although it was a traumatic experience for my family and me, we were warmed by the community backlash against the McPherson disclosures and the fact that he and Freeman were able to get their hands on Children's Court records and to command time on the public airwaves to use them. As an exercise in trying to knock me out of business, it backfired. The Freeman-McPherson plot has only made me more determined to push on. The public disclosure of my boyhood misdemeanors will not disqualify me from pursuing the real criminals who are such a blight in our society.

Their blackmail attempts and their threats serve only to make me more careful. I have long realised in probing for the core of organised crime in Australia that the great white sharks who feed off the drug and gambling addicts attract a host of pilot fish willing to do anything, even murder, to ingratiate themselves with the Mr Bigs. I know my life means little more to the fringe crims than a notch on a gun, a passport to the big action and the big money. But I am also aware that organised crime today is controlled not by hoodlums but by outwardly respectable businessmen who fear me dead rather than alive. It's hard to muzzle a dead man – neither political nor police connections matter a damn.

The mob ain't stupid. They are sufficiently smart to realise that I am vindictive enough to have taken out a policy against sudden death. And they are right. It's a policy written in vengeance, not money. If I am going to die, I am going to take a lot of people down with me. Big people. I have prepared the best-documented rundown on organised crime in Australia and its connections with the Mafia. There are several copies of the dossier. I am not prepared to reveal how many or with whom they have been lodged. But the dossier exists. It names people, dates, times and places. It is incriminatory and it is secure from the people it threatens.

I don't want to go the way of Donald Mackay. I don't want to be a dead pawn in a police or political cover up. Sure, I have nightmares about dying before I am ready. The nightmares frame me in my mind's eye with a syringe in my arm. It is a perfect scenario for suicide – a death any corrupt policeman or politician can explain away with a fantasy of Bob Bottom's closet drug addiction. Shit! I won't even take an aspirin for a headache.

I regard my secret dossier not only as a personal security but as a baited trap for the czars of crime. If I needed any corroboration of my suspicions that the lords of the drug and illegal gambling rings are canny of the odds, it was spelled out for me in a recent, face-to-face interview with one of Australia's most feared criminals. We met in his jail cell. I'd gone to see him to listen to his complaint that he had been framed on a murder charge. He paid his debt for my time and trouble with some unsolicited advice. "Look, Bob," he said, "watch yourself. The big boys won't touch you, but some young punk will be willing to hit you for a few lousy dollars and the promise of a leg up the ladder. What the young punk won't know is that by killing you, he will be signing his own death warrant. He'll just disappear. If the heat is on, the big boys don't like any loose ends that can be traced back."

Enough has happened – particularly during my time with Punch and as Wran's troubleshooter – to convince me that I am seldom out of the top crims' minds, even if I am out of their gun sights. There have been the threats, the occasions when my wife and I have been shadowed, the phone taps. And, of course, there was that symbolic attack on the family cat. That upset us more than all the threats, the mail intercepts or the silent, goading phone calls. It chilled us because an attack on an animal is the mobster's classic calling card. It is his way of saying back off or else. It is a traditional Mafia scare tactic that dates back to the society's roots in Sicily, where a mule's slit throat was always the prelude to a bloody vendetta.

Our cat was doused with a petrol-kerosene cocktail thrown from a passing car. The pet survived, but the incident frayed our nerves. It happened at a time when the big SP operators were running a terror campaign to shore up their race-rigging racket. The whole gruesome story of that 1977 trotting swindle is well documented in a secret police file that never has been, and is never likely to be, made public. Trotting owners, trainers and drivers were bribed or coerced into pulling their horses. Those who resisted were threatened and if they didn't fall into line, the butchers moved in.

Some horses were maimed. One valuable trotter had its throat cut and, in one isolated incident involving a racehorse, a highly-regarded young thoroughbred was incinerated. The stakes in the rigged races were a lot richer than the Melbourne Cup. Records show there was one payout of $350,000 at City Tatts on settling day after one "boat race" and, on another occasion, a Newtown SP bookie was "freezed" out of $500,000.

But even that kind of cash is pin money compared to the astronomical amounts involved in the illicit drug trade. Vast sums that buy a million favors. And because the corruption has spread from the cesspit through the entire social, law enforcement and political fabric of society, no one – least of all a solitary concerned journalist – will ever excise the entire cancer. It is like the mythological Hydra – cut off one venomous head and another grows.

The criminals, however, have bought so much power with their limitless wealth since they organised themselves in the late 1960s that not only crusading journalists, but all of us, have to be concerned – and we have to voice that concern. The alternative is that the criminals will become the unchallenged puppeteers of power and we will all be dancing to their stringed choreography.

BLOOD RELATIONS

an account of the art of dracula's brotherhood at the peak of its grisly notoriety

fiction By ANNE RICE

EACH vampire selects his victims in his own way. The world is a veritable wilderness of singular beauties and each night too precious to allow for the slightest waste. Each night is a wedding, really, and the vampire is wed to the unique and alluring charms of that victim as surely as he is wed to that victim's life. You hold the spirit incarnate in your arms, aglow with anticipation. For some of us, monstrous breed that we are, and such a discerning and voracious company, it is the struggle that holds the quintessential fulfilment; the thrashing of the waning lover seems to soothe the preternatural soul. This is nonsense, really. These innocent and unsuspecting victims can't struggle against a power such as our own. What lurks beneath these gentlemanly trappings is a strength that is unconquerable. Yet there are vampires who crave the semblance of battle, saying that it is the human spirit they adore, its endurance, its faith.

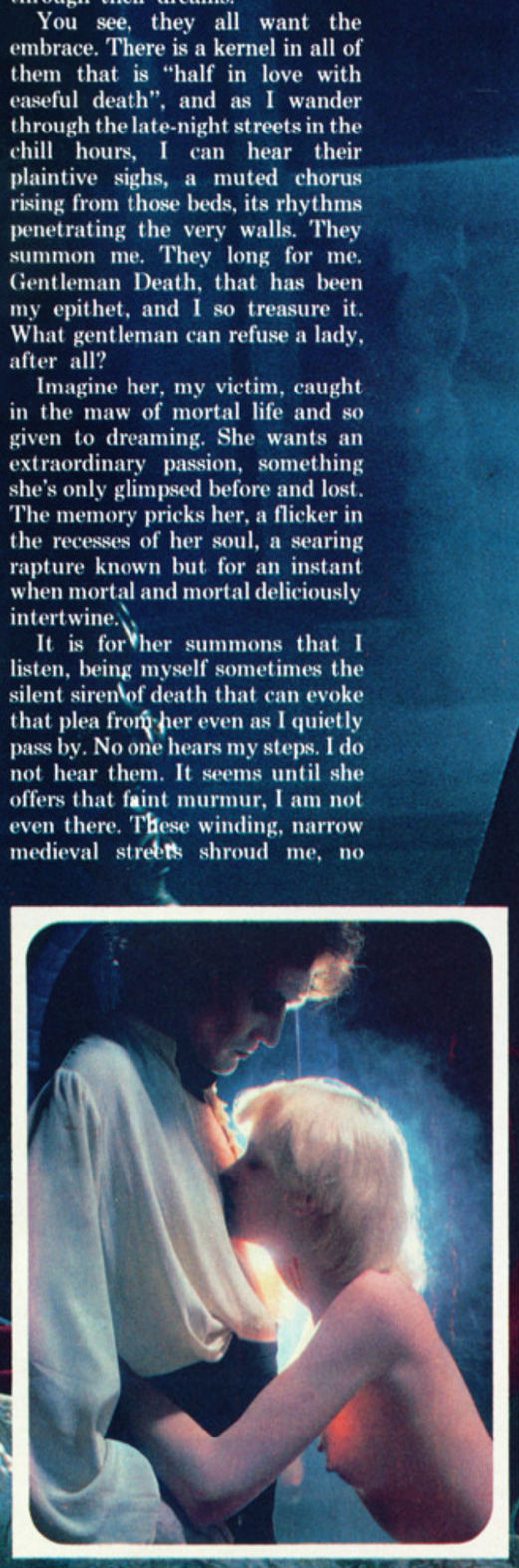
I have no taste for violence, voluptuous as it may sometimes appear. It is the seduction that is perfectly in harmony with this monster's heart. But do not mistake my meaning. It is not I who seduces the lovely beauties I take as my

brides; it is they who seduce me through their dreams.

You see, they all want the embrace. There is a kernel in all of them that is "half in love with easeful death", and as I wander through the late-night streets in the chill hours, I can hear their plaintive sighs, a muted chorus rising from those beds, its rhythms penetrating the very walls. They summon me. They long for me. Gentleman Death, that has been my epithet, and I so treasure it. What gentleman can refuse a lady, after all?

Imagine her, my victim, caught in the maw of mortal life and so given to dreaming. She wants an extraordinary passion, something she's only glimpsed before and lost. The memory pricks her, a flicker in the recesses of her soul, a searing rapture known but for an instant when mortal and mortal deliciously intertwine.

It is for her summons that I listen, being myself sometimes the silent siren of death that can evoke that plea from her even as I quietly pass by. No one hears my steps. I do not hear them. It seems until she offers that faint murmur, I am not even there. These winding, narrow medieval streets shroud me, no



moon cuts between the jutting roofs and I am cold, cold for her as I wander, waiting with a lover's devotion for that perfect call.

You know that our preternatural flesh cannot dispel the icy air that settles on our limbs. Ours is the chill of the wind howling through eternity. So you can well imagine the ineffable sweetness of the moment of selection, of moving out of that damp and merciless night into the bedchamber. No two of them are the same.

I need not see her. I know she's there. A warmth emanates from her living flesh and, drawing near, I see the shape of that warmth – tender, helpless, prone. There is something melancholy, sad about her nestled among the trinkets of her mortal life, the soft bed, her loose and fragrant garments, remnants of girlhood – she sleeps with the trusting sleep of the child. I tell you if I were not a monster, I would be touched. But back to the pliant treasure herself, breathing deeply in her dreams. Is it more vivid, that dream, as I draw close to her? It seems I see her eyelids flutter, she shapes a name with her lips. I tell you, she knows that the object of

her inexpressible longing is there. She feels these eyes on her naked shoulders, this hand on the pale-petal flesh of her soft, throbbing thigh.

It is seduction, remember.

And what of violence? I tell you that all embraces, no matter how tender, are surfeited with violence. Violence is the throbbing of the unsatisfied heart. Violence is the desperate pulsing of that tender fold between the legs, that precious cleft that shapes its own emptiness; violence is the restless turning of her limbs. This is the heart and core of all violence for which the rest is rude metaphor, rough deceiving, a lie born of abused passion and broken dreams. You want the true violence? Neglect her. Then bend your head to her breasts and rest it there, to hear that awful moan.

"Half in love with easeful death" is half in love with life still. She awakes shivering and I feel my lips surrender to a smile. I know too well that I might quiet her with the stroke of my hand even as its coldness shocks her, but let her wake just a little to the crude world of lamps and torn realities. Let her see her demon lover. Let her see these eyes adoring her. Let her know that in serving me she will make me utterly and completely her slave.

Have I ever failed? It's natural enough, that question. The world is rife with passionate women, so you wonder have they ever drawn back from me, fought, begged for reprieve? Has some dim alarm ever sounded in the depths of those heaving breasts? Weren't these women just a little frightened by this fervent gaze? Never. Forgive my laughter — you don't understand the promise of my caress.

They have struggled too long and in vain for union, these succulent mortal beauties. They've known the prisons of their own flesh too well. Observe the flare of those narrow hips, the subtle curve of the buttocks; these are but the contours of a dungeon cell. See how their love acts have so often resembled the quarrel, how they've thrashed and, alone afterward, lain restless, uneasy in half sleep.

Mine is the embrace that will penetrate that isolation, mine is the kiss that will delve to the root of the soul. She knows it, my bride; she knows it without my saying it; she knows it with an instinct that is all too human and that we immortals too quickly forget. Imagine her splendid terror and how easily it melts to languor in my arms. She is meek, pliant, on the verge of some awesome awakening. She hardly feels the little tear. The breath hisses low from between her pearl-white teeth, her flickering eyelids show the barest gleam beneath the dark lash. She cannot know how my pulse quickens with her pulse, how my heart feeds upon her heart, how pulling me toward her, I draw the heated, perfumed elixir from her with my own soul, pulling the cords of her being through her veins.

She is so warm.

Do I have to tell you how that smooth, tight flesh of her arching back burns my fingers, how those taut nipples brand my chest? She is listless, fading. One arm drops to her side, hands close weakly on the lost coverlet and, turning from me even as she is given over to me, her eyes are veiled with her silken hair.

And yet my monster's eye charts her swoon. This is the union she has longed for and, with the cunning of the beast, I have let her go too soon. I measure her, I hold her, I tingle with the life she's given me and see her moist limbs as the vessel of my mounting passion, alive as I am with her vibrant life and soothed and tormented as she is with mine.

Nothing divides us now. Her fingers prod. I savor the groans, those piquant and spirited utterances. She's mine.

Ah, but you know the price of this modulation, this rhythm. She cannot imagine my thirst for her. If she placed her hand on the marble stone in the churchyard at midnight, she might begin to understand this harrowing loneliness and, with it, she would come to know my art. I draw back from her, aching for her. I hold her, this struggling sparrow in my easy grip.

How long will that taste of her content me? It is sweet to touch her bent neck, her tousled hair. But she's given me her life's blood; what am I to give in return?

Yes, I said the word, return. Perhaps all along, you've thought me some hard and simple monster who would trick her in her sublime pleasure and give her only darkness finally as her reward? You underestimate me; you fail to understand the fire and the fibre of my own dreams.

And she's too tender to me, my little bride. You misunderstand the whole affair.

Rather, I become the fount of secrets. I let her part the open shirt with her own hands. I can feel her lips, quivering, virginal, that touching eagerness, I let her taste, I let her drink, and she is wild. Now I can see the incandescence of a vampire in her eyes, a shimmer to that beguiling form. The clock ticks, the wind whispers in the passage. There is much for her to learn. But she is spent now with the first undulating wave and I am in no great haste to bring this glorious ecstasy to its close.

Rather, I lie like the bridegroom with her. So let me dream, let me savor, for a while. Let me be young.

And she? She dreams as a vampire now. She stirs. And somnolent she falls into my waiting arms.

What would you have now? That is, if you were I?

Should I usher her into the timeless life on my own? I think not. Look at that superb young form; what does it cry for, if not for another woman equally beautiful; if not for the craft of another ladylove, supple, scented and schooled by me? And waiting on these dreary winter nights as she always waits for the fledglings that I bring her, for what is always best when shared. This is a dance for three.

Imagine the patience of such a ladylove, dark-haired, succulent; is she petulant when she sees my new bride? What of the postulant herself in such encounters; does she spurn the skilled and nurtured woman to whom I present her? What do you think? Must I instruct my ladylove to flaunt her treasures? Oh, no. She bends with an unconcealed abandon and I see my new bride, afflicted, helplessly drawn. I wonder, would it give the master a little more pleasure if they did not go so willingly into each other's perfumed arms? A cold agony comes over me in watching the soft crush of breast to breast. I see their lips drinking one from the other with a mortal urgency I'd forgotten; they moan with some submissive sentiment I no longer know.

I cannot bear it any longer. I cannot be content with a feast only for my eyes. This is what I've waited for too long, slaves shaped to the will of the master, they may command me. I feel the prick of the hot skin again, that searing luxuriant gush, one and then the other of them, and back again, first my dark and sultry ladylove, then my shimmering bride.

When will it ever end, when will I be permitted to rest? It seems these hearts so perfectly tuned now to my own will not release me, they will not permit me to withdraw. My mistresses are merciless. I was a kinder master. "Do you love me?" comes the plaintive question as I lead them. "Do you love me?" as I gaze into those glittering eyes. Their lips are blood red, fledgling teeth tease the tender flesh. "Do you love me?" comes the desperate entreaty as I gather them against my monstrous and lonely breast, lonely, lonely beyond their dazzling preternatural dreams. "Do you love me?" comes the whisper again, even as the sun dissolves the shadows. But their mute and smiling faces are pitiless.

And in wretched anguish, I implore them again. "Do you love me?"

The gourmet's guide to beer guzzling

a panel of experts sample 34 australian cans to find our best brew

BAZZA McKENZIE, you were right all along. Every time you ripped the top off a tube of Foster's, you were getting into the greatest gargle in the country. PLAYBOY's select group of tinny tasters has confirmed it.

Our chosen men ranged from the squeaky-clean scientific to the damp-elbow veteran of the world's best — and worst — bars. The panel: **John Cook,** Master of Science in Chemistry at the CSIRO Food Standards Laboratory and author of a guide to home-brewing; **Peter Carpenter,** proprietor of the first home-brew supply shop in Sydney; **John Sautelle,** a 24-year-old law student with an amazing drinking record ... and **John Meillon,** whose astonishing capacity for beer matches his record as an actor and genuine star.

He asked for a crash course in color/condition/nose perception, and spent 15 minutes discussing a points system with the CSIRO's man.

We were in what could be called the heart of Oz beer-drinking territory: Rosebery, a Sydney suburb of factories, heavy industrial transports and hard-working, hard-drinking residents. Our host, Barry Murphy, enjoys a busy public house and his Lakes Hotel was ideal for the test.

But few of his regulars would have spared a thought — or a toast — for John Boston, a free settler who brewed the first beer in Australia in 1794. Or for convict James Squire who, when free, set up the first quality brewery at Kissing Point on the Parramatta River near Sydney. And they probably did not know that about 15,000 people work for our nine brewing companies and that another 250,000 are employed in associated industries, or that the Federal Government gets about $800 million a year in excise duty and company tax from beer.

However, they would have been proud to learn that we rank third, after Czechoslovakia and West Germany, in the world beer-drinking stakes with 144 litres a head annually, and that steamy Darwin almost

certainly consumes more beer than any city in the world – about 230 litres a head each year on latest figures.

Ten years ago, canned beer made up less than 10 percent of the beer market, but that figure is now up to 20 percent. And that's not surprising when you learn that the thirsty legions of Australian drinkers bought 400 million litres of local canned beer in 1976-77.

To keep that supply flowing, Carlton and United Breweries Ltd (Victoria and Queensland), Castlemaine Perkins Ltd (Queensland), Cooper and Sons Ltd (SA), Tasmanian Breweries Pty Ltd, the South Australian Brewing Company Ltd, the Swan Brewery Company Ltd (WA), Tooheys Ltd (NSW), and Tooth and Co Ltd (NSW), which also owns Courage, have more than 20 plants putting out about 60 brands of beer.

And because of the great selection available, we have become beer chauvinists. Every man believes his favorite drop is the best in the world. "If you think this is beer, you should try so-and-so" is a comment frequently passed between serious drinking men.

But the often-bragged claim that our beers are stronger than imported beers is wrong. Actually, the alcoholic strength of local beers is average by world standards – Tuborg (Danish) is 3.95 percent by weight, while Carlton Draught is 3.97. Green label Cascade, at 4.56 percent, is one of our strongest, but it's still behind New Zealand's Steinlager at 4.66.

But back to the testing. Cook provided the points system – taking into account color, condition, taste and smell – by which the beers were judged, and the test wasn't without its problems.

Our tasters, for instance, agreed that visual bias can affect a judge's finding, and made a supreme effort to remain objective.

There were surprises. Reschs Draught, in an attractive black can with a red horse's head, is reputedly a slow seller. But it won everyone except Meillon to rate second, six points behind the winner. And Tooheys Draught, a grog shop special, was equal third, raising an interesting marketing question: do those drinkers who claim Tooheys Draught is worse than dishwater do so simply because it is one of the cheapest brands?

But in the end it was Foster's. The big gold O.

Earlier, much earlier, Meillon had asked quietly: "Can I comment on Foster's? I find it mellowed; I find it titillating, not presumptuous, doesn't tickle one's nostrils, and there's ready access to the can."

When we did a quick preliminary tally, all agreed, and Cook said "I'm not surprised", while the others nodded in assent.

The regulars at the Lakes weren't too surprised, either. They nodded wisely and went on draining their regular drop from the tap.

On their way home, they probably bought some cans. What kind? As Meillon noted idly during a pause between ubiquitous Foster's and lip: "I would say that if I was wrecked on a desert island, every one of these beers would taste magnificent!"

BRANDS	Total out of 40	JOHN COOK Color/ Condition 2 pts	Nose 3 pts	Taste 5 pts	PETER CARPENTER Color/ Condition 2 pts	Nose 3 pts	Taste 5 pts	JOHN SAUTELLE Color/ Condition 2 pts	Nose 3 pts	Taste 5 pts	JOHN MEILLON Color/ Condition 2 pts	Nose 3 pts	Taste 5 pts
FOSTER'S (Vic)	32	2	1	4	1	2	4	2	1	5	2	3	5
RESCHS DRAUGHT (NSW)	26	2	2	3	2	3	4	2	2	3	1	1	1
CASCADE LAGER (Tas)	25	0	2	3	1	2	4	1	0	3	2	3	4
TOOHEYS DRAUGHT (NSW)	25	2	1	3	2	1	3	2	2	3	2	1	3
TOOHEYS EXPORT PILS (NSW)	25	2	1	3	1	2	4	2	1	2	2	2	3
SWAN LAGER (WA)	24	0	2	4	0	2	4	0	2	3	2	2	3
XXXX BITTER ALE (Qld)	24	2	1	2	1	2	4	2	1	2	2	2	3
ABBOT LAGER (Vic)	24	2	1	3	1	1	3	1	2	2	2	2	4
TOOHEYS FLAG ALE (NSW)	24	2	1	3	1	2	3	2	1	3	2	2	2
CASCADE PALE ALE (Tas)	23	2	1	2	1	1	2	1	1	2	2	3	5
CARLTON DRAUGHT (Vic)	23	2	1	3	1	1	2	1	1	2	2	3	4
RESCHS PREMIER LAGER (NSW)	23	2	2	3	2	2	3	1	1	3	2	1	1
TANKARD BITTER (NSW)	22	2	1	3	2	1	4	2	1	2	1	1	2
VICTORIA BITTER (Vic)	22	0	1	3	1	1	3	1	1	2	2	3	4
TOOTHS KB LAGER (NSW)	22	2	1	3	1	2	4	1	2	3	1	1	1
SOUTHWARK BITTER (SA)	21	2	1	3	2	1	3	1	1	2	2	2	1
MELBOURNE BITTER (Vic)	21	0	1	2	1	1	3	1	1	4	2	2	3
1770 OLD COLONIAL ALE (NSW)	21	2	1	3	2	1	3	2	1	2	2	1	1
RESCHS PILSENER (NSW)	21	2	1	3	1	2	3	2	0	3	2	1	1
EMU BITTER (WA)	20	0	1	3	1	2	3	1	1	2	2	2	2
CASCADE DRAUGHT (Tas)	20	2	1	3	1	1	2	0	1	2	2	2	3
WEST END BITTER (SA)	19	2	1	2	1	1	2	2	2	1	2	1	2
TOOHEYS OLD DRAUGHT (NSW)	19	2	1	2	1	2	2	1	1	3	1	1	2
RESCHS DINNER ALE (NSW)	19	2	0	2	1	1	4	1	1	3	2	1	1
COURAGE DRAUGHT (Vic)	18	0	1	3	1	1	3	1	1	2	2	1	2
CREST LAGER (Vic)	18	2	1	2	1	1	3	1	1	2	2	1	1
XXXX DRAUGHT (Qld)	18	0	1	3	1	1	3	1	0	2	2	2	2
HANNAN'S LAGER (WA)	17	2	1	2	1	2	2	1	1	2	1	1	1
BOAGS DRAUGHT (Tas)	16	0	1	2	0	0	0	1	1	3	2	2	4
SWAN DRAUGHT (WA)	15	0	1	3	0	1	2	0	0	2	2	2	2
WEST END DRAUGHT (SA)	15	2	0	2	1	1	2	1	1	1	2	1	1
CARLTON LIGHT ALE (Vic)	15	0	1	2	1	1	2	0	1	2	2	1	2
BIG BARREL LAGER (SA)	14	0	1	2	0	0	0	2	1	3	2	1	2
COOPER SPARKLING ALE (SA)	11	0	1	2	0	1	1	0	0	3	1	1	1

SURF'S FALLEN SUPERSTAR SURGES BACK

even for a world champion, the waves of success can turn into breakers

sport By CLYDE STRANGE

THE normally boisterous atmosphere inside the roped-off officials' area was subdued. The two dozen cameramen who'd been squinting through their long lenses all morning found other things to do. The fans, mostly young blond kids who'd been following the contest for more than a week, stared blankly out to sea. Off Sydney's Narrabeen Beach, the world champion surfer was going through the horrors.

Shaun Tomson, a 23-year-old South African, couldn't have picked a worse time for everything to go wrong. He was matched against a 17-year-old up-and-comer from Bondi in what the promoters had

been billing as "the duel of the contest" and the kid was making him look like a tired old man. The fact that they were competing for a $28,000 purse in professional surfing's richest contest was of secondary importance.

What really mattered was that the champ's reputation was on the line – his third hiding in as many tournaments, and delivered by a relative tyro. For a pro surfer to whom an untarnished international reputation means dollars and cents, it was almost intolerable.

Tomson, big, handsome and whose hair retains its careful styling even when wet, walked up the beach and put the best possible face on his humiliation. He smiled at friends and chewed on the end of his beach towel while the judges tallied the results. When the inevitable announcement came he shook hands with his opponent, Cheyne Horan, and told a television interviewer: "Cheyne thoroughly deserved to win. I think he's going to be a hard guy to beat." The champ gathered his belongings and headed for the car park, nodding appreciatively to sympathisers along the way. Only his closest friends could tell he was near to tears.

But if surfers take defeat hard, they also bounce back faster than many professional sportsmen. In a 10-month world circuit that offers less than $100,000 (roughly $1000 apiece if they split it evenly), they have to. Tomson was back on the beach the next morning narrating the action for a film crew. In less than 24 hours he'd managed to turn his fortunes around, but in the 10 weeks he'd been in Australia he'd won short of $1000 in prizemoney – not enough to cover the air fare. And there'd been domestic flights, accommodation, food and the various antidotes for life on the road to cover. Taking the film job into account he'd probably broken even, but then there were other factors.

His dismal performances in the Australian contests meant he'd slipped way down the ladder in surfing's international professional ratings, and stood little chance of retaining his championship title at the end of the year. For surfers, the championship is the big one – $5000 in cash and, for the first time last year, airline tickets to all the contests. As 1977 winner Tomson got the cash, but missed out on the tickets. His predecessor, Australia's Peter Townend, was even less fortunate. He missed out on both and had to be content with the glory.

More than most sportsmen, surfers rely for a living on the promotion and endorsement of products. There are a couple of catches: to keep in the public eye they need to compete 10 months of the year, so they're rarely around when the big deals go down. And in many people's eyes they're still unwashed, drug-taking cult heroes, unlikely to incite mass purchasing of breakfast cereals or anything else. The surfers who can overcome the images of the past and pick up a few purses on the side get by. The others fly now, pay later, and hope like hell for a lucky break, the one that pays.

Shaun Tomson, by his own admission, has "the best act around". He's a world champion, intelligent, articulate and good-looking. His father is a wealthy Durban businessman who could afford to stake his son for those first tough years in international surfing. But Tomson is at the top of the totem pole now and, not surprisingly, he's bitterly disappointed that he can't make any money. "God, I really thought I'd strike it rich," he says, "but it just hasn't happened. I don't think my future lies in surfing. It's a bummer it doesn't, because I'd rather surf than do anything else I could imagine."

In 1977, his big year, Tomson won $20,000 and put out a shade under that in expenses. He travelled to Hawaii, Brazil, Florida, Australia and Japan and made headlines when he took the world title home to Durban. He sent his agent out to collect the endorsement offers. The agent came back with 30 refusals. Tomson went back on the circuit for possibly the last time, wondering what had happened to the wine and roses.

The title he clinched with a big-wave victory in the World Cup on Hawaii's North Shore made official what most surfers had known for at least two years – that Tomson, overall, was the best in the world. For two winter seasons on the North Shore, surfing's toughest testing grounds, he'd been consistently brilliant and the photographers who line the beaches there had got the message out. The official recognition was mainly for the benefit of the world outside surfing, but in South Africa the title had a special significance.

In his own country, Tomson had been roundly despised since he first came to prominence. It was a mixture of jealousy, a feeling of social injustice and the odd accusation of contest-fixing or conniving.

Until a shark attack ended his swimming career soon after the war, Tomson's father, Ernie, had been one of South Africa's great Olympic hopes. He realised his son's surfing potential early, and threw everything behind him. He supplied Shaun with the best surfing equipment, and became a leading figure in the South African Surfing Association. More often than not he was on the judging panel when his son won. Shaun's peers thought of him as the kid who had everything – money, talent and a father like Ernie. When professional surfing came to South Africa in 1973, Ernie officiated and Shaun won. And has won every year since.

Rightly or wrongly, the situation bred hostility. One year demonstrators held up placards at the presentation ceremony and Shaun's acceptance speech was drowned by hecklers. "It really hurt me," Shaun says. "It became very important to me at that stage to win overseas and prove their accusations wrong. I've done that now and I don't give a shit any more. I know I'm good and I know I've achieved everything on my own and it's all been done legitimately. It's quite absurd to worry about people who are consumed with jealousy."

Ernie Tomson's devotion to his son's career certainly provided the fuel for controversy, but it also gave Shaun the determination a champion needs – and a few other things besides. The shark victim's son has a fear of sharks that borders on phobia.

"I'm terrified of them," he says. "I think I see them under my board all the time. I saw a documentary film once where a guy had his leg bitten off and I've had nightmares about that film ever since. The possibility of shark attack is the only thing I don't like about surfing."

Tomson, who made his name in Hawaii, says the times he dreads most are when he loses his board way out to sea at Sunset Beach. "When I have to swim in through that shark-infested rip I feel genuinely sick. It's incredibly hard to force myself to paddle out again and surf that day."

Tomson comes from a close-knit Jewish family. He believes in honoring his parents and he believes in God, Israel and the Jewish faith. The person he most admires is Golda Meir. Each year Passover coincides with the training lead-up to the Bells Beach pro contest in Victoria. Shaun quietly slips away from the surfing community for a couple of days and lights the candles with a local Jewish family. So far the ritual hasn't interfered with the contest, but Tomson is fairly definite about his priorities. "My life isn't governed by the laws of the Torah," he says. "Surfing is the most important thing to me."

Still, life on the road as a professional surfer presents its share of conflicts. Tomson takes a pragmatic view of morality. At one stage he had two steady girlfriends separated by an ocean while he continued to mix well socially in other parts of the world. He said of the arrangement: "They

don't expect me to be celibate and I'm not, but I still think there comes a time when you have to be honest with them about what you do."

Surf stars don't get mobbed wherever they go, but they are famous enough to attract a band of female followers – "Z grade groupies", the top surfers call them. Tomson has been known to succumb, but he doesn't like to talk about it. "I have to feel there's some degree of romantic involvement," he says. He takes a harder line on other forms of tour relaxation, like dope.

Dope is constantly available from Burleigh Heads to Rio, but Tomson has never been known to use any. He is a front-runner in the image-conscious group of professional surfers who in recent years have bent over backwards to clean up their sport. He has told newspaper reporters: "I don't need it and I don't see any place for it in surfing." Some of the pro surfers have hurled joints down toilets and left parties when the weed was produced, but Tomson doesn't go that far. He is a quiet reformer rather than a vocal revolutionary.

There aren't many South Africans left in the world sporting arena and, against his will, Tomson is often called upon to discuss his country's politics – a difficult situation for any young athlete, especially one who has played the system so well. Tomson was conscripted for a year's military service when he finished school in 1972, but strings were pulled and he was sent to a base half way between his home and the beach. He was given a clerical job and a surfing pass from 3pm each day. The policy of the South African Government requires its young men to report back to army camp for one month a year until they turn 28. So far Tomson has been excused each year to compete overseas.

It's asking too much for him to slam a government that's treated him so well, but he's young and educated and he doesn't want to be seen as an apologist for apartheid, either. He has become fairly adept at fence-sitting. "I'm proud of my country but I'm not proud of everything that goes on in it," he says. "There are a lot of things I'd like to see changed to make it a better place to live for all South Africans. Can we leave it at that?"

Tomson is a big guy, and it's not really a question at all. Off the record he will go further, but the criticisms he makes are always tempered by his reluctance to bite the hand that feeds. He told one interviewer: "There's going to be a time when I have to stand up and be counted, but this is not it." The time may be approaching faster than Tomson thinks. The Brazilian Government refused him a visa last year, and his non-appearance at the prestigious Waimea 5000 contest in Rio de Janeiro caused him to slip from third to sixth in world ratings.

Tomson and his father first went to Hawaii in 1969, when Shaun was 14. Now the North Shore of Oahu is Tomson's second home. He spends at least three months there each northern winter, competing and refining his technique in the biggest and most powerful waves in the world. The North Shore is a 17km strip of lava and palm trees and very little else. There is one struggling resort hotel, one good restaurant and two supermarkets. Here, for the past few years, Tomson has been breaking new ground in surfing.

The art of tube-riding is a difficult thing to explain to non-surfers. It looks so simple, if a little dangerous. The surfer slides down the face of a wave as thick as it is high, turns his board up into the oncoming wall of water, and crouches as the wave breaks over him. Sometimes he pops out further up the beach, sometimes not. Hawaiian surfer Gerry Lopez developed this facet of surfing in the late '60s and early '70s. Tomson has taken it a step further by actually performing manoeuvres in the tube rather than hanging on for grim death.

There has been a lot of cosmic rot produced about tube-riding. It has been described as better than an orgasm, and during those heady days of psychedelic reawakening some surfers spoke of "green cathedrals", and believed they'd found a new religious experience. In the more sober '70s, a time when surfers are striving to have their names put on soap and cereal packets, the imagery has calmed down. But riding the tube is still where it's at and Shaun Tomson is undoubtedly the master. He has no false modesty about his accomplishments. "I think I've taken tube-riding into another realm," he says. "That will be remembered as my major contribution to surfing."

On a good day in Hawaii, Tomson takes off way inside most other surfers. Using a stable, wide-legged stance he manoeuvres into a position where he can gain the longest possible time in the tube. If the wave plays into his hands, that might be six or seven seconds, totally hidden from view, inside the bowels of the breaking wave. In that time, while other surfers crouch in the speed-riding position and accelerate for the safety of the green shoulder, Tomson turns his short board up and down the face, seemingly unaware that the force of the wave could knock him to the coral bottom at any moment. He says: "It's taken me years to do it. Your natural instinct is to trim tight and get the hell out of there. You have to train your mind to slow down and accept the reality of the situation."

Tomson recently starred in a surfing film which used slow motion water sequences to show just how much ground he covered inside the wave while the champ explained his theory about time being expanded inside the tube. This went down well with the magic mushroom set, but Tomson was dead serious.

"Time definitely is expanded inside the tube," he says. "It wasn't just a clever catchphrase. It's actually a characteristic of something that's known as peak experience. I've read about football players imagining that everyone else on the field is moving in slow motion, and they throw the ball and it lands exactly where they want it to because they're in perfect control of mind and body. This is what happens to me inside the tube, and those moments are my reasons for surfing."

Unfortunately for Tomson, professional surfing is judged in stands on the beach, from where it is impossible to witness these dramatic developments. For all the judges know he could be praying in there, so his competitive ability is assessed only on the time that elapses while he is inside, which brings him down to level-pegging with 20 or 30 other top surfers. The rest of his surfing repertoire is excellent, but it is not enough to prevent him from being toppled. It is a curious thing, but the logistics of competitive surfing work against the deep tube rider. If Ernie Tomson was a force in world pro surfing, he'd probably have the judges treading water in the break.

After this year's Australian season (three major tournaments during March and April) Tomson plans to take a year off the surfing circuit and finish a commerce degree at Durban University. He wants security for his post-surfing years. "I've come to the crossroads, and I have to make a choice between surfing all my life or looking to the future," he says. "I don't see any way I'll be able to make a living out of surfing in four or five years. It's difficult enough now." But he believes he'll be world champion again before he is finally entrenched in a Durban business house. It's just a matter of regaining what surfers call the "stoke" – the good feeling of surfing.

Tomson is frank: "To tell you the truth, I haven't been stoked lately. It's the constant forcing yourself to go out ... you know, surfing as practice. This is what it's done to me. I need to go away and come back fresh. I know I'll still have what it takes to win."

THE COMPLEAT SURFER

ok, so you're no shaun tomson, but if you've got the money you can get the gear that will at least make it look as if it's just an accident when you wipe out in the bath

He's got it all – from his Crystal Cylinders sunshade, 95c, to his Big Feet thongs by Hang Ten, $3.95. His blue and white shirt is by Gucci (obviously), $88, and it's teamed with board shorts by Zig Zag, $13.50. Gradual tint lens sunglasses by Polaroid, $18.95. His foam Esky (six-tinner) comes from Coles, 99c.

His navy Gucci towel, $80, has a large pocket and the Gucci sunglasses case set him back $48. The lovely lady is a custom made board by Hot Buttered Surfboards, $245, tethered by a Balin leg rope, $12.50. McGloin's zinc cream, 98c, and a tube of Foster's, around 65c, and the outfit's complete.

Gucci gear: Gucci, MLC Centre, Sydney; John Lane, Double Bay, NSW; George's Gucci shop, Melbourne. Accessories: Surf Dive 'n Ski, George street, Sydney; jeaneries and all leading surf shops.

HEADY TIMES IN THE POT PARTY

dope smokers, usually keen to let grass grow under their feet, are pushing for decriminalisation of cannabis

article By PHIL JARRATT

NATIONAL headquarters of the Australian Marijuana Party is two rooms of an old house a few streets back from Sydney's Bondi Beach. Jim Billington, its convenor, conducts his affairs from behind a rickety card table that barely holds two telephones, a note-book and a giant ashtray.

People file in and out of the office with an urgency that leads one to believe that legalisation starts tomorrow. There is a report that a Brisbane narc (drug squad detective) has crossed the border and busted (arrested) a guy at Lismore. Billington gets on to the local party branch and asks them to investigate. Someone in Melbourne wants him to come down for the opening of Marijuana House, an information centre and rock venue. Billington is too busy. A bearded guy says a lot of retailers are interested in the recently-delivered "Legalise Marijuana" matches and can Billington arrange distribution? He can. Dope paraphernalia turns over between $500 and $1000 a week and keeps the party afloat. There's a call from Canberra. Someone wants to know who's got the papers. Can somebody roll a joint? pleads the national convenor, picking up the phone with one hand and searching for the Tally-Hos with the other.

Billington has critics within the dope lobby – some say he is politically ambitious, tch, tch – but no one denies that his irrepressible energy keeps the whole crazy show alive. He preaches with fervor the gospel of dope, but knows when to stop and, perhaps more importantly, knows when to laugh at himself. He occasionally finishes a rave with: "Do you know what I mean? I'm fucked if I do."

This is the great brotherhood of dope, after all. Let's not get too heavy. Billington is a political realist, but underneath it all he really does believe that dope will save the world. He likes to relate the story of how he got the funds together to go to Washington for the first conference of the US group, NORML (National Organisation for the Reform of Marijuana Laws). "I was on the phone trying to get the bread together when the bloody thing packed up. The PMG sent this technician around and he had hair down to his waist, man! A real freak.

"We had a rave and the guy ended up lending me $750 out of the holiday pay he'd just picked up. I couldn't believe it but, you know, there are people like that all over the country. People who believe in what we're doing. It's only a matter of time now."

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Billington rolls a three-paper joint without looking, flicking the seeds out through the cardboard filter. Relaxed. Last winter he demonstrated the technique on national television, rolling several dozen huge numbers and handing them out to people in Sydney's Martin Place. The police looked on and did nothing. One or two even grinned. Billington, Australia's most public dope smoker, chalked this up as a significant victory for commonsense.

At 35, Billington represents the interests of an estimated 500,000 Australians younger than himself – the nation's dope smokers. Most of them have never heard of Billington, and only a few are aware that there is an organisation trying to keep them out of jail. It's a situation that pisses off Billington and the other key members of the Cannabis Research

Illustration by Steve McHugh

Foundation and its political arm, the AMP (the Establishment handle is purely coincidental). "It's the great Australian apathy compounded by the fact that we haven't got much of a communications system," says Billington. "There are a lot of people who don't want us to be heard."

Dope users tend to see police on every corner and conspiracies in every finger-printable ashtray, but the pro-marijuana lobby in this country does have a serious problem. It's a well-known fact that if things are crook and you light up a joint they suddenly look a hell of a lot better. Things (like the law, for example) are crook for half a million dope smokers, but only a handful are actively seeking a solution. When the activists started to dabble in politics late in 1977 they came up with a slogan: "If you're not part of the solution, you're part of the problem."

They pulled 45,000 votes in four States but, more than a year later, they're not very much closer to prodding the consciousness of the great majority of pot heads.

In spite of the tidal wave of apathy, the dope lobby has made considerable advances in the three years of its existence. It has made submissions to two royal commissions, whispered in the reluctant ears of politicians of all persuasions, gained the moral support of a significant number of doctors, lawyers, academics and tobacco company executives and the attention of one or two journalists.

The lobby has helped create an atmosphere in which magistrates are reluctant to put away a harmless smoker and in which legislators in some States are only a whisker (that is, a couple of years) away from total decriminalisation.

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Jim Billington first fell foul of the dope laws in 1972. He'd been working as a salesman for a costume jewellery company and had a few plants in his backyard to keep him sane. They were doing quite nicely when the drug squad of the Victoria Police dropped by and arrested his girlfriend. Billington went down to the station to bail her out and they arrested him, too.

When the matter went to court, Billington expressed to the magistrate the view that a person's backyard was his own business. The magistrate found himself in philosophical agreement, but pointed out that Billington had broken the law nonetheless and fined him $200, with the proviso that if he didn't pay the law would come around and confiscate his property.

Billington uprooted his plants, sold his possessions and lit out for north Queensland, satisfied that confrontation was the best way to handle the judicial process. He was almost 30 and, by his own description, "one of the laybacks". He'd missed out on conscription and had never felt that the war in Vietnam was any personal concern. More hip than hippie. Now, here was an issue which posed a real threat.

Up in the Deep North, Billington moved into an old picture theatre in Cairns and helped organise a craft bazaar at which new settlers sold their wares to bewildered townsfolk. He also arranged bail for settlers who found themselves on the wrong side of the local law enforcers.

Within months the cops had come down on him. The picture theatre was declared uninhabitable, and on moving day Billington was arrested for insulting an officer. The police were also interested in the source of the bail money, and it was suggested that Billington might be happier living in another part of Australia. Before he left, he was tried at a special sitting of the court in the Cairns RSL club and fined $10.

Billington went back to Melbourne, where he became involved in an all-night rock venue at which it was acceptable to roll your joints on the table and smoke them during the floor show. Police flak was only a matter of time. In June, 1975, the drug squad paid a visit and, according to Billington, set him up with a matchbox full of grass.

In court, Billington and his counsel put to the magistrate the proposition that a discerning dope smoker would not be caught dead with such "low-grade shit". The magistrate praised him for his frankness and dismissed the case. Billington was now convinced that confrontation was the best policy. By far the best. Soon after the victory in court Billington's counsel, Melbourne barrister Tony Lewis, and another lawyer, Robert Richter, offered their support if Billington would take on the job of setting up a pro-dope lobby. Financed by the dole, Jim Billington established the Cannabis Research Foundation and started canvassing support from pillars of the community. He found that some people, notably academics and lawyers, shared his view that the existing dope laws were both unjust and unworkable.

He also found that other people, notably police, parents and politicians, held the view that marijuana smoking led to death in the gutter and that radicals like himself should be put away for ever . . . at least. It was going to be a long, long fight.

•

The drugs obtained from the hemp plant *Cannabis sativa L* have been in use since recorded history, but it has been only in the past 100 years or so that their use has been questioned or prohibited. A number of the more distinguished writers of the 19th century – Baudelaire, Coleridge, Dumas and our own Marcus Clarke – discovered the pleasures of the plant and began reporting them to the Western world, but it was marijuana and hashish use in the East that resulted in the first official inquiry into the drug.

The British, worried about their stoned subjects in India, commissioned a report into hemp use. The results, published in 1894 as the Indian Hemp Drugs Commission, gave the plant a clean bill of health, noting that "the moderate use of hemp drugs is practically attended by no evil results or other complications at all . . ."

The issue was forgotten for nearly 30 years, until pot-smoking Mexicans began drifting over the border into the US in the 1920s looking for work. In the 1930s the drug was more widely criminalised.

Australia was one of the signatories to the United Nations Single Convention on Narcotic Drugs of 1961, which lumped cannabis with heroin and the other opiates and deplored their non-medical use, but marijuana did not become common here until the early '70s. Confronted with something about which they knew next to nothing, our politicians decided hysteria was the most appropriate course of action.

The Liberal Minister for Customs and Excise, Don Chipp, took great pains to stem the flow of imported marijuana, while jail sentences were imposed on domestic users. The 1971 Senate Select Committee on Drug Trafficking and Drug Abuse served more as an educational course for politicians than a guideline for legislation. Some politicians, like Labor's John Wheeldon and Moss Cass, at least went to the trouble of trying the drug themselves, but most simply shrugged their shoulders and put the issue in the too-hard basket.

After listening to much scientific and medical evidence, the Senate committee concluded that "marijuana is not as dangerous as it has been frequently publicly proclaimed" but cautioned that "scientific evidence is not sufficiently conclusive to warrant removal of restrictions".

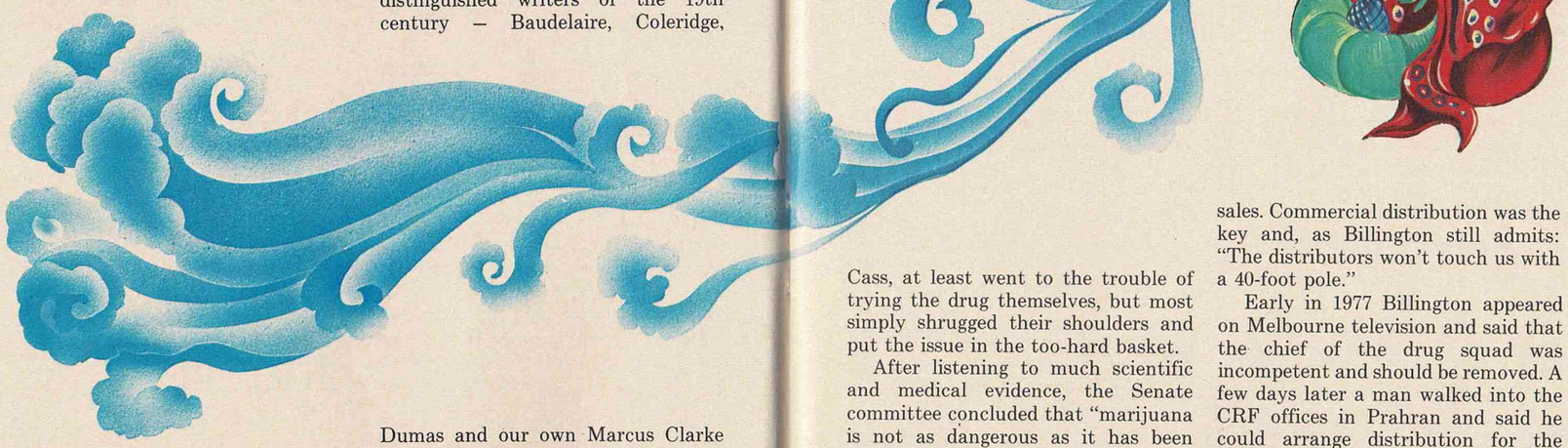
That is where the land lay when Jim Billington and a few chosen friends set out to alter the national consciousness.

By August, 1976, the dope lobby was sufficiently well organised to hold its first national conference at Melbourne's Monash University. Billington had got together an advisory council for the CRF with enough clout to convince people they were serious, and won serious support. South Australian academic (later politician) Dr Neil Blewett headed a list which included solicitors, barristers, sociologists and journalists.

Reasonable people supported their cause, but reasonable people don't make the laws of the land – politicians do. Billington called for a royal commission, closed the conference and got two lines in the press.

•

A few months later, Billington and some associates in Melbourne decided to get round the press problem by starting their own paper. They formed a company, Noxious Weed Publications, and brought out *The Australasian Weed,* which was immediately classified as restricted, to be sold under the counter only. Later issues with new titles – *Seed, Greed, Need* etc – meant reclassification for each, but did nothing to help boost sales. Commercial distribution was the key and, as Billington still admits: "The distributors won't touch us with a 40-foot pole."



Early in 1977 Billington appeared on Melbourne television and said that the chief of the drug squad was incompetent and should be removed. A few days later a man walked into the CRF offices in Prahran and said he could arrange distribution for the *Weed* newspaper in Perth. He and Billington discussed the matter and agreed to meet again at a later date. Two weeks later the man returned and suggested conversation might be easier in a more secluded spot. He and Billington drove to Albert Park Lake and, according to Billington, discussed newspaper distribution.

Detectives appeared from behind trees and Billington was arrested. A quantity of grass was later found inside the car. In court it was alleged that Billington and the man from Perth, an undercover detective, had discussed the sale of $30,000 worth of marijuana. Billington was charged with conspiracy but, almost two years later, the case has not come to trial.

While Billington was preparing for a major court battle, the dope focus switched to Griffith, NSW, and the disappearance of anti-dope campaigner Donald Mackay. A year after the Cannabis Research Foundation had called for a royal commission they got not one but three – for all the wrong reasons you could imagine.

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The dope lobby went political four weeks before the 1977 Federal election. Billington had moved to Sydney and, over a couple of joints with some barristers one night, decided to form a party and field candidates. The feeling was that the major parties would continue to sit on the fence until the political climate was more stable, while Chipp's Australian Democrats were only half-arsed in their support for individual rights.

The Australian Marijuana Party was hurriedly formed, with candidates in four States and one issue as its platform – the legalisation of marijuana. Billington and friends saw the campaign as a great opportunity for gauging their following. In four weeks they scraped together $20,000, ran full-page advertisements in the national press and pulled 45,000 votes. They considered this a heartening result, as not many of their potential supporters had had time to get their names on to the electoral roll.

While the AMP's first political effort was dismissed by many as a joke, it created a new public awareness of the dope lobby and brought its operations into line with the successful lobby in the US where NORML flexes the political muscle while the Drug Abuse Council conducts and promotes carefully objective research.

Until the formation of the AMP, the Cannabis Research Foundation had done both, and its research was often said to be tainted by political motivation. But the dope lobby's political baptism also created new hassles. Members found that while they shared the same taste in social lubricant, they were not necessarily on the same side of the political fence.

Left-right conflicts flared immediately and two office bearers quit before the election. The main argument was between the gradualists and the revolutionaries: those, like Billington, who were pragmatic enough to realise legalisation wasn't going to happen overnight; and those who believed that if you put a joint in everyone's mouth, all troubles would disappear.

The pragmatists won the first round and the AMP adopted a platform which called for decriminalisation first, controlled legalisation later. This created more rifts. The economic model for a marijuana white market, probably involving government representation, centred around strict quality

controls and minimum profits for dealers. Billington maintained it was the dope lobby's first task to come up with a proposition that politicians would listen to, but he had alienated the backyard cultivators.

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The third annual conference of the Cannabis Research Foundation convened at the Australian National University in Canberra in August, 1978. The first conference, two years earlier, had been called "Cannabis in Australia – The Future?" Perhaps the CRF was being prematurely optimistic, but this one was to deal with "alternative policies of cannabis control". There seemed to be a feeling that governments were ready to talk, albeit cautiously, about new ways to deal with the weed.

The first speaker was Dr Greg Chesher, from the pharmacology department at Sydney University. Dr Chesher, middle-aged and professorial in his delivery, does not smoke dope, does not believe other people should and worries about being seen as an apologist for the dopers. Nevertheless, he thinks the legislation is misguided and the public misinformed about the dangers and he advised the South Australian royal commission to that effect.

His rambling address was continually interrupted by a clean-cut young man in a woollen beanie, who urged him not to make value judgments and not to step outside his field of expertise. This was Gary Sturgess, a minerals economist from Queensland, practising Mormon and research officer for the Progress Party.

When the doctor had finished, Mr Mick Fowler, representing the Seamen's Union and the Communist Party, said he had smoked dope for 25 years and still had all his teeth.

During the lunch break Paul Rumble, a Sydney barrister who works on dope cases out of the Redfern Legal Centre, drew me aside and asked: "What do you think? Is it a wank?" I reserved judgment, but I couldn't help thinking that a large bag of grass on the podium and a bevy of Winfield girls to do the rolling would have helped considerably.

The television cameras rolled up after lunch to catch Don Chipp's act. It's a curious media fact that Chipp saying nothing about dope is more newsworthy than a dozen academics making sense on the subject, but that's the way it goes. Chipp dusted the dandruff off the shoulders of his three-piece suit and confronted the people who, only months before, had taken out full-page advertisements in newspapers to tell the nation that "a vote for Chipp is a vote for mediocrity." The leader of the Australian Democrats got straight to the point and said he was confused about marijuana. Billington, busting a gut to have a go at the senator, whispered: "If it's taken him this long to get confused, how long will it take us to get him straight again?"

It was, after all, quite ridiculous for a man who, as a Liberal minister, had spent three years sending dope smokers to jail to claim now that he didn't understand the issue. The cameramen packed up and left. It was clear that neither Chipp nor any of the other politicians listed to speak was about to stick his neck out.

The conference lasted two days, during which time nothing was resolved. Lawyers pointed out loopholes in the law (very few left these days, it seems), pharmacologists explained for the umpteenth time that marijuana is relatively harmless, politicians displayed their ignorance of the subject and made lame pleas for preferences, the free-traders deplored the concept of a cannabis control board and the pragmatists deplored the commercial motivation of the free-traders.

Although he was not officially in charge, Jim Billington presided over all this with an authority not normally associated with chronic marijuana use. When Senator Chipp asked him to define "excessive marijuana use" he confessed that he smoked "upwards of five joints a day and I feel terrific". Excessive use, he said, was when you were unable to function.

(The poor bastard is a born leader, but he has the task in front of him. His followers can agree on little more than which way the joint is being passed around the circle.)

At lunch on the second day Gary Sturgess arranged a meeting between Billington, CRF director Tony Parsons and David Friedman, son of the famous economist Milton and a visiting lecturer at the university. Sturgess, having expounded his libertarian philosophy that the state has no right to tell you what you can or cannot do with your body, was now ready to bore it up the control board concept. Over a salad sandwich and a Claytons he explained that Friedman was an "economic anarchist" who would point out the folly of any form of marketing control. Friedman, Jewish, balding and short-sighted, ate a meat pie with a fork, drank a can of low-calorie cola and crushed the can into little pieces, spewing shrapnel all over the table.

He looked a little bewildered, but spouted economics with machine-gun rapidity.

It was all too much theory for the dopers. This really was a wank. They looked relieved when a punk rock band outside the cafeteria drowned out the conversation. Friedman shrugged his shoulders and left.

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While the dope issue within the lobby itself has become bogged down with too much internal division, too much theorising, too much bullshit, in the courts the pace has stepped up. In the face of the NSW royal commission's discovery that dealers in illegal dope tend to come by large sums of illegal money, there is a growing feeling within the legal profession that the persecution of smokers is getting too silly for words.

According to barristers and solicitors committed to legalisation, that feeling has extended to their more conservative peers, even to several magistrates.

Melbourne barrister Tony Lewis says: "Public opinion has got to the stage where juries are even sympathetic towards traffickers. It's getting increasingly hard for them to convict someone, even when there is a mountain of evidence to support a conviction. I think the popular view is that it is time for the law to get in step with the people." Sydney barrister Peter Livesey believes that the times are indeed changing, but that the NSW royal commission has done a lot of harm by ignoring the social implications of marijuana and chasing scapegoats instead: "The commission sees its role as being to catch criminals, but the lawyers involved know they are not allowed to catch any of the big fish. So what's the point?"

Despite the occasional setbacks, the dope defenders feel they are getting somewhere. They feel that decriminalisation is only a year or two away in NSW, Victoria and South Australia. In the ACT it is (in practice if not in law) almost a reality now.

In Melbourne, barrister and solicitor Les Webb is preparing a case for possession of marijuana on medical grounds. The guinea pig is a man who lost an eye in a car accident some years ago. He was popping 43 pills a day to reduce convulsions and headaches when he discovered marijuana. His condition was improving when he was busted for possession, but Webb believes with the assistance of a neurosurgeon's report he has a valid case for legal possession.

In late 1977, in the US, a glaucoma victim won a case for legal possession and the government now provides him with 70 ready-rolled joints a week. Webb believes it could happen here – if not this time round, then soon.

"Boy, what a day. I turned in six reports, closed two deals and scored with that little blonde in research."

THE GREAT AUSTRALIAN *Playmate Hunt*

in which we search among the beauties of the great southland and find the shape of things to come

AUSTRALIA'S image overseas is kangaroos, koalas and beautiful girls. Any American who has had his mid-winter blues swept away by a wire service picture of a newspaper Page Three lovely on our sundrenched beaches will tell you that. And we knew it. We also knew where to find kangaroos and koalas – but they were hardly what we, or you, wanted for our historic first Australian Playmate.

So back in May last year we started our search. We decided to pay $5000 to each girl appearing in the centrefold (with the prospect of more if the guys in Chicago

Down from her hideaway near Brisbane came beautiful Karen Umphrey (right), while Debbie Newsome (left) preferred Sydney's comfort.

Remember Number 96? *Our merry men photographed actress/singer Deborah Grey (above) in a castle between recording sessions for her single,* Mellow Lovin'. *Sue Baxter (left) and soapy Sonia Videk (right) are lovelies of whom you can expect to see more.*

took a shine to her for use in the American edition of PLAYBOY). And we looked around us, tossing around the names of suitable girls.

We approached an actress (no names, no pack drill) sexy enough to have us drooling over a meal in a seductive restaurant. She laughed and said her future lay on the stage and screen, thank you. Ego-punctured, we protested that Jack Thompson's strip for the first issue of *Cleo* had helped him along.

We went to a delightful TV soap-opera goddess who agreed to pose, fully clothed, no hint of nipple, for a mere

Jilly Johnson (far left) is a Queenslander who has made it in the European modelling world, while Cheryl Haslip (above) and gamin-like Rosemary Paul are already marked for issues in the future.

$25,000. We laughed, but bought her lunch to show there were no hard feelings.

The setbacks were, of course, temporary. Word soon got around that Australian girls now had the chance to be immortalised in a sophisticated, glamorous, elegant and very, very classy way. Accompanied by photographers, boyfriends, fiances and sometimes on their own, they started coming to see us.

In the future you'll meet some of the girls on these pages as Playmates. And you'll see others in planned pictorials on the lovely ladies in the great Southland.

And now, gentlemen, may we present for the first time Australia's own PLAYBOY Playmate . . .

WILD WARM AND WONDERFUL

from out of the west she rides,
aglow with the bloom of youth
and the desire to discover
all that life has to offer

Photography by RICO METTBACH

SOME bewitching wild flowers have sprung from the warm sands of Western Australia, none more bedazzling than Karen Pini. And what better time for Tuesday's graceful flower to bare her ample charms than high summer?

Those charms have taken Karen on quite a spin since she sheathed her dressmaking scissors and left her job in the lace-strewn backroom of a Perth bridal boutique three years ago. Since then life has been a carousel for the lithe beauty from the west. The joyride began with her ascension to the Australian Golden Dream Girl throne in 1976, accelerated with her

"As a model I am not a plastic dummy. I am my own person. I have emotions and feelings like anyone else. And I feel comfortable with my body. Posing in the nude has been an accepted art form for centuries."

"I'm a girl for all seasons. A log fire in winter makes me glow, but the ultimate is making love in the sun, in private places that are special to me. The right man, the warm sun, a crashing surf and the fresh taste of salt are a heady mixture."

second placing in the Miss World titles of the same year and exploded in national headlines when she posed topless for the London *Sun* and nude before the camera of the Queen's cousin, Patrick, Earl of Lichfield.

Baring was daring for Karen, but it was also honest. "Maybe I used to have a hang-up about posing in the nude, but no longer," she says.

"I am pleased when people say they enjoy looking at an artist's impression of my body. I am comfortable with my body, so why shouldn't people admire it?"

That's a typical attitude from a determined young lady who matured, physically and emotionally, a lot faster than her school mates in Morley, in Perth's north-eastern reaches. Only 18 years separate Karen and her still attractive mother, Laurel. She has always been a mate, too, to her father, Joe.

"A man must have more than good looks going for him if he is going to win me. A photograph arm-in-arm with a John Travolta might be fine for the publicity album, but there is no feeling in a handsome face. I need to know and feel at one with the man behind the mask."

"I have no time for one-night stands. There can be only one man in my life at one time. But to me a diamond ring is a token of love – it's not a commitment."

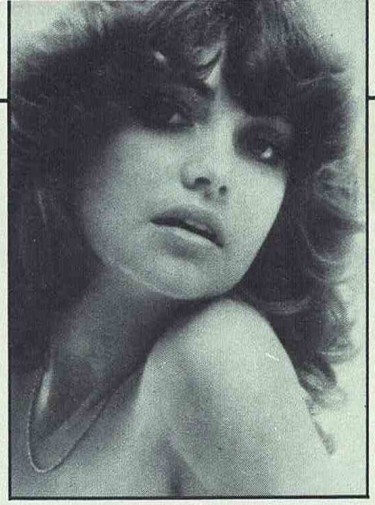
who – despite the obvious difference – continues to regard her as a son rather than a daughter: "Dad was always looking for a cobber to go trail riding with. He bought me a go-kart when I was 13. Riding and swimming are my relaxations now."

But Karen's ultimate relaxation is love – not daughterly love but warm and enveloping love on a sheepskin in front of an open fire. She prefers to be the prey, not the huntress, in love-making. "I like to be seduced in mind as well as body," she says. "I'll settle down one day, but not yet. Tomorrow is my future and nothing can stop me doing what I enjoy." In the meantime, we can all enjoy Karen.

MISS FEBRUARY

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH

Karen Pini



PLAYMATE DATA SHEET

NAME: Karen Pini

BUST: 35" WAIST: 23" HIPS: 35"

HEIGHT: 5'7" WEIGHT: 118 SIGN: Leo

BIRTH DATE: 30-7-1957 BIRTHPLACE: Perth

GOALS: To be a top international model, to win a place in RADA and break into films.

TURN-ONS: People capable of enjoying life to the full, an evening in front of an open fire with my lover.

TURN-OFFS: Plastic people, especially those who never listen.

RELAXING: Scuba diving, swimming, tennis and trail bike riding.

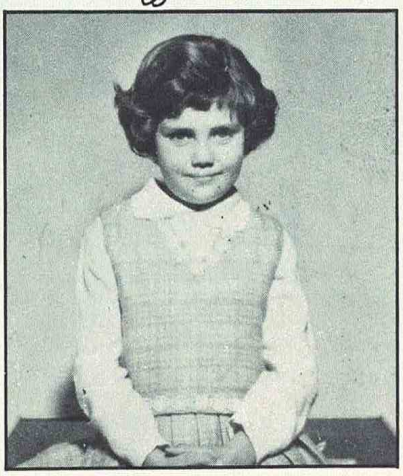
FAVORITE BOOKS: The Greatest, Bring on the empty horses, Even Cowgirls get the Blues.

FAVORITE POETS: Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Keats

FAVORITE MOVIES: Marathon Man, Close encounters and Little Big Man.

FAVORITE ACTORS: Laurence Olivier, Dustin Hoffman Richard Dreyfus.

Age 4. My age of innocence.



Age 6. My first photographic session

Age 13. Dad gains a daughter.

PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

Letter received by a woman in Adelaide from the National Sperm Bank in Prague: "Dear Madam: Thank you for your order, which has just been shipped by parcel post. Your Czech is in the mail."

When the police finally tracked down the phantom obscene phone caller, he demanded to speak to his solicitor, who happened to be a woman. "Ms Green?" he inquired when the connection was made. "Look, I've been booked by the police and they've let me call you while I'm getting this magnificent hard on . . ."

It hurts when I make love in the morning or the afternoon," the girl told the gynaecologist, "but not during the evening or late at night."

"Do you use different positions or lubricants at different times of the day?" asked the medical man.

"No," replied his patient, "but I do use different partners."

While revenge may consist of seducing your enemy's wife, *sweet* revenge is the realisation that she is really a lousy lay.

A *careless young virgin named Wright*
Got drunk with her boyfriend one night.
She awoke in a snit
With her maidenhead split,
To be told that she sure had been tight.

The pretty young thing minced up to the suburban front door and knocked. The door was opened by a beer-gutted ocker.

"My name is Elizabeth. I'm the new Avon representative in this area. May I speak to your wife?"

"No, yer can't. I do all the buyin' in this 'ouse. Wadderya sellin'?"

The young thing delved into her sample case, produced a perfume atomiser, sprayed her wrist and said: "This is our latest perfume. Do you like it?"

The man sniffed and wrinkled his bulbous nose. "Wadderya call it?"

"Come to Me," she said, with a selling smile.

The man sniffed again. "Don't smell like cum to me."

Our Unabashed Dictionary defines *vibrator* as a slot machine.

I'm really curious," said a fellow to his mate. "Level with me: did you somehow manage to get laid last night on your date with the Siamese twins?"

"To be frank," replied the friend, "yes and no."

A *furniture salesgirl named Niles*
Brings quickie male customers smiles.
Her talents are fabled
When couched, chaired or tabled,
Since she comes in a wide range of styles.

Horny as hell, the man had been aggressively caressing his blasé wife in the hope of bringing her to an appropriate level of physiological response. "Come, now, Charles," chided the woman with a yawn as her husband impatiently eyeballed her pudenda, "don't you know that a watched twat never boils?"

You will be granted three wishes," announced the genie, "but with a twist – your worst enemy will receive double what you get."

"I'd like to have a dozen stunning girls at my sexual beck and call!" exclaimed the man.

"Here are their names and phone numbers," responded the imp, "but 24 new entries have been magically made in your enemy's datebook."

"I'd also like to have 5cm added to my manhood!"

"You now have them, but your enemy's endowment has grown 10cm."

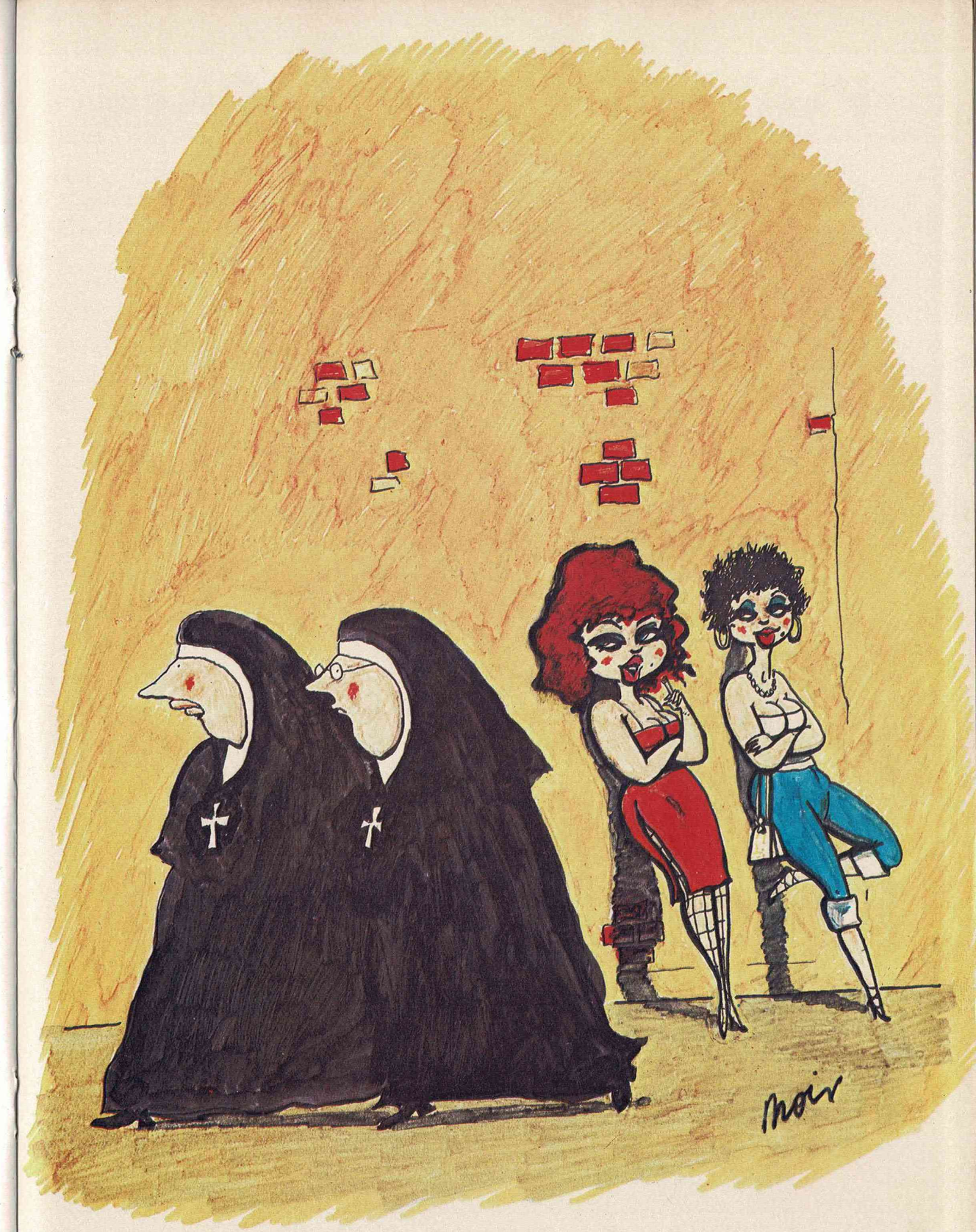
"And as my third and last wish, Mr Genie," said the fellow, smiling, "I'd like to have *one* of my testicles disappear."

Cynicism among CB hookers has reached the point where one of them is reported to have said: "Never give a breaker an even suck!"

My wife seems to have developed some sort of neurotic fixation that her collection of fur coats will be stolen," the man told the psychiatrist. "When I came home early one day last week, I found she had got someone to guard them – and, in fact, stationed the poor guy right in the wardrobe."

Perhaps you've heard about the wealthy necrophile who had bier tastes on a champagne budget.

Heard a funny one lately? Send it to Party Jokes Editor, Australian PLAYBOY, *Box 4088, GPO, Sydney 2001. $25 will be paid for jokes selected.*



"There but for fortune go you and I."

DAREDEVIL DALE

at 17, he's having an affair – with death

profile **By RUSSELL DEILEY**

HANGING limply alongside Dale Buggins' bed is a small rubber skeleton. It is a sort of talisman for Australia's young world champion who, at 17, can fly higher and further on a motorcycle than any man living. The skeleton is also a scorecard of Dale's constant affair with death – a tryst that began with a childish prank in the back paddock of his parents' farmlet three years ago has developed into a grand passion for the superjock of the power saddle. He keeps tabs on the more intimate encounters with his dark mistress by marking the broken bones in red, and the bruises in blue, on the bedside skeleton. The reds and blues are beginning to merge, but Dale reckons he is still calling the shots. "Of course I think about serious injury, even the risk of death, but not very often," he says, calmly analysing for the umpteenth time the videotape replay of that near-fatal mishap on the Sydney Showground last March, when his

Illustration by Peter Ledger

machine clipped the last of a row of 14 cars, cartwheeling him into the mud at 135km/h. "That night was just one big mix-up," he says. "First I was thrown in the wheel-of-steel stunt when my front wheel failed to lock into place. Then I had to hang round for hours waiting to jump. From the time I hit the ramp I knew the accident had to happen. I knew I didn't have enough speed because of the sodden run-up, but by then I was past the point of no return and couldn't pull out.

"I knew I was going to crash. The next thing I knew I was lying in the mud. I must have been out for 20 seconds. All I could think of was saying to myself: 'I hope I haven't broken anything'."

It's weird. Here we sit in the comfort of his parents' solid, comfortable, middle-class home and this fresh-faced slip of a kid is talking so matter-of-factly about the night he almost died in front of 80,000 people. It is in such stark contrast to the numbing action unfolding in slow motion on the television screen that I wonder briefly if he is for real.

He is so damned dispassionate in talking about something for which obviously he feels a mystical magnetism. I chip away at the ice. Slowly, the inner clockwork that drives this unassuming and apparently typical teenager to the brink of self-destruction begins to emerge.

The devil within is amorphous at first, almost as if Dale doesn't want me, or anyone else, to catch a glimpse of his alter ego. The words of his father, manager and technical adviser, Ken Buggins, keep coming back: "Dale is a Jekyll and Hyde. Socially he is so quiet. But when he straddles a bike, he is a different person."

•

Dale and I are now sharing a table in a dingy little cafe in Wyong, NSW. It's hardly the place to lay ghosts. There is no bike to trigger a personality change. But the shadow is there between us. I sense it. It is the primeval force that sets Dale apart – the indefinable which Nietzsche argued divides man and superman. Maybe it is the kind of devil which can't be exorcised until death, or fear of death, snaps the line which fuels Dale's obsession with becoming the greatest and most daring stunt rider the world has known.

Men with a lesser compulsion might have stopped that day last May when the kid and his 250cc Yamaha soared over 25 cars to set a world record leap of 41.82 metres. Not Dale. Late in October he gunned his bike over rain puddles on the Castlereagh Dragstrip, near Liverpool, NSW, to clear one utility and 10 hulking prime movers, increasing his record to 43.66 metres. By coaxing another 25km/h out of his Yamaha, he knows no reason why he can't leap 60 metres and 16 double-decker buses – two more than cleared by Eddie Kidd, the Englishman he regards merely as caretaker of the bus obstacle record and whom he has already out-jumped in distance. The countdown for the February bus jump has begun.

Nor does he anticipate any insurmountable problems, physical or technical, in his plans to soar 20 metres into the air from a ramp, link his bike to a pulley device fixed to a suspended steel cable, and swing triumphantly across a neck of Sydney Harbor.

They are the madcap stunts that have greased the great Australian tradition of bestowing labels that fit as neatly as yesterday's headlines. A bloody fool. Stupid. Gutsy. Heroic. They are also the stuff records are made of. But records are made to be broken. There is no immortality in records.

Dale Buggins gets my drift. "Yes," he says, and he is talking as much for his own ear as mine. "I suppose I am trying to prove something to myself. I want to be remembered as the greatest in the world. Finally the spectre is out, and its name is Evel Knievel. Dale is the world champion. Knievel is the stunt man. Dale is the young kid from Dooralong who turns heads by driving down Wyong's main drag in a $10,000 Eureka, P plates fixed fore and aft. Knievel is the man who gets $4 million for failing to leap an American canyon, and hogs the front pages of the world for belaboring an unflattering biographer with a baseball bat.

Dale has the guts. Knievel has the style. Dale has the right to sovereignty. Knievel wears the crown. It rankles. Uppermost in the conscious and subconscious, Dale's scheme of things is to needle Knievel into a showdown.

"That would be the ultimate," says Dale, and I know instinctively that he is talking for himself and his devil. "But I don't think it will ever happen. He's got everything to lose and nothing to win. He doesn't have to prove anything to anybody. Besides, he's getting old."

Sitting there in that cafe cubicle, the shadow gone, those words harpooned a memory. The words might have been different, but somewhere I had heard or read a similar sentiment. Back it came. It was a scene out of Muhammad Ali's autobiography – the scene set midway through the champ's enforced retirement from boxing, his three-year exile from the ring, on the day he hitched a ride from Philadelphia to New York with Joe Frazier, the man who inherited his title.

Ali ended his account of that ride like this: "His look was that of a travelling gunfighter who had come into town to appraise the fastest gun. There was no envy or jealousy in his look, only a cold, methodical appraisal, for he knew that only when he had defeated me in the ring would the world really recognise him as The Champion. He nodded his head slowly and got back into the car. Whatever chance we had of being buddies, or being close, intimate friends, was gone."

Knievel has written to Dale on a good-on-ya-kid, glad-to-know-you-pal basis. Soon the mountain that is Knievel will be in Australia to meet, encourage and promote the new prophet of stunt riding. Whether that will be enough for Knievel's pride or pocket will depend on the ability of some sponsor to come up with the kind of deal no stunt man, or his personal devil, can resist. In the meantime, Dale has filed away the name Knievel in a pigeonhole marked "ultimate" and goes on feeding his egoes, real and alter, on crowd reaction to his act. After the Queensland tour, Tasmania and Victoria are in line while he and his father weigh up a promoter's offer to make a tour of the US, taking the challenge right to the top man's home camp.

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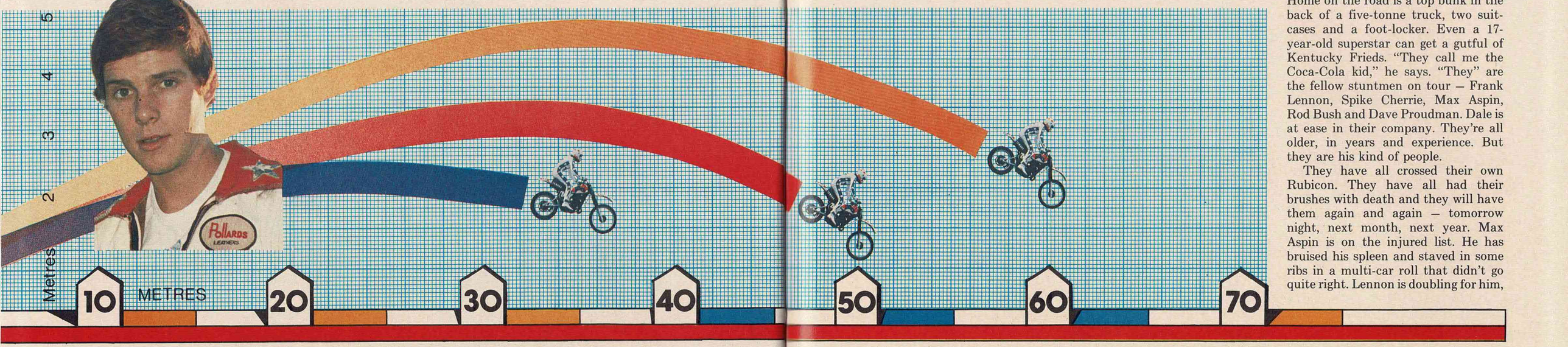
I meet up with Dale again in a caravan that doubles as a spare parts workshop and nerve centre for the touring thrill show, Australian Superstunt. The caravan is parked on a hill and below, after days of constant rain, pools have gathered on the Ipswich Showground.

It is day 62 of a tour which began in Canberra and has swept west and north through the Alice, Darwin, Mt Isa, Cairns, Innisfail, Ingham, Townsville, Mackay and Rockhampton. From Ipswich, the tour will border-hop through the towns in southern Queensland and northern NSW and south again to end in Gosford. Until Ipswich, rain and mud – twin curses of the stunt rider and driver – have been strangers on the tour.

"We had a few showers in Cairns, but they were no real problem," says Dale. "This is different. We'll need sun and a gale tomorrow or we'll have to cancel." As it will pan out, the gods are listening. The sun will shine the next day, the winds will blow and the show goes on.

Never before has Dale spent so much time apart from his family and there are periods of homesickness. Home on the road is a top bunk in the back of a five-tonne truck, two suitcases and a foot-locker. Even a 17-year-old superstar can get a gutful of Kentucky Frieds. "They call me the Coca-Cola kid," he says. "They" are the fellow stuntmen on tour – Frank Lennon, Spike Cherrie, Max Aspin, Rod Bush and Dave Proudman. Dale is at ease in their company. They're all older, in years and experience. But they are his kind of people.

They have all crossed their own Rubicon. They have all had their brushes with death and they will have them again and again – tomorrow night, next month, next year. Max Aspin is on the injured list. He has bruised his spleen and staved in some ribs in a multi-car roll that didn't go quite right. Lennon is doubling for him,



BY RAISING his launch angle and increasing his take-off speed, Buggins can soar well beyond the 60m target he has set himself. The only braking factors, says Sydney physicist Col Gordon, are Buggins' nerve, and the ability of his bike and body to absorb the landing shock. When Buggins leapt 41.82m over 25 cars in Newcastle, NSW, the all-up weight of man and machine was 180kg, the 7m take-off ramp was set at an angle of 11 degrees to give an effective take-off height of 1.35m, and his launch speed was 135km/h. Gordon took these figures, added a drag co-efficient of 1.5 to the program, and asked a computer: how far will Buggins jump? The computer answered: 41m. Encouraged by the close correlation between practice and theory, Gordon went back to the computer to see what would happen when he fed it new data. The take-off speed was increased to 160km/h and the computer calculated that Buggins and his bike could stretch their leap to 53.5m. The game gripped Gordon, who asked, what if Buggins were to take off at 160km/h from a ramp raised to 1.8m, giving a launch angle of 14 degrees? By the computer's reckoning, the greater launch angle would lift Buggins 4.78m above the ramp and send rider and bike a distance of 64m. "The unknown factor," says Gordon, "is the ability of the rider and machine to cope with the shock of landing. When Buggins set his record, the computer calculated his maximum height above the ramp at 2.13m and his vertical landing speed at 6.2 metres per second. At 160km/h from the same ramp angle, the computer gives a maximum height readout of 2.9m and a vertical landing speed of 7mps. If he raises the ramp to 1.8m, his maximum height will be 4.8m and his vertical landing speed will be 8.5mps." Gordon's theories will soon be put to the test when Buggins tries to jump 16 double decker buses and God knows how many metres. If anything beats this stunt prodigy, it certainly won't be lack of courage.

and doing it well. Articulate, outgoing and philosophical, Lennon, at 27, is the troupe's guru. He is also versatile. He crashes cars, flies bikes and hang-gliders, but for the present his specialities are explosives and fire.

He has seen close friends die, has almost died himself several times. Mates, in fact, say Lennon was clinically dead when they dragged him clear of a blazing sheet of petrol at the Granville Showground in Sydney last summer. His legs and hands are horribly scarred. "I still get tense before a big act," he says. "I dry retch, even vomit, but when I go out on the arena I'm all right. I'm cool."

Each has tremendous respect for the others and, because of that respect, everyone looks out for one another. Each has signed an individual contract with the promoter. The word is that Dale is getting the top money, maybe as much as six grand a week. But that is each man's personal business. Dale just grins when I talk money. I press him and he dries up. Fish around among the others and you get the same polite brush-off. Money is one thing. Skill is another.

"The kid is good, bloody good," says Lennon. "He deserves whatever money he can get. That's the thing about this business in Australia. Australians are great knockers of their own. The really big money for stunt work is overseas and if Dale can crack big money here, he has to take it when he can."

The scene moves from the caravan on the hill to a bar restaurant in the centre of Ipswich. The day's work has been done, the heaps bought from the local wreckers have been stripped of glass, sharp corners and back seats and primed for the next night's show. Dale has checked and re-checked his Yamaha. It's time to relax, eat a little, drink a little and chew the fat. Dale, Max and Frank take one side of the table, Rod and I the other.

"You're privileged," Lennon tells me. "Dale doesn't often join us on the bar circuit." Dale cops the ribbing, reminds Frank he owes him a 10-spot and settles over his steak diane, which he washes down with orange juice. The occasion is a lot rarer than Dale's steak. He admits he'd prefer to be shacked up in the back of the International with a motorbike magazine. He enjoys the comradeship, but not the wassailing and the whoring that often flow on from the boys' nights on the town. Dale is lucky. Ipswich closes early on a Thursday night and the boys are back in the compound long before the rain stops and the sun ushers in the day of the show.

Showdays don't vary. It's all work and, until the last motor has been killed, no play. Each stuntman is expected to prepare his own props and gear. He wouldn't have it any other way. His own life is at stake and his survival depends on the painstaking care of his preparation.

In the deserted ring of the Ipswich showgrounds Frank Lennon reserves a space to run out his gunpowder fuses. Rod Bush checks the car ramps, Dave Proudman wheels round the drying arena in the clowns' car, noting every hollow and bare spot – anything which will slow a car or a bike on the run-up. Self-appointed trouble-shooter during his convalescence, Max Aspin does his impression of a broody hen.

Spike Cherrie, the human cannonball, meticulously places the 84 cardboard cartons which will receive his body, to be sprung 15m through the air after a collision between his charging bike and a line of parked cars. "Planning is everything," he says. "I have measured to the last centimetre. This act is OK for this tour. But you can't go on repeating the same act. It's like a singer. Unless you are Frank Sinatra, you can't go on singing the same songs."

Out in the centre of the ring, Dale Buggins is rehearsing the song that has catapulted him to the top of the stunt parade. Step by step he measures out the run-up and the run-off. Piece by piece he assembles the ramp that will lift him and his bike over the dozen cars to be lined up for tonight's jump. "There isn't much room here," he says. To give himself some leeway, he gets permission to remove the trotting running rail and supporting stanchions from both ends of the ground. He takes out some of the stanchions himself. The rest are too deeply embedded. He arranges with Max to have a fork lift come in and root out the rest of the steel supports.

All the while the wind that is drying out the turf is straightening the marker flags he has clipped to the top of the take-off ramp. "The wind can make things very tricky," Dale says. "Crosswinds like this are worst. The locals say the wind will drop with the sun. I hope they're right."

The locals are spot on. As darkness falls the wind retires, its job done. Everything is ready, the first spectators are starting to wander into the ground and the countdown to another leap has begun for Dale Buggins. But if the nerve ends are jangling, he is the supreme actor. "I'll see you later," he says, setting off up the hill to the truck to change out of the denim shirt, jeans and desert boots into his white racing leathers.

Half an hour later he rides back down the hill, through the thickening crowd, into the pit area. The ring master is already out front to make the introductions. The rest of the boys are introduced. They make their entrance up the main straight on the back of the pick-up ute. As the star of the show, Dale makes a solo entrance. His will be the last turn. Back to the pits he rides. "It's a good crowd," he says. "Should be a good show. I won't be seeing you again until after the show. I'm doing one of the clown acts in the first half."

It's bloody unbelievable. He's off on another death run, and he is the ice man. It's my heart that is picking up the beat.

If anyone's fear is riding pillion on the Yamaha it is mine. I've grown to like the kid. The worries are wasted. He goes through the act as if he were cruising through a park. The easy ride, of course, is a mask for careful planning, precision and innate skill. The crowd roars. The kid does it again. The fates willing, he will go on doing it again and again using Knievel, records and new challenges as the spurs.

"No matter what people think, I can honestly say I enjoy doing what I do," he says. "It is the only thing I ever wanted to do and, as far as I can see ahead, it is the only thing I'll ever want to do. I have to say that I enjoy the thrill and the satisfaction of doing a good stunt. I like the applause. It gives me a good feeling inside. I like daring the devil. Dad and mum know that if they try to stop me, I'll leave home. If ever I get worried about getting killed, I'll know that's the time to stop."

If the thought enters his mind that fate might pre-empt that decision, he banishes it. His singleness of purpose is frightening in its intensity.

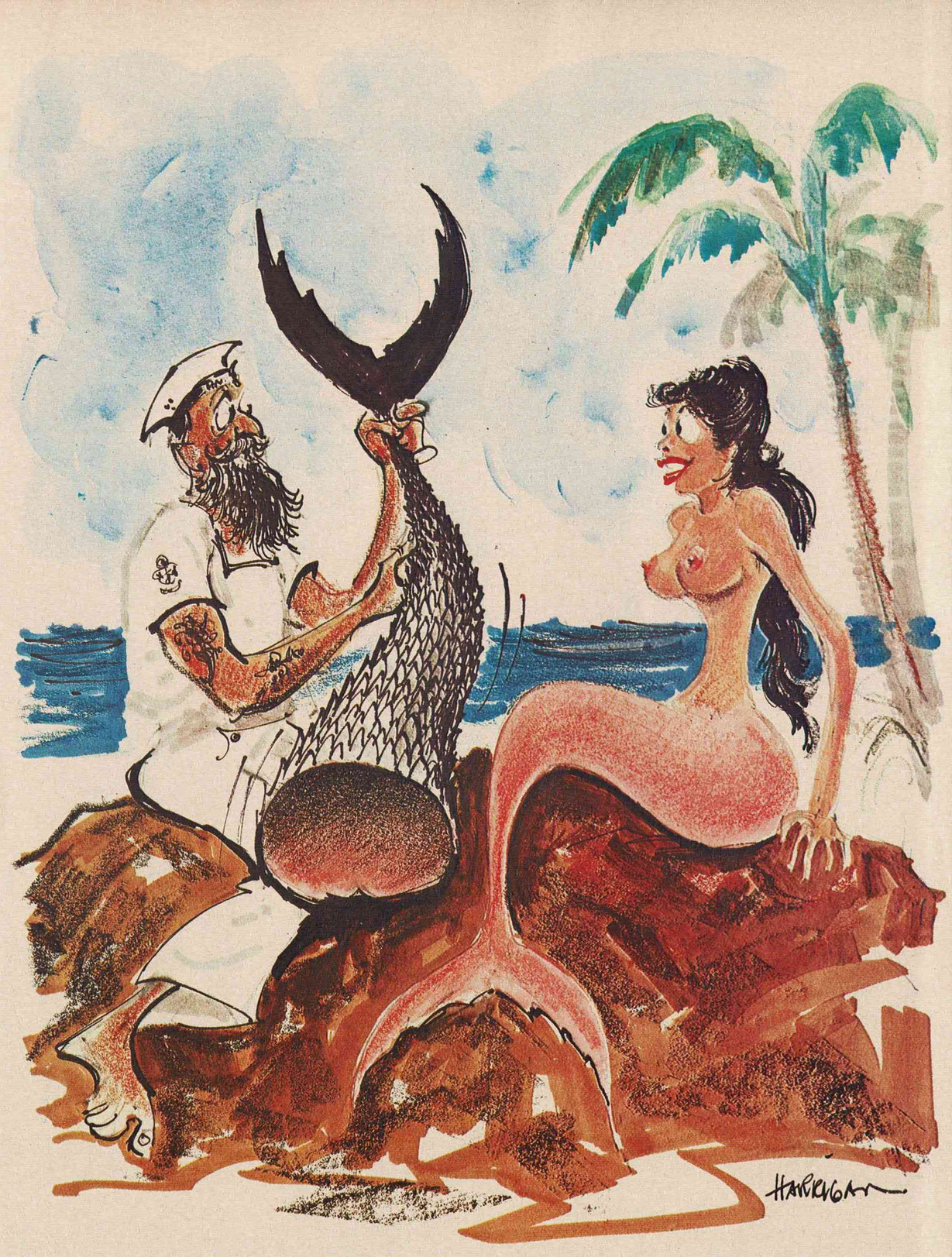
The emotional price paid by the two people who mean most to him, his father, Ken, and mother, Jan, is immeasurable. Both have been accused of exploiting their son. I find the charges groundless.

Seventeen is supposed to be the age of innocence. God knows when innocence gave up on Dale. Puppy love and pimples have passed him by. Scores of would-be campies who pour out their hearts and promises in letters would change all that. Occasionally, very occasionally, Dale surrenders to a one-night stand.

But that bedside skeleton reminds him that, for the present, there are far more serious matters than pleasuring – and being pleasured by – young ladies or downing a few tinnies with his mates.

Matters like continuing to jump further than anyone else. Matters like Evel Knievel. Matters like the fast buck which will set him up for life.

Matters like staying alive in the most dangerous business of all.



"Ok, sailor. What next?"

THE ULTIMATE HI-FI

sound has made a big comeback, and it's lost many of those knobs and levers along the way

article By TIM RICHARDS

TOTAL cost: $13,440 – and it is the best hi-fi system you can buy in Australia. It is designed by people with one goal in mind: to reproduce sound as true to life as modern technology will allow. Classic, uncluttered elegance is the hallmark of this equipment, because the war on distortion means the elimination of all unnecessary circuits. Among the leaders of the new generation of

The system comprises two Linn Isobarik type PMS speakers, $3400 (alternate DMS speakers shown); three Naim NAP250 power amplifiers (centre) at $2300 each – $6900; Linn-Sondek LP12 turntable, $700, with Grace 707 (modified) pickup arm, $120, and Supex 900E Super cartridge, $120 – $940; Naim NAXO electronic crossover (left front), $1100; and Naim NAC32 preamp (right front), $1100.

sound systems you won't find even a tone control, on the basis that any superfluous circuitry is a potential source of distortion – and nothing must be allowed to impair the performance.

Julian Vereker, of Naim Audio in the UK, has created with the help of Ivor Tiefenbrun, of Linn Products, one of the best record-playing systems available commercially. Vereker finds most people are surprised, when listening to this system for the first time, at how real it sounds, but points out that his equipment sounds good in relation to inferior systems rather than to the original sounds.

Each link of the hi-fi chain has been examined to establish why better performance is not normally achieved, and steps have been taken to rectify the problems exposed. Intensive research keeps opening up new areas of poor performance to work on.

Despite this, Vereker claims his system, which he immodestly yet without arrogance regards as the best by far, extracts no more than 50 percent of the information in a gramophone record. He also believes refinement of existing techniques will yield substantial improvements without any need for more elaborate, and consequently more expensive and cumbersome, systems.

Vereker has no time for technicalities when listening to music. His amplifiers were designed, in his words, to drive real loudspeakers, and real loudspeakers pose problems that a simulated loudspeaker load on a laboratory test bench never does. If asked by a customer how much power one of his amplifiers can produce, or how much distortion is apparent, he turns on his sound system and plays a record or two. "How many watts can you hear?" he asks with disarming seriousness. "How much distortion?"

The Naim-Linn approach, exemplifying the new generation of hi-fi attitudes, provides an almost foolproof way of choosing sound equipment. Criticised because of his insistence on the importance of subjective impressions as a guide to performance, Vereker insists that the ear provides the most effective and exacting test for any sound, live or reproduced. It's not hard to carry around an idea of how a musical instrument sounds and something common like a piano or a snare drum can be used as easily-remembered references.

This approach runs counter to the confusion among most buyers caused by the weight of technical data that specialist magazines and manufacturers use to describe the performance of their products. Despite claims of a need for a standard form of measurement to help consumers, most people aren't engineer enough to comprehend what all these figures mean. And for anyone with the necessary engineering background, there is not enough information anyway. While it's true that the best performance can't be bought cheaply, it is also true that price does not guarantee results. One of the most expensive amplifiers available produces a common type of distortion which is very hard to measure in the laboratory, but which comes through loud and clear in your lounge room.

The best answer is to use your ears. There is no reason to expect that because a sound is being reproduced, you will have to settle for performance you find unsatisfactory.

Naim and Linn aren't the only exponents of this attitude to the value of subjective evaluation. Allan Boothroyd and Bob Stuart, best known as designers of the famous Lecson amplifiers, have just come up with an entirely new series of components under the brand name Meridian. The

Technical skill is evident, yet the emphasis is on the audible result.

Meridian amplifiers are based on neat, compact modules, made from a standard aluminium extrusion for economy, strength and attractiveness.

The various types of module – preamp, power amp, power supply – can be linked in various ways to provide the output power required, and the system clearly has been designed to allow for expansion. Also offered is an active loudspeaker system with built-in power amplifiers, giving a refined performance from a compact and practical enclosure. Here again, undoubted technical skill is evident, yet the emphasis is on the audible result rather than performance measured by instruments.

Naim and Meridian have in common a minimum of controls, on the understanding that any circuit or control function which isn't strictly necessary must be regarded as potentially degrading to music signals.

Thus tone control, filters and other paraphernalia are missing and this is probably the most obvious feature of the new generation of equipment. The major Japanese manufacturers, always quick to respond to new developments, are already introducing high-performance electronics components fitted with the absolute minimum of controls and circuitry. An outstanding example is the Stax preamp, which can also be used to drive the same company's superb electrostatic headphones without a power amplifier.

Closer to home local manufacturers, always leaders in the field of applied electronics, have developed some very fine amplifier components. The best known of these is the Audiolab preamp, designed by Rowan McCombe and Allen Wright. But the Audiolab system, including a fine power amplifier, isn't easy to find because, like other first class Australian products, it's almost entirely handmade.

A new amplifier system, consisting of a very basic preamp and a monster power amp, is about to be introduced by Modular Electronics. Both amplifiers have been designed by musically sensitive teams whose prime motivation was to achieve the finest audible result by attention to detail and rejection of any non-essential gadgetry.

The immediately evident characteristic of these new-generation components is their ability to reveal the emotional impact of music. They provide a sense of involvement with the musicians. You listen not so much *to* the equipment or the recording as *through* them, so that the gramophone record is no longer a bit of vinyl with a hole but a detailed and sensitive account of a real event in which real people participated.

In Julian Vereker's words, you can feel how the musicians and recording engineers felt about their work, whether they were enjoying themselves, or whether they were satisfied with what they were doing.

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FOOTNOTE: For economy, our ultimate system can be based on the Linn Isobarik type DMS loudspeakers, fitted with passive crossovers, at $3700 a pair. Only one power amplifier is needed and the electronic crossover is not required.

Improved results can be expected using a Breuer pickup arm in place of the Grace, although the Breuer arm is sometimes not available.

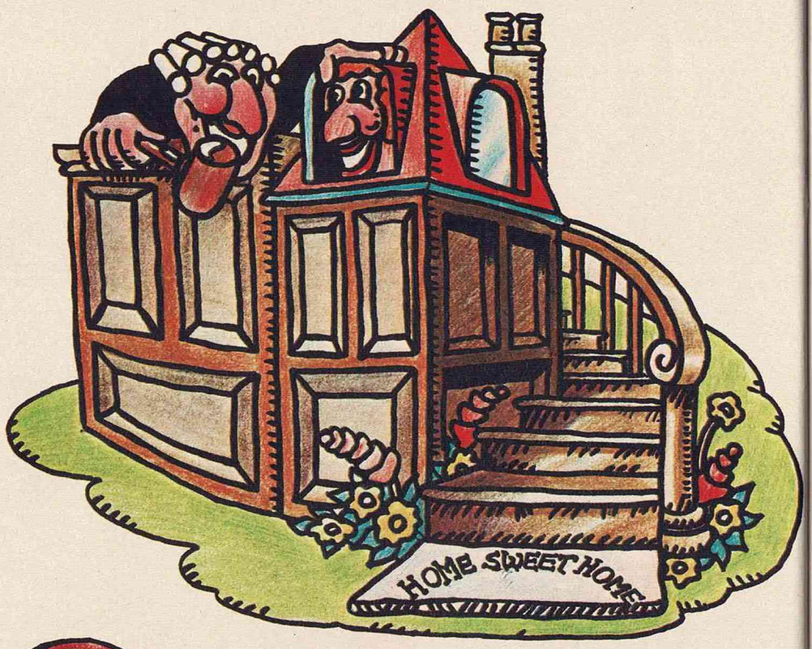
An alternative pickup system could be the Hadcock GH228 arm ($170) with a modified Decca Mk 6E cartridge from Audiolab in Sydney. The Audiolab Decca is fitted with a Weinz parabolic stylus and hand rebuilt to improve tracking and other areas of performance. Price is about $275.

I find the Hadcock/Audiolab-Decca more satisfying than the Grace/Supex combination.

THE PLAYBOY AWARDS FOR 1978

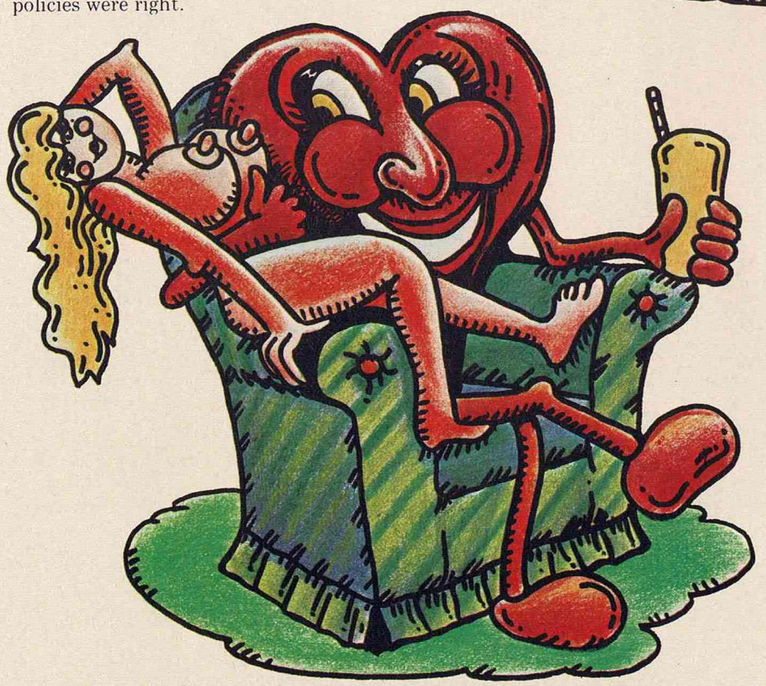
being the first in an annual series of salutes and serves in which we record the newsmakers posterity (mainly) can really do without

humor
BY GRAHAM GOODMAN



THE AUSTRALIAN JOURNALISTS' ASSOCIATION USED TYPEWRITER RIBBON FOR DISSERVICES TO THE PROFESSION

Awarded to former magazine editor, former leader of the NSW Liberal Party, and now former politician Peter ("Who?") Coleman, who was tossed out of his own seat in the Wranslide of the State elections. Mr Coleman also won the In Your Ear award (an unfolded, gold-plated paper clip) for persisting even after the election that his party's policies were right.



THE SOLID GOLD ICE BUCKET FOR SERVICES TO WINE AND WOMEN

Awarded to American heart specialist Dr Abraham Kagan, who said in Australia that sex and occasional alcohol were good for the heart: "Sex is good for everything, including the heart," he said. "A little alcohol seems to be good for the heart, too" – about three drinks a day.

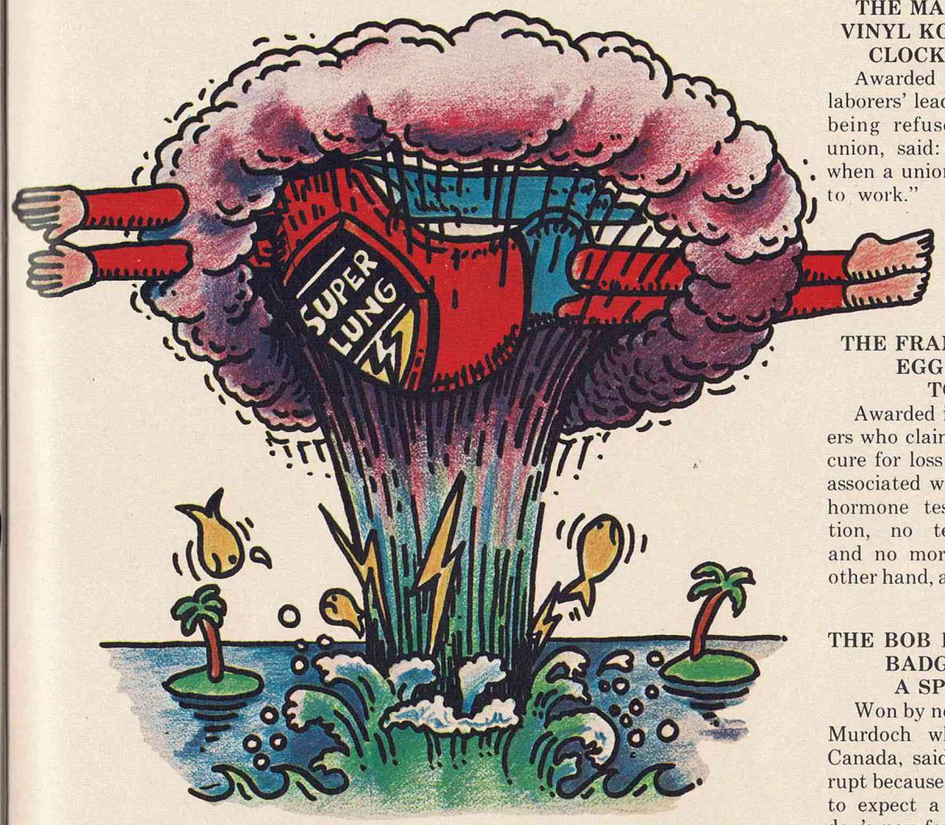
THE ANNUAL IF-IT-WERE-RAINING-GOLD-BARS-I'D-GET-HIT-WITH-A-BRICK AWARD FOR LOSER OF THE YEAR

Won effortlessly by former successful businessman Bela Csidei, who, plunged into bankruptcy, was forced to sell his luxurious Sydney home and was jailed after facing charges related to the growing of marijuana and corruption of police. Said Csidei resignedly: "The witness box is my second home."

THE ADOLF HITLER-JOSEF STALIN SWASTIKA AND SICKLE FOR CENSORSHIP

Awarded to West Australian authorities which ordered libraries to remove from display such highly dangerous publications as *The Lonely Lady,* by potboiler king Harold Robbins, and two sex manuals by Alex Comfort, *The Joy of Sex* and *More Joy.* Honorary mention to South Australia, for restricting Captain W. E. Johns' Biggles books on the grounds of violence and racism. Bankstown (NSW) library took the same step about 20 years ago, but on the more understandable grounds of lack of demand and lack of merit.

Illustrations by Gordon Fitchett



THE MADE-IN-HONG-KONG VINYL KOOKABURRA ALARM CLOCK FOR WAKING UP

Awarded to former NSW builders laborers' leader Jack Mundey who, on being refused re-admission to the union, said: "It's a pretty sick day when a union can deny men the right to work."

THE FRANK THRING GOLDEN EGG FOR SERVICES TO BALDNESS

Awarded in perpetuity to researchers who claimed that castration was a cure for loss of hair. Male baldness is associated with production of the sex hormone testosterone. After castration, no testosterone is produced and no more hair falls out. On the other hand, after castration who cares?

THE VICTOR FRANKENSTEIN FREE DOSE OF BUBONIC PLAGUE FOR SERVICES TO MEDICAL SCIENCE

Won by mining magnate and sometime WA secessionist Lang Hancock, original owner of the Wittenoom mine, which is alleged to have been responsible for about 200 cases of asbestos-related disease and 45 deaths. Lang was quoted as saying: "Some people have to suffer so that the majority can benefit from asbestos." Lang baby also boasted he had flown through the atomic cloud after a test at Maralinga in South Australia in the '50s ". . . and look at me now."

THE ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS CHEESECLOTH BEER GLASS FOR SERVICES TO ABSTENTION

Won by CSIRO expert Dr Basil Hetzel, who claimed that research pointed to a definite link between increased consumption of alcohol and a rise in the incidence of cancers, including cancer of the larynx and of the gullet.

THE GOUGH WHITLAM ONE-DAY-YOU'RE-A-ROOSTER-NEXT-A-FEATHER-DUSTER PLAQUE FOR KEEPING COOL

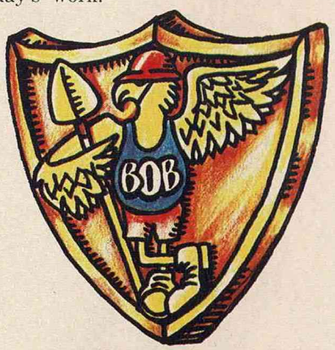
Awarded to the former Minister for Administrative Services and Government Leader in the Senate, Reg Withers, dismissed from his posts over the Queensland redistribution brouhaha. Said Reg: "Politicians come and go but the party has to stay for ever." Senator Withers, known affectionately to some colleagues as "The Toecutter", added quietly: "I know where the bodies are hidden."

THE AL GRASSBY ECONOMY-SIZED JAR OF HAIR OIL FOR CONTRIBUTIONS TO MIGRANTS

Won jointly by a Brisbane Italian-owned macaroni factory and the Electrical Trades Union. The company sacked an Australian electrician because he couldn't speak Italian and replaced him with an Italian. The union promptly black-banned the plant because the Italian wasn't a union member.

THE BOB HAWKE GOLD UNION BADGE FOR CALLING A SPADE A SHOVEL

Won by newspaper magnate Rupert Murdoch who, during a speech in Canada, said: "Some unions are corrupt because they teach their members to expect a great deal more than a day's pay for a great deal less than a day's work."



THE SIR JOHN KERR SILVER WIG FOR SURVIVOR OF THE YEAR

Awarded to former Federal Treasurer and now Minister for Industry and Commerce Phillip Lynch, who held out against persistent allegations of shady land deals and misappropriation of campaign funds. Said Mr Lynch: "I think the Australian public is sick and tired of smears of this type." Mr Lynch and PM Malcolm Fraser described the

allegations as "despicable, vicious, unfounded, wild, fanciful, disgusting, scurrilous, muck-raking, nauseating, smearing, a concoction, groundless and contemptible" with thanks to Roget's Thesaurus.

THE NEVILLE BONNER PLASTIC BOOMERANG FOR CONTRIBUTIONS TO RACIAL EQUALITY

Awarded to Senator and Minister-Who-Never-Was Glen Sheil who, speaking about apartheid, said: "We call it Aboriginal advancement."

THE LANG HANCOCK FREE LOBOTOMY FOR FUZZY LOGIC (TWO AWARDS)

To Senator Ian Wood of Queensland, who was quoted as saying: "I went to the Presbyterian Church for 70 years and its members are a bunch of socialists." And to the State Premier, Joh Bjelke-Petersen, who said the Archbishop of Brisbane, Dr Felix Arnott, was a left-winger after Dr Arnott criticised the decline in civil liberties in Queensland.

THE MARY WHITEHOUSE BAR OF SOAP FOR WASHING OUT YOUR MOUTH

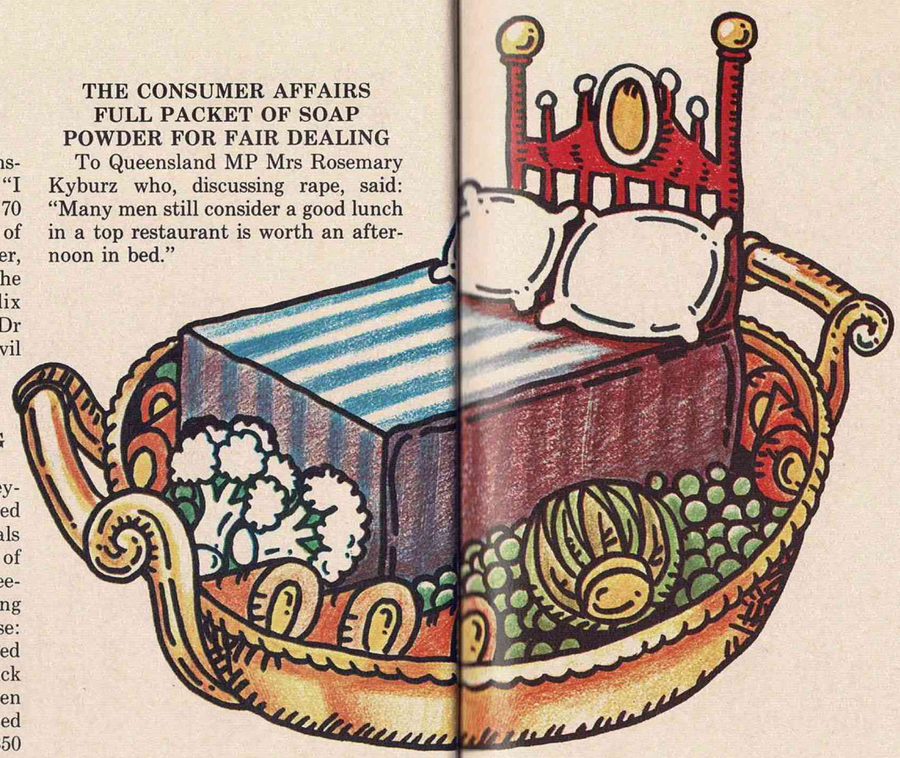
Won by South Australian attorney-general Peter Duncan, who accused Mary Whitehouse, the British morals campaigner, of being "an agent of darkness" and an "opponent of freedom supported by ultra right-wing groups". Commented Mrs Whitehouse: "It is the first time I have been shocked since I arrived in Australia." The shock was shared by some TV channels when they found Mrs Whitehouse wanted $700 for exclusive interviews or $350 just to talk at all.

THE CROATIAN SECRET ARMY SELF-DESTRUCTING MICROPHONE FOR OBJECTIVE COMMENTATING

Won by the unnamed announcer on Melbourne's radio station 3CR, who said: "Since when is it a crime to talk about revolution on the airwaves? Nobody should be frightened of talking about revolution – it's like talking about sex. The more you talk about it, the more relaxed you feel."

THE CONSUMER AFFAIRS FULL PACKET OF SOAP POWDER FOR FAIR DEALING

To Queensland MP Mrs Rosemary Kyburz who, discussing rape, said: "Many men still consider a good lunch in a top restaurant is worth an afternoon in bed."

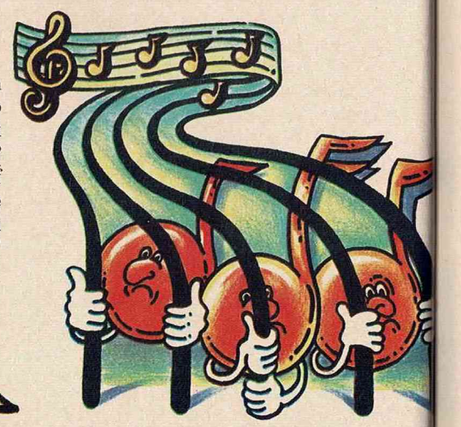


THE MALCOLM FRASER BLUE HAIR SHIRT FOR OBJECTIVE REPORTING

Awarded to *The Australian Financial Review* for the lead sentence to its story on the Hilton Hotel terrorist bombing in Sydney: "What should have been a good week for the upmarket retailers in the Hilton's Royal Arcade has now turned sour."

THE KANGAROO-SKIN LP FOR MUSIC APPRECIATION

Won by Queensland police who locked up three clergymen after a protest against State attempts to take over Aboriginal reserves. The clerics were ordered to stop singing, to stop humming and finally to stop whistling.



THE MARALINGA MUSHROOM FOR PAYING LIP SERVICE TO INTERNATIONAL NUCLEAR SAFEGUARDS

Won by successive Federal governments for not taking the trouble to clean up our own backyard first.

THE QANTAS MINK-LINED AIRSICK BAG FOR SERVICES TO TRAVEL

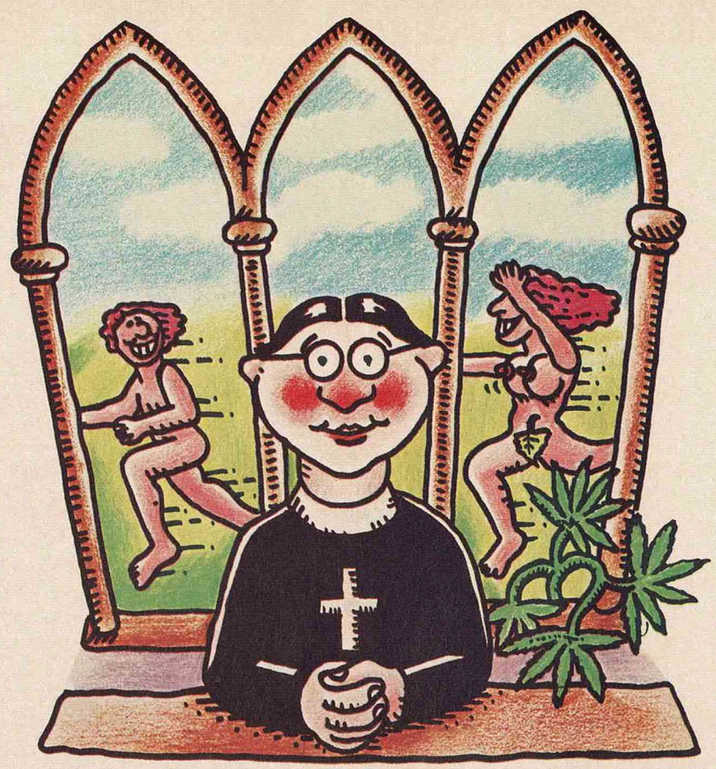
Awarded to businessman-under-fire Alexander Barton, who said in a Sydney court: "Sir Peter Abeles told me that a trip to Brazil would be a very good idea."

THE CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT REPEATING CAP PISTOL FOR DISSERVICES TO BUSHRANGING

Awarded to Sydney identity Lennie McPherson who, commenting on the NSW Parliamentary Select Committee into crime, said: "They will be digging up Ned Kelly next and naming him."

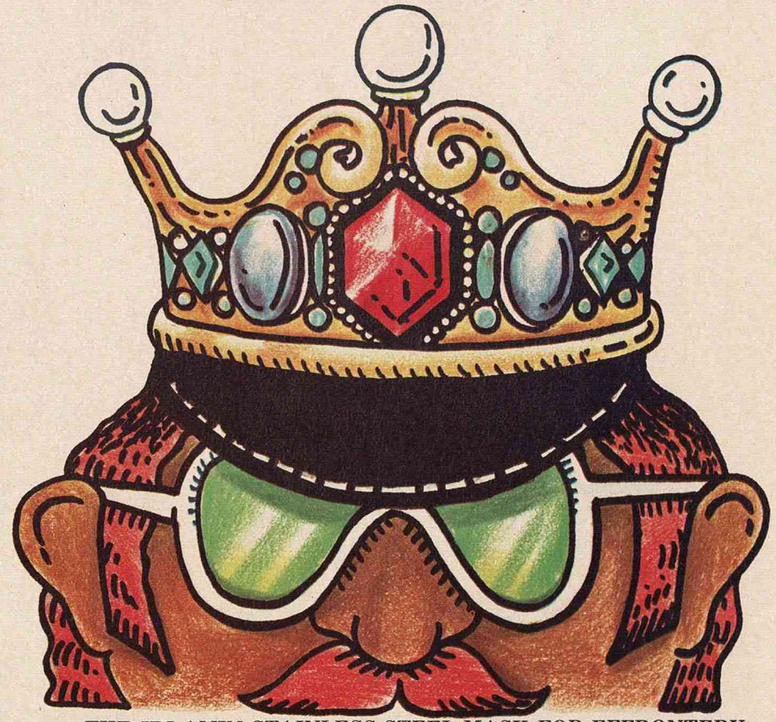
THE SIR WILLIAM McMAHON PAPIER-MACHE DUNCE'S CAP FOR ORIGINAL ECONOMIC THINKING

Won effortlessly by former ALP deputy Federal leader and sometime Queensland street marcher Tom Uren, who was reported as saying: "Wherever a company is going to make a profit, then it is exploiting labor."



THE SIR CHARLES COURT PLASTIC SHOVEL FOR BURYING YOUR HEAD IN THE SAND

Won by Sydney's Reverend Alan Walker who, commenting on the report of the Royal Commission into Human Relations, said it ". . . offers the false values of a permissive era which is already passing away."



THE IDI AMIN STAINLESS STEEL MASK FOR EFFRONTERY

Awarded to former South Australian police commissioner Harold Salisbury, who told the royal commission into his dismissal that he believed the police force owed its allegiance to the Crown and not to any elected government.

25 triumphant years of Playboy girls

playboy may be new in australia, but we have been photographing the loveliest girls in the world for a quarter of a century . . . take a peep

Marilyn Monroe: As *Sweetheart of the Month,* she helped to make PLAYBOY's first issue a virtual sellout. MM (above) became a generation's love goddess, and as Clark Gable, her co-star in *The Misfits,* the last film for both of them, summed her up: "She made a man proud to be a man."

Brigitte Bardot: Her life may not have begun at 40, but it sure didn't end there, either, as is proved by the photo (right), taken in January, 1975, after that milestone birthday. Although BB's first PLAYBOY pictures had been published in 1958, it was obvious that she had barely aged.

Jayne Mansfield: Miss February 1955 was an unknown when PLAYBOY found her, but the magazine and *Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?* changed all that. Jayne (right) starred in 11 films and six of PLAYBOY's most popular pictorials.

Ursula Andress: Twelve pages tagged to her 1965 movie, *She,* were photographed by her then husband, John Derek. Ursula (below) enjoyed the longest PLAYBOY pictorial yet devoted to one woman.

Veruschka: This top fashion model (left) went back to nature in *Stalking the Wild Veruschka* in January, 1971.

Elke Sommer: "Elke's the perfect wife – inexpensive to dress," wrote photo-journalist Joe Hyams in a 1970 pictorial tribute to his wife (right).

Liv Lindeland: Miss January 1971 (below) was PLAYBOY's first full frontal nude, and *Playmate of the Year* in 1972.

Marilyn Cole: The *Playmate of the Year* for 1973, Marilyn (far right) was a Bunny and public relations officer at the London Club. Now she's at London's Clermont Club.

Barbi Benton: She made her US showbiz debut on TV's *Playboy After Dark,* where she met Hugh Hefner. Barbi (right) is making country music records.

Carol Lynley: A top sub-teen model before she became an actress at the ripe old age of 15. Here she is (above) in *Carol Lynley Grows Up,* in March, 1965.

Kim Novak: Kim (right) was already an established star when she posed for this exclusive photo in her Big Sur hideaway. *At Home With Kim* was published in PLAYBOY of February, 1965

Patti McGuire: In November, 1976, came the *Missouri Breaker* centrefold – and her fellow CB enthusiasts everywhere flipped. Patti (left) was *Playmate of the Year* for 1977.

Lillian Muller: This blonde Norwegian import (right) was Miss August, 1975, and then *Playmate of the Year* in 1976.

Debra Jo Fondren: Reigning *Playmate of the Year* – and really one of the most outstanding (below). Gorgeous Debra Jo was featured as the *Hair Apparent,* a Rapunzel-tressed blonde from Texas. Debra Jo is busy making personal appearance tours.

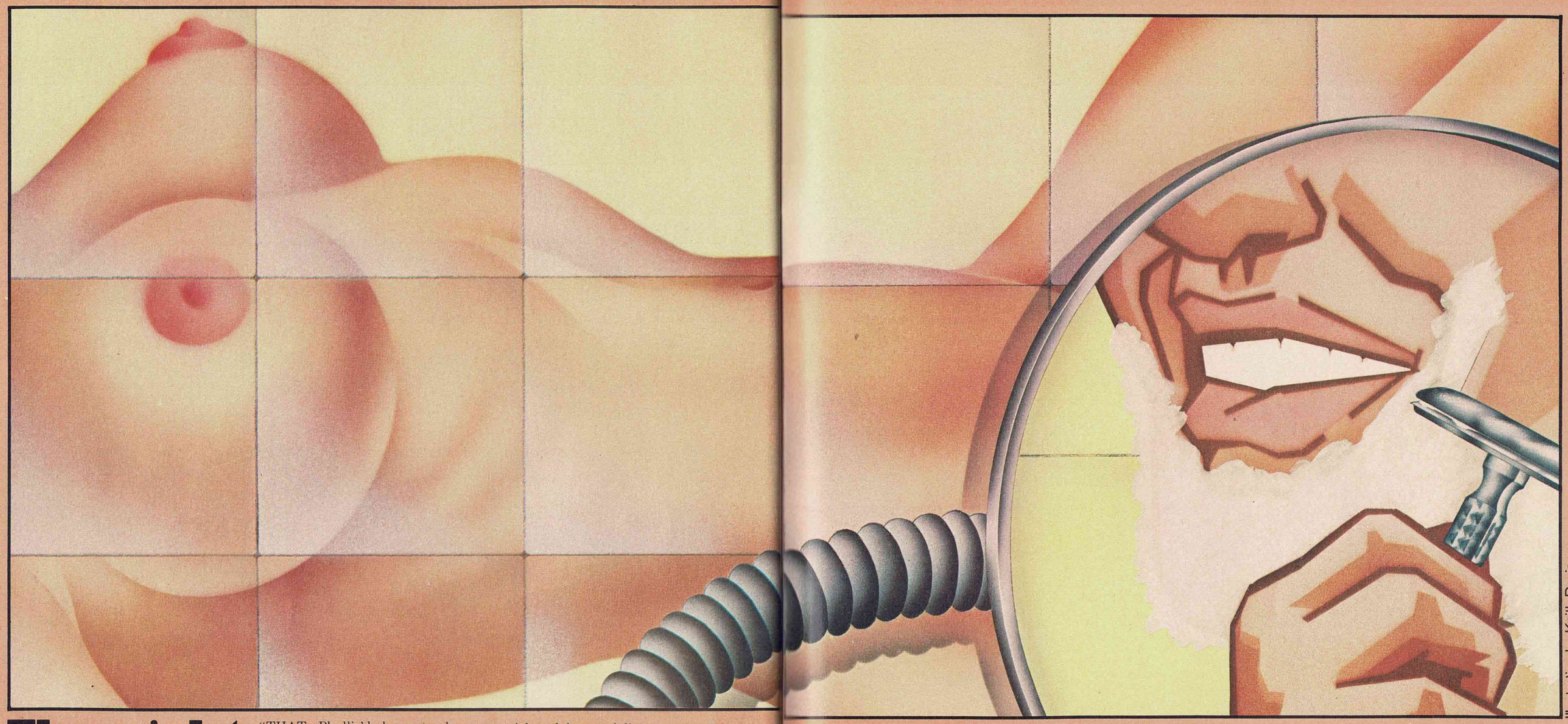


Illustration by Keith Davis

The night I almost had my Phyll

introducing the sexual misadventures of an ambitious satyr

humor

By Ron Saw

"THAT Phyllis'd have to have a handle on her head," said Wilberforce. "A red-hot Globite." He leaned back and stuffed a fistful of bread into his mouth. "What on earth are you talking about, Wilberforce?" I asked.

"That Phyllis," he repeated. "A handle on her head. A case. A real hard case. Every time she brings any bread or anything she leans over me and deliberately rubs her tit on me. Awwwrrrggghhh. Hur-hur-hur."

It was about par for the course of conversation at the sixth-form dinner table. We were all about 16, most of us shaving as often as once a week and, despite daily cold showers, prayers and dark rumors of chemicals slipped into the water jugs by Matron, we were all healthily preoccupied with sex.

Due to clandestine readings of the works of John O'Hara and Erskine Caldwell I, for one, was expecting to be borne off and seduced, any day, by a rich and depraved divorcee – a robustly optimistic attitude in view of the fact that about the only females we saw in the flesh were the girls at the Thursday night dancing classes, who were attended and chaperoned by a squad of Anglican nuns, and the housemaids. Of the two groups, the latter offered the better possibilities. It was more or less agreed that they spent their entire waking hours coupled with American sailors.

"Hello, here we go," said Lawton, from further down the table. "Wilbo the Wanker's discovered Phyllis the Feeler. Jesus, d'you think you're Robinson Crusoe, Wilberforce? She's been giving me the tit treatment since I was in fourth form."

I looked at Phyllis. She was skipping around at the other end of the dining hall: a short, dark, rubbery girl somewhere in her early 20s with a curly head and a mad eye and a figure which not even the severe black housemaid's uniform could keep firmly in place.

I thought it unlikely that she was after Wilberforce, a great, guffawing oaf with red hair and about 200 pimples. The construction of the long benches in the dining hall made it impossible for anyone to reach over to the table without coming into contact with some boy. On the other hand, I'd been wondering about Phyllis.

A couple of Sundays earlier, travelling back to school from the beach on a later bus than the rest of the boarders, I'd found myself sitting next to her. She had stared at me, blearily, for some time before actually seeing me. When a faint light had dawned she'd said "Hello, baby blue eyes," and had giggled. Almost unthinkably, Phyllis had seemed to be intoxicated. And when I'd been about to give my seat to an elderly gentleman she had hoisted herself to a half stance, a position which caused her tightly shorted behind to wave in what seemed to be an inviting way, and had said: "Cummon, slide across."

Suddenly Phyllis was squirming on my knee, with my hands clasped in her lap. There was no other place I could have put my hands, short of clasping them behind my neck, but I was terribly conscious of the fact that I was about one nervous jump away from indecently assaulting Phyllis, yet only one bold move from magic. Things might have gone either way. I was relieved when Phyllis began to snore.

Still, there had been an intimacy between us that transcended any of the preposterous theories of Wilbo the Wanker or the frightful footballing Lawton.

•

"Hey, listen," said Phyllis, above the crashing of plates and the roaring of water, "what do youse learn at yer dancing classes? You learn the Valita? Or the Gypsy Tap?"

"Oh, come on, Phyllis," I said, "we have enough trouble with the waltz."

I was scraping and stacking plates, foolery of some sort having sent me to "kitchen fatigue" – removing gobbets of potato and gravy too foul to be eaten, while two girls sloshed about in the steaming sinks and Phyllis, off duty, sat on a table, legs crossed, most of her thighs on show, chewing, watching me incuriously.

"Modern waltz?" she said. "The slow, sexy one, eh?" She slid off the table and began gyrating slowly.

"Cummon," she said. She held out her arms towards me and essayed some travesty of refinement: "Ay request the pleashah."

And somehow I was dancing with Phyllis and she was pressed against me, and at the very first gyration, or what set out to be a gyration, her firm little

leg pushed between mine, and a flap in the top of my head opened and steam gushed forth with a noise, in my ears, like a demented factory siren.

Snorting like a horse I wheeled Phyllis behind the refrigerators and began pawing at her.

"Hey!" said Phyllis. "Turn it up! You and your greasy paws! You're gettin' gravy on me bum."

"Oh, Phyllis!" I panted.

"Turn it up, willyer," she said again. "Not here."

"Not here? Where then?"

Phyllis's face had set tight. "Tennis courts," she said.

"Tennis courts? Okay, come on, Phyllis. The tennis courts . . ."

"Not now, fer chrissake. It's only just after breakfast. Tonight. Come round after they put yer lights out. Come round about 10 o'clock."

I think I may have fainted. Possibly I just drifted into a light coma. Whatever the case, I knew no more until I was tiptoeing down to the locker room to dress and get ready for my assignation.

•

It was a warm night, but I had decided to wear a dressing-gown and slippers: the gown, which was dark blue, to give me some kind of camouflage, and possibly to put on the grass, on the tennis courts, for Phyllis; the slippers to deaden my footsteps.

The slippers were a mistake. They were a pair I'd brought from the school infirmary, where I had spent two weeks with chicken-pox; a pair bought, I can only suppose, for very little boys with very big feet. They were pussycat slippers, with eyes and whiskers, and two pointed ears at the instep.

It didn't occur to me that they looked ridiculous. I'd have worn crocheted bootees and a dress and been unaware, so urgent was my need for Phyllis.

I ghosted down the back stairs of the boarding house, past the maids' quarters and through the headmaster's garden. The garden had been converted from flowers to vegetables, in the misguided belief that we were helping the war effort, "digging for victory." My contribution was a bed of cabbages.

A gate led to the courts on the other side of the garden, and as I reached it I heard low voices. I peered around the pickets. Four figures were sitting in the bright moonlight, on a low bank at one side of the court: Phyllis, and a plump, almost half-witted housemaid named Joan and, to my horror, two white-uniformed American sailors. They all stood up, apparently with alarm no less than mine, when I appeared.

"Who in hell," said one of the sailors, when he'd had a closer look at me, "Who in hell is this?" Phyllis and Joan giggled; and Phyllis, with some thought for the proprieties, said: "This is Saw – Tommy and Buzzy. Tommy and Buzzy – Saw."

Tommy, or possibly Buzzy, was about eight feet tall. He was holding a bottle and was, I judged from his degree of sway, as drunk as an owl.

"What in hell," he said thickly, "is this kid doin' here?"

"Oh, he's . . . he's just out for a walk," said Phyllis.

"A walk? In his pyjamas and . . ." Tommy or Buzzy bent and looked at my pussycat slippers. "This kid should be in bed." He gave the matter closer thought. "I'd say this kid has just gotten out of his pram."

I felt my hair stand on end.

Phyllis and Joan giggled a bit more. "Never mind about any pram with this one," said Phyllis. "This one's gunna be a bit of a mad merv when he gets a bit older. Got gravy on me bum, this one." Then, to me: "Cummere a sec."

She took me by the sleeve and led me through the gate and into the headmaster's garden.

"Listen," I said, "I thought we had a . . ."

"I din know they was coming," whispered Phyllis. "I was roun' here waitin' for yer. Dinkum I was. And Joan brought 'em round. But I was here." She stood back and hiked up her dress, wrapping it around her waist. In the moonlight her plump little legs gleamed silver. The flap in the top of my head opened again and I blundered forward, reaching for her.

"Not here!" hissed Phyllis.

"What d'you mean not here? Where? Where?"

If Phyllis had anywhere in mind I never got to hear about it. From the headmaster's verandah there came a mumble of voices, and from the tennis court I heard Tommy or Buzzy croak, on an urgent note: "Sheet! Sonofabitchin' shore patrol!" Their feet pounded away over the courts, and the treading on the verandah and the mumbling grew louder. Briefly I saw the Head, with two more sailors, these ones wearing "SP" armbands and carrying long, wooden batons. I was pretty well half mad with terror.

In one corner of the garden there was a small iron shed, for spades, forks, fertilisers, etc. It was the only refuge. "Come on," I told Phyllis urgently. I hauled her into the shed.

It was very dark, and there was no standing room. I slumped backwards and sat on a tall bag of what, the senses told me, was probably cow manure, pulling Phyllis on to my lap. From the verandah the voices grew louder.

". . . sorry to disturb you at this time of night, sir," one of the SPs was saying, "but like I tole you, two of our people was seen coming in here, and all schools are off limits – especially schools with br . . . with, er, resident female staff."

". . . sure none of our girls . . . involved . . . that sort of thing," the Head was telling him.

Phyllis had turned around and was half-lying on top of me, biting my nose. A rake, or something, was driving into my back, and from a shelf above some kind of dust, probably blood and bone, was falling on to me in a slow trickle. Both my feet came off the ground, and lashed about.

"Oh, Phyllis," I groaned. The blood and bone felt awful.

"Ur, ur, ur," said Phyllis.

"Hey, wait a bit," said one of the men outside. "There's something moving in that little shack." Phyllis, still snapping away, tried to get hold of my ears. I fought her off. The flap in the top of my head closed with an almost audible snap. I pushed myself up off the manure bag, spilling Phyllis, with a rattling of spades and hoes. I now had only one course. "Wait here," I told her, and stepped into the garden.

"Weee-hell now," said one of the SPs. "Well, he sure ain't one of ours."

"One of mine, I rather think," said the Head. "What are you doing here, Saw?" I searched my mind and found a rare jewel.

"Just looking for the spray sir," I told him. "For the white moth."

"The white moth?"

"It eats cabbages, sir. Sometimes it's called the white butterfly, but in fact it's the white cabbage moth . . ."

"Never mind about all that. Good God almighty, boy, why would you be doing that at this time of night?"

"It's no good in the sun, sir," I said. "Kills the leaves instead of the butterfly, ah, moth . . ." I hadn't the faintest idea of what I was talking about. Nor, fortunately, had he.

Both the SPs were staring at my pussycat slippers, slapping their batons into the palms of their hands.

"It's a pity," said the headmaster, "that you don't show as much diligence with your studies. Get back to your bed. And report to me after breakfast."

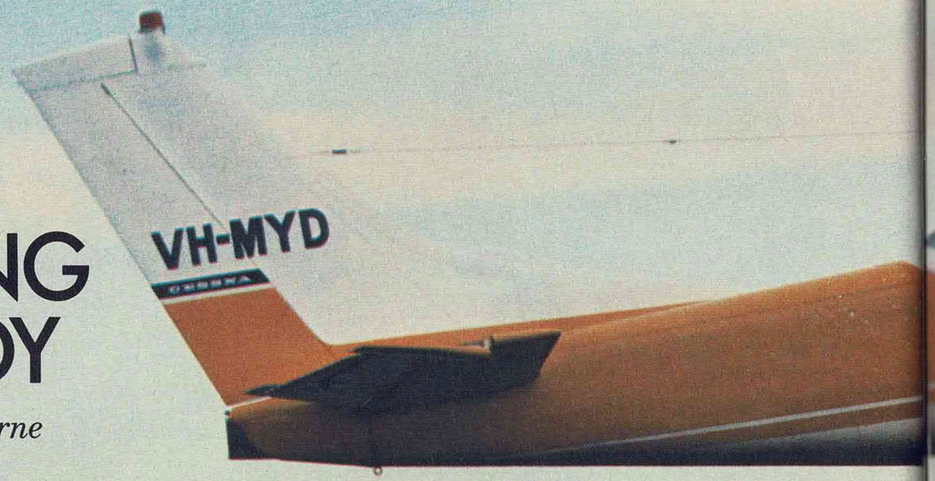
I left with as much dignity as my slippers would allow. At the far end of the garden I looked back. All three of them had watched me all the way.

At breakfast next morning Phyllis, serving toast, gave me both breasts in the neck. "And how's my little white moth this fine morning?" she said.

"What the hell's that all about?" asked Wilberforce.

I told him that Phyllis and I had been shacked up together, but I didn't care whether he believed me or not.

"That's fate. I meet Alice and go to Wonderland and you meet Hugh M. Hefner."



JUMPING FOR JOY

playboy gets airborne for one of the most mind-blowing acts a human can perform

discovery

By JOHN HAMPSHIRE

SO THIS is it. "Power off, brakes on." The motor's clattering dies and the deep whistle of the slipstream cuts like a dagger.

Grahame gives me what he thinks is an encouraging smile. He looks more like a malevolent Liberace. "Out you go," he says.

Hands grasp the side of the yawning hole where the Cessna's door has been removed, a booted foot fights its way out into the rush of air. *My* hands, as it turns out — because, as they grasp for the wing strut, my body follows out the door to be pounded by the wind.

It's nothing like the pounding it's getting from my heart. Breathing is a matter of sharp gasps, vision is an indistinct horizon at the end of a blue and green tunnel. Left foot swings across and out on to the wheel, right leg dangles over the 2500ft drop to the ground — a Cessna two-step that leaves me leaning forward with a python grip on the wing strut and a stomach full of cold cannon balls.

There is absolutely no going back. I have an instant of clarity as primeval id attacks civilised ego — "this is another fine mess you've got us into." If I weren't so freaked, I'd giggle. So this is schizophrenia.

I'm supposed to look in at Grahame, lodged securely beside the pilot. When he says "Go!", I jump. Ho, ho. Come on, this is what you've been hanging around for three weeks waiting to do. Just look at Grahame and tell him you want a couple of seconds to get settled. Fine. Courage melting like ice in an oven, look at Grahame, open mouth. "Go!" he shouts, thumping me on the thigh. Not yet, not yet! Damn, somehow my hands let go — and there's nothing under my feet for nearly a kilometre.

FLASH . . . crystal sharp snap of patchwork countryside as a supercharged storm of sensation impales me from heels to head. Toes stretch in futile reflex hunt for something solid. As I jump, a pattern derived from six hours of official training and more practice should take over: arms and legs outstretched, head up to attain stable body position, counting "one thousand, two thousand . . ."

FLASH . . . falling, falling. Complete silence. Eyes and head locked irrevocably down. On a distant, unreal

level, I am conscious of what to do if the main canopy fails. It repeats like a tape: "Look at the reserve ripcord, grab handle, pull, discard, punch to clear canopy; look at reserve . . ."

FLASH . . . brain orders limbs to spread out; no response. Arms and legs have seceded. Fortunately, the pucker valve remains loyal. "Wa . . . wa . . ." noise coming from mouth is start of "one thousand" count.

THWACK . . . dazzling sun in eyes, ankles up around ears as solid check flips body upright under secure, safe canopy. Dazed glance reassures me I have no malfunction, no partial malfunction – a fully-inflated parachute. I hang limply in harness, puffing and blowing like an Olympic hurdler. There is a buzz and thunder in my ears and through it I hear: "Jesus, I did it. . . I did it . . . I did it."

It takes between three and a half and four seconds for a canopy operated by a static line to inflate. Nerve impulses travel about 108km/h. It's not good maths, but my body tells me that's 430km of nerve endings on fire.

Without thinking, I look down again. All terror is washed away. It is a perfect, sunny day, sharp greens below traced with country roads and dotted with dams, trees and cattle. I'm floating, almost motionless, buoyed by a priceless exhilaration and with senses heightened by the biggest charge of adrenalin I'll ever know.

This is the ultimate escape from the pressures of modern life, as 1340 sport parachutists in 39 clubs around Australia will testify.

For perhaps 35 seconds of free fall, or alternatively some minutes under a high-performance canopy, parachutists at the Wilton Parachute Centre, south of Sydney, have to pay up to $6 a time. What that buys is someone to take on the paperwork, approval of the club by the Australian Parachute Federation and Federal Department of Transport, running an aircraft, buying or leasing a suitable drop zone, building and maintaining an airstrip.

There's more – canopies can cost $1500 – but it all means that people who escape society by freefalling pay a high price in hassle and cash. A surfeit of one and shortage of the other are no strangers to Grahame Hill, the man who runs the NSW Parachute School, the biggest training club in Australia.

•

On the day of that first jump, the closer we got to the drop zone the more I went over the two nights of training like a nervous student facing his final exams.

When I arrive it's straight into a jumpsuit. The excitement and tension start coming to the boil as I remember Mike, our instructor for the first night of basics, teaching us how to cover up for tree landings – "legs crossed unless you want to join the Vienna Boys' Choir as lead soprano."

As I stand there on the day, looking at that wing strut as the Cessna is warmed up, Grahame tightens the straps on the harness until I feel like the victim of some medieval torturer. Other jumpers who will go out after me climb in first, then an awkward clamber slots me in, squatting on my knees, directly behind the pilot. Grahame squeezes in where the other seat should be, beside the pilot and facing backwards. One thing helps to take my mind off what is coming as we climb to 2500ft: the agony in my knees and ankles.

Grahame drops the wind drift indicator, a long streamer designed to fall at the same rate as a jumper under an unmodified – that is, non-steerable – canopy, then we fly around for another pass to drop Keith, making his fifth jump. I am the next to go out.

•

I was quite matter-of-fact preparing for the second jump a couple of hours later. I had had time to analyse the first and knew fairly clearly where I had bungled. But as we took off, it hit me: a burst of adrenalin that left me with slick palms and deep-frozen feet. The first time, I had been psyched up and ready to go. Now I knew exactly what was coming.

Something happened to my time sense, because we arrived barely after I realised we were up. Then there I was out in the slipstream, looking determinedly at Grahame and concentrating on getting the count right.

"Go!" and I whip off the strut. This time I get to "two thousand" when I realise that my head isn't far enough back, so I am losing stability. Immediately, as I try to correct, I lose the count. Then I get flustered because I've lost the count and forget to throw my head back. By this time I am hopelessly out of shape and when the chute cracks open, there I am again with my ankles up around my ears. Next thing is to check the canopy, grab the steering toggles, concentrate on turning toward target.

Back comes the rush of joy I felt after the canopy opened on the first jump, but this time there is annoyance because it wasn't clean, because again I've been so overwhelmed that the drill got left behind.

•

Weather and other circumstances meant it was a couple of weeks between my first two jumps and the chance to try again. In that time, I did probably the worst thing possible for my confidence: I started working on this story, recapturing day after day the gut-wrenching adrenalin flash that all first-timers get.

Going out again to Wilton, the gloomy weather matched my mood. The cloud cover was down to about 3000ft, with odd gaps to 8000ft: just passable. As I strapped the gear on I was working things out with Bill "Hawk" Rosenberg, an experienced American air-to-air photographer who was to leave the plane first and hang off the strut while I went out into the slipstream.

As we talked, the dead feeling in my stomach grew. I'd had this feeling both times before, but it had been submerged by my excitement. Now the words I'd heard from so many people since those first jumps began to go through my mind as if they were my own: "You're mad, you silly bastard . . . jumping out of bloody planes just to get a story . . ."

As the aircraft skimmed the base of the murky cloud, condensation started flying off the strut. The first jumper went out, and my body went rigid with tension. My grip on the side of the plane locked solid. I turned to look at Hawk, sitting beside me: "I'm not going to jump. There's no way I'm going out of this plane." Having said it, having acknowledged that here was one Rubicon I wasn't going to cross, made me feel like a tonne of sand had been lifted off my chest.

Hawk went out anyway and got a shot of us in the doorway of the Cessna, capturing a fine example of the sick smile. For my part, there was no shame – I've learned to trust my feelings.

It's still there in my stomach, the absolute certainty I felt 3000ft over Wilton. I wonder if it will still be there next time I go up . . .

These are some of the schools affiliated with the Australian Parachute Federation:

Queensland: David McEvoy, Ramblers Parachute Centre, 15 Wynnum road, Norman Park, Brisbane 4170.

NSW: Grahame Hill, NSW Parachute School, 407 Kent street, Sydney 2000.

Victoria: John Warren, Commando Skydivers, PO Box 324B, Melbourne (3001).

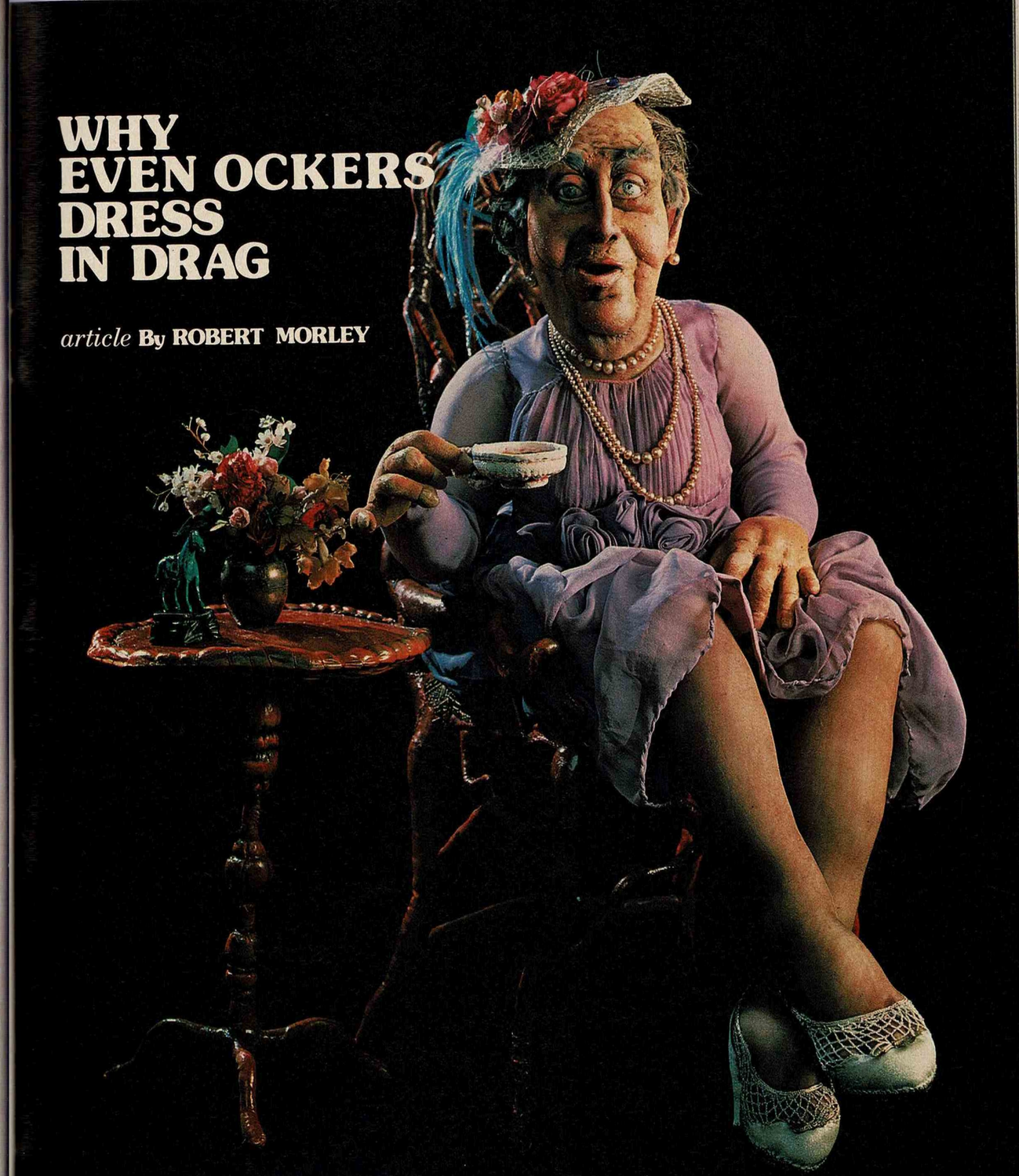
Tasmania: Gary Myors, Tasmanian Parachute Centre, 3/9a Seventh avenue, West Moonah, Hobart 7009.

SA: Col Parsons, South Australian Sport Parachute Club, 14 Keroma drive, Aldgate, Adelaide 5154.

WA: Gary Pears, West Australian Skydiving Centre, 76 Hensman street, South Perth 6151.

WHY EVEN OCKERS DRESS IN DRAG

article By ROBERT MORLEY



RECENTLY John Wells, a fellow contributor to *Punch*, arrived with clean paper and carbons and his own typewriter and, insisting that I sit in the armchair while he pounded away at my desk, managed to get down in four days three acts of a play which had been flitting around in my head for months. *Picture of Innocence* is about transvestism; the tale of three happily or fairly happily married men, two of whom (but not myself; I play a judge of the High Court) have kept their wives in ignorance of their compulsion. It is my determination that all should share our secret that leads

to unlooked-for complications and a fairly disastrous tea party.

A play about transvestites does not necessarily attract transvestites to come to see it. It is the greatest theatrical fallacy that because, for instance, the world is mad about football or golf that you have only to construct a third act in the goal mouth or on the 18th tee to have the theatre filled with hearty kickers or happy putters. Invariably they stay away, happily kicking or hitting their balls until the curtain has risen.

Imagine my delight, therefore, when even before rehearsals started we were contacted by one of the founder members of the Beaumont Society, which exists to see that any transvestite who joins shall in future be a happier transvestite and not be tempted — as is, alas, sometimes the case — to despair of his hobby, to dress himself up for the last time in his wife's petticoat and await her return one summer evening hanging from the banisters. There is no need, the society urges its members, for drastic action, and it is always a mistake to wear your wife's petticoat. You will stretch it.

While the play was turning over in my mind I visited my younger son in Australia, partly to reassure myself that his new home was fully carpeted and partly to extol Mr Heinz's soups. My child, who is a theatrical impresario in the Antipodes, had put on the highly successful play with Gordon Chater entitled *The Elocution of Benjamin Franklin,* also seen in London and hopefully destined for Broadway, which deals with an elocution teacher who rouses the wrath of everyone by venturing forth in drag and being accused wrongly of child molestation. (Transvestites, as far as I know, never molest anyone and the play, as all good plays should, sends the audience home to ponder man's inhumanity to man.)

In the course of rehearsals my son, altogether more painstaking than his father, had had the benefit of advice from the Sea Horse Club, a world-wide organisation with roughly the same high purpose as the Beaumont Society, and it was arranged that I should entertain the club's secretary to dinner. He came, of course, *en femme,* and my initial reaction was one of embarrassment. For one thing, I felt he was not wearing the right wig; for another, I felt qualms about venturing into the hotel restaurant with a lady who so patently was not quite what she seemed.

I had Mr Heinz's reputation to consider, without beginning to think of my own good standing.

Now, some months later and knowing a great deal more, I marvel at my cowardice. Only today, trying on a new wig in Harrods, it seemed perfectly natural to be discussing the best way to avoid appearing not only as a transvestite, but also as mutton dressed as lamb. It is a trap most of us fall into, Petrina the secretary had told me over dinner. "Be careful to look your age or," she added rather kindly, "perhaps, in your case, not quite your age."

Petrina, I found, had no real desire to be mistaken for a woman. "Does the waiter suspect?" I asked her when he had retired after serving the smoked salmon.

"He'd be a fool if he didn't," she replied. "I talk like a man."

"Then what on earth is the object of it all?" I asked.

"I am not sure there is an object," she told me. "It's just that dressed as a woman we all feel more relaxed, more comfortable than we do in business suits."

Petrina — or Peter, as she is called by day — is one of those business efficiency experts who follows executives around their offices with a stopwatch, noting their potentiality for time-wasting on the job. "As a rule," she remarked, "we are a ruthless crowd; if you can avoid doing business with us it is, on the whole, better to do so; we usually get the better of you." She was unusually frank about her ability to suggest to employers where they were over-staffed. Did it worry her that her recommendations sometimes led to dismissals?

"Not particularly. It's what I'm paid for," she replied.

As Petrina, however, she seemed to have a heart of gold and cared deeply for the plight of those who felt themselves cut off and lonely. Some men, she told me, take a room at a motel for the night, dress themselves up and sit alone staring into a mirror, not daring to telephone room service. Then in the morning they bundle up their dresses and make-up and throw them out of the car or hand them over to the Red Cross, vowing never again to give in to their other personality. Of course, it never works. A month later they are shopping around frantically and in time they learn economy, if not courage.

"Can you learn courage?" I asked.

"If you belong to the Sea Horse Club, we try to give you courage. We insist, for instance, that new members attend in costume and don't sneak in and try to change on the premises. To go out *en femme* is the supreme release."

"When they arrive, do you compliment them on their dress?"

"No, not often. Usually we are more interested in asking them how *we* look than praising *them.*"

"When you are alone in your motel bedroom, would you masturbate?"

"Not unless you are in the habit of masturbating."

"Do you wish to attract men?"

She found that a difficult one to answer. "I am not homosexual but I like men to think how well I wear my clothes. But it's really people I know who afford me the most satisfaction. If, for instance, I am in the supermarket I am delighted if one of my neighbors who knows me as both Peter and Petrina tells me how nice I look. The neighbors matter to me."

"What about your children?"

"They still call me father. I would like them to call me Petrina as my wife does when I am dressed, but they never remember. And I don't think children should be nagged."

She went on: "The other day, I thought it might be nice to open a separate bank account to which I could charge my clothes. I went along to my bank manager and explained I wanted to open a separate account for her. He thought at first I was talking about my girlfriend."

"And when he found out?" I asked her, thinking that a bank manager might have suggested she took both accounts elsewhere.

"He invited me to the Rugby club of which he is secretary; he thought his members ought to know about it."

It was an unexpected reaction, but by now I am used to those. Waiting at the stage door the other afternoon I found an elderly gentleman who had seen the play. "I enjoyed it very much," he said. "You got nearly all of it right. You are, of course, a fellow transvestite?"

I told him I was only pretending.

"I am," he went on, "a retired bank manager. Of course, in my job I had to be discreet and my wife was never very keen on the idea. Do wait until I'm dead, she used to beg me, and now she is and I am very lonely. As you get older it seems sadder but I thought I must cheer myself up before coming to see you, so I went shopping; something I haven't done for months."

"What did you buy?" I inquired.

"Not much at all; talcum powder and a very expensive petticoat."

In the years to come it may be impossible to dress distinctively as a member of either sex, but meanwhile transvestites play happily. They sit at the tea table during their "at home" evenings, awaiting the callers who are always announced by three discreet rings on the door bell. Less than that they don't answer, at least until they've disrobed and unwigged. There would be too much explaining, too

"In some ways they're ahead of us, and in some ways they're behind us!"

much to try to justify. For although there are three transvestites in every 1000 men, the odds are still against the milkman and, to a slightly lesser degree, the clergy.

"I had one," a successful bishop told me after he'd seen the play. "He would wear cami-knickers under his vestment and was highly excited on the occasion of a service attended by royalty. 'If only she'd known I was wearing my frillies,' he kept remarking afterwards, 'what do you suppose she would have said?' 'Nothing,' I told him. 'Royalty make it a habit to say nothing on such occasions.' All the same, I watched him pretty carefully next time."

Once my role in *Picture of Innocence* is finished, I don't think I shall continue to primp and preen. For one thing, it takes an unconscionable time to get dressed. "How can you bear," I asked Petrina, "to get up in the morning, bath and shave and dress yourself for business efficiency and then come home in the evening and go through the whole boring process all over again? Does it take long?"

"I have never timed myself," she told me, "only other people. But you're right, of course. As I get older I do it less and less, and never when I am by myself. Nowadays it has to be a party or a special occasion such as this. Transvestism is really a young man's game, sometimes a child's: a worried parent consulted me the other day about his son aged seven who was always trying on his mother's shoes. In public, I asked? Does he do it while you are watching him? Of course, he told me, he does it all the time. No cause for worry, I reassured him. He is not a true transvestite unless he does it alone in the dark. That's what it used to be like for all of us, quite alone in the dark."

"In your case," I urged, "can you remember how it all began?"

"At a wedding. I was a page and there was a girl about my age who was a bridesmaid and suddenly I found myself praying. It wasn't the service, you understand, just the rehearsal the night before, so I thought I'd given God plenty of time. Please God, I asked, let the bridesmaid fall down dead and because there's no one of her size around, let them dress me in that long yellow frock and give me the flowers to carry. It didn't happen, but for five years afterwards I would fantasise that it had."

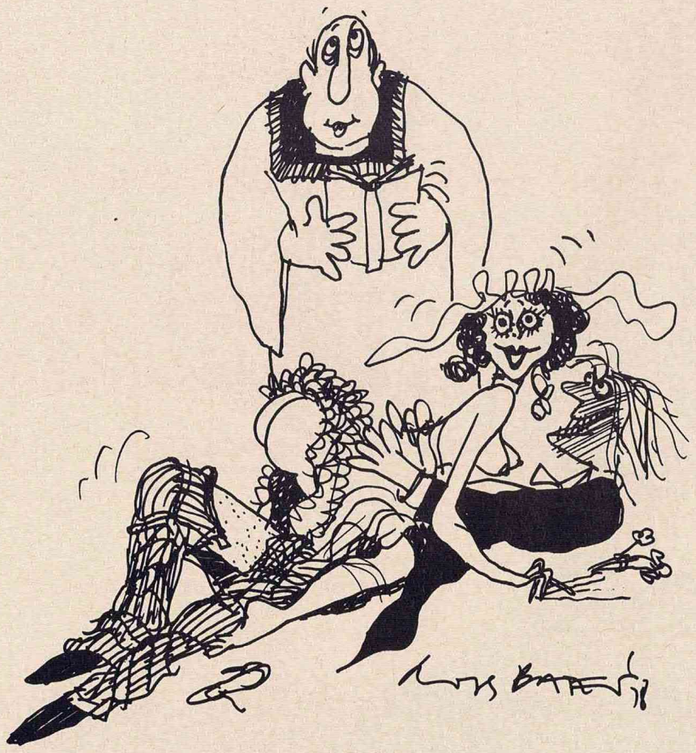
The Sea Horse Club (Australian branch) publishes its own magazine, *Feminique*. It has a distinctly period flavor, partly because most snapshots of the members reveal them dressed in the sort of clothes their mothers wore when they were girls. Australian ladies go in a great deal for hats, and these not so much complement the frock as challenge it. They favor the white turban or the plain straw with the large rose. The hat is more than a hat; it is a cry from the heart.

Sea Horse members usually gather discreetly, staying out of public view by hiring a private room. Sometimes the festivities last the full weekend. Buffet luncheon, tea and a formal dinner demand frequent changes of wardrobe, and there is often a dance to which the wives are invited to round off the celebrations. The magazine records the festivities, gives notice of forthcoming events and fills its pages with letters from readers recording their adventures and misadventures as women. Some are gripped with panic on encountering chance acquaintances, and sometimes even the boss, while they are more than usually dependent on the Yung-chin balloon company and the discreet distribution of polyurethane insulation foam to fit the awkward corners and bumps. (Here's a useful tip: shape it with a hot wire cutter and, for heaven's sake, be careful.)

At their conventions, professional advice is sought from beauticians and deportment teachers. There are classes throughout the day in make-up and wig dressing, with particular attention being paid to looking younger, covering the beard, walking, sitting, bending and travelling up and down stairs. The wives are not encouraged to attend instruction periods but are made welcome in the evenings for the succession of parties which include Sugar 'n' Spice Night Carousel Dinner (informal but progressive) and the Pink Banquet, at which Miss Dream is selected after The Fashion Show. There's a trophy for the winner, cakes for the runners up and certificates presented by last year's Miss Dream to all who complete the course.

In the words of last year's winner: "I simply couldn't believe it, yet it was all so real and meant so much; the most beautiful of trophies . . . I kissed Gloria and she kissed and hugged me."

Most of us, when we are young, want to be engine drivers and not many achieve this ambition. Transvestites want to dress up as girls – little girls, big girls, even old girls – and realise their wishes at a price the rest of us might think is rather too high. We can't beat them, and thank God we don't want to join them.



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You CAN SURVIVE AN AIR CRASH

america's top defence lawyer, an ex-fighter pilot, former operator of a small airport, and now owner of a company that makes helicopters, tells how to improve your chances

article

By F. Lee Bailey

I AM about to mention the airline industry's great unmentionable: crashes. The ones I am talking about are the crashes safety experts label "survivable". In these cases, the passenger cabin area remains relatively intact after impact and the forces experienced by the passengers are within human "g-force" tolerance.

Your chances of being in a survivable crash are fairly good. For example, most takeoff and landing accidents – and they make up more than half the total fatal accidents – have been termed survivable. This type of crash usually occurs at speeds between 220 and 300km/h, and the airliner most often hits the ground flat or in a nose-up attitude.

Unless the plane collides with some obstacle on the ground which splits open the cabin or a fuel tank, the passengers should be able to survive and evacuate.

It is difficult to pinpoint just how many people have died needlessly in these survivable accidents, but some statistics give a fairly good indication of the size of the problem. Between 1967 and 1976, US airlines were involved in 520 accidents which claimed 2098 lives, 1853 of them passengers. Up to 70 percent of these were accidents termed survivable by air safety experts. Despite this, the accidents claimed 505 lives. Out of this total, about 30 percent should have lived.

The crash of a Southern Airways DC-9 near New Hope, Georgia, on April 4, 1977, is a good example of a survivable crash. With both engines out, the airliner spiralled down from 15,000 feet and, with magnificent flying skill, the pilot attempted an emergency landing on a highway. His luck ran out when the DC-9's wing clipped trees on the side of the highway. The plane then veered into a line of cars and hit a petrol station.

Sixty-two people on the plane died, but this still was a survivable accident, and 23 others did make it. Injured, yes, but they managed to get out of that

Illustration by Christer Eriksson

blazing, battered wreckage alive. Twenty others lived through the crash, but died from burns and smoke inhalation – the post mortems showed no significant injuries.

If they weren't injured, why didn't they get away from the plane in time to save their lives? The possibilities are numerous: panic is one. In these cases, the shock of the accident leaves the passenger in a state of near-paralysis and he, or she, simply makes no move to flee. Others may have been trapped by the wreckage or were too hysterical to help themselves. To some, toxic smoke brings quick death.

But there are others who simply do not know what to do. Too many airline passengers fall into this category.

Part of the blame has to be placed on the passengers themselves. We've all seen the "cool dude" traveller. He is too sophisticated to bother listening to the safety briefing. Usually, you can spot him easily: he wears a painfully bored expression or looks out the window during the briefing.

Psychologists attribute some of this exaggerated nonchalance to a feeling of powerlessness on the part of the passenger. If, as I have, you talk to fellow passengers who qualify as "cool dudes", the usual reasons for not listening to the briefing range from "Why should I listen, the plane isn't going to crash?" all the way to "If the plane crashes, I'll be killed anyway". Then there is the eternal optimist who feels the pilot and the crew will take care of everything in the event of a crash. But, simply put, neither the pilot, the co-pilot, nor the flight attendants can be counted on to save your life. Obviously, they do the best they can. Often their efforts are both successful and heroic. This commitment to the passenger was dramatically demonstrated in the Southern Airways accident and the on-ground collision between Pan American and KLM jumbos in the Canary Islands.

But after a crash, the flight attendants and the flight crew may be dead, trapped in the wreckage, or even have succumbed to panic. If the survival record is to be improved the airlines are going to have to stress, and the passenger will have to accept, the idea that passengers must be responsible for saving their own lives.

In other words, if you want to survive, take the initiative. Get it set in your mind that it is you, the passenger, who may be seated next to the emergency exit that must be opened if you are to escape.

It is you who may have to find your way into the tail cone exit and trigger an escape slide. Or even more basic, but still a major problem, it is you who has to get out of that seat after the crash or face the very real threat of death from burns or smoke inhalation. I've already mentioned the bored passenger who ignores the pre-takeoff briefing. Some safety experts contend that he really misses very little, since the only real information is the location of the exits. That's not trivial, obviously, but in some cases it may not be enough to get you out of a crash.

Take the case of a Texas International Airlines DC-9 that crashed in 1976 on takeoff from Stapleton International Airport, Denver. All 86 on board managed to evacuate, but there were some hairy moments.

One of these came when a hostess and several passengers tried to get out of the plane through the tail cone exit. At best, not an easy job. First, you have to open the door to get into the tail cone. Inside is a short catwalk unsuitable for elderly or clumsy passengers. To the side of the catwalk is a handle that must be pulled to let the tail cone fall away and an evacuation slide deploy.

In the TIA case, the flight attendant couldn't find the tail cone release handle because the area was so poorly lighted. The investigation also showed that one of the flight attendants had never been in the tail cone area before. The other had been there only once in 15 years. A passenger finally found the release handle in the semi-darkness.

But if the same passenger earlier had been overtaken by a great urge to learn about tail cone exits, he would have had a problem. None of the seatback safety cards on the plane contained any instructions on operating the exit.

This kind of information is a passenger's key to survival. If he reads it, not once, but every time he flies, it appears to remain in his mind and he is ready to act on it if an in-flight emergency arises.

Doubtful of this kind of theorising? Questionnaires were filled out by 114 people who evacuated a Trans World Airlines jumbo. The replies showed that of the 72 who had not read the seatback cards, 40 were hurt in the evacuation. But of the 42 people who *did* read the card, only seven were injured. A limited sample, true, but the fact that on percentages the number of passengers hurt in the evacuation was three times greater among those who had not read the cards is impressive.

But simply reading the card and listening to the flight attendants isn't going to guarantee your safety. Part of the problem is the emergency briefings, which are not as good as they could be. For example, have you ever been told not to carry personal belongings with you in the event of an evacuation? Or told of the urgency of simply getting out after a crash because of the

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Their jet fleets apart, Australian-registered airlines have an enviable and comforting safety record. Three aircraft flown by local airlines have crashed in the past 11 years. These accidents claimed the lives of 36 passengers and nine crew members.

All 22 passengers and four crew of an Ansett Viscount died when the plane lost a wing and crashed 45km south of Port Hedland on a flight from Perth in 1968. Two years later a TAA Twin Otter ploughed into trees near Kainantu in the Central Highlands of New Guinea, killing six passengers and two crew. And in 1975, the eight passengers and crew of three on a Connair Heron died when the aircraft crashed on approach to Cairns Airport.

Tragic though any air crash is, those three accidents and their toll of 36 passengers take on a different perspective when you line up the headstones beside the astronomical number of hours and kilometres flown by Australian airliners in those 11 years – 140.6 billion km in more than four million hours. There have been 3,017,837 safe landings and 88,097,665 passengers carried without mishap.

Based on those figures – meticulously compiled by the backroom boys of the Commonwealth Department of Transport – a passenger can expect to spend 113,307 hours, or about 13 years, in the air flying 3906 million km before his number will come up.

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danger of death from smoke and fire? Most important, have you ever been told that there may be more exits aboard some jets than there are attendants to open them?

Part of the problem with evacuation is that passengers really have no idea what to expect when a plane crashes, at least as far as what happens in the cabin. It is not unusual for the ceiling panels, overhead racks, liferafts, blankets, dinner trays from the galley, oxygen masks or movie projectors to fall into the seats.

Worse, hand luggage can become a deadly menace. Many passengers either try to take their luggage with them, which can create problems when the passenger tries to use an emergency chute or slide down a wing, or the impact tosses the luggage into the aisle. Most flight attendants are constantly checking hand luggage for proper positioning, but the truth is that there is no proper position.

Another pet peeve of mine is the safety belt. It may seem trivial, but release of a seat belt – especially for those who fly infrequently – can waste time when seconds mean the difference between life and death. Some passengers, under the stress of the crash, can revert to the learned response of opening their car seat-belt, which most commonly has a push-button release. But such a release is not standard on aircraft.

Another safety problem in the cabin that can be solved only by repeated education is the use of the oxygen mask. We've all seen the hostess dangle the mask, then put it over her face, turning from side to side to show how it should fit. But in an emergency, when the masks deploy, passengers have been found to be more than a little confused.

In some systems it is necessary to pull a lanyard to get the oxygen flowing. In others you must pull the mask toward you to activate the flow of oxygen. In many tests, passengers have been shown to lean forward into the mask, which seems the more natural thing to do. But by doing this they get no oxygen, since pulling the mask activates the oxygen system.

During briefings, mention is seldom made of the need for mothers to use the mask first, then attend to a child – not the other way round. If this isn't done, the mother could lose consciousness while she tried to care for the child, with the result that both would be endangered.

Briefings lack a sense of urgency on the use of oxygen masks. If there is a rapid decompression incident at, say, 37,000ft, it is possible to lose consciousness in as little as 15 seconds. If you think I am over-dramatising the lack of understanding about oxygen masks, here is an example: a DC-10 was descending from 35,000ft near Brownsville, Texas, in 1974, preparing for an approach to Mexico City, when its pressurisation malfunctioned.

The DC-10's oxygen masks are packaged in passenger seatbacks and in an emergency, doors open automatically to expose the masks. The system worked perfectly, but only two of the 53 passengers removed the stowed masks to activate the oxygen generators. Just picture the scene if the decompression had been rapid.

Probably the most mysterious of all safety devices aboard an airliner is the escape slide. It is never seen, seldom talked about and, in most cases, a passenger finds out about it only when he has to evacuate. At this point the passenger is being asked to jump into what looks to him like a king-sized, but very flimsy, bed sheet.

It is asking a lot from someone who may have only just survived a plane crash, and is driven to the exit by smoke and fire, to entrust his body to an unknown chute. A few words during a pre-takeoff briefing would help immeasurably.

The time may have come for the airline industry to re-examine its philosophy on cabin safety, at least as it relates to passengers.

On the subject of escape slides, I want to talk about shoes. For years, in emergencies, passengers have been told to take off their shoes. In the past it was true that shoes, particularly the stiletto heels favored by women, impeded walking in a wrecked airplane and could tear holes in evacuation slides.

But women are no longer wearing the same kind of spiked heels, and escape slides are made of stronger materials. More importantly, investigations have shown that in bare feet, passengers have been badly injured struggling across cabin floors seared by flames or pocked with sharp wreckage.

The time may have come for the airline industry to re-examine its philosophy on cabin safety, at least as it relates directly to passengers. From a technological standpoint, today's airliner is a marvel. There are 13,000 airline flights every day. Jetliners cross the Atlantic at the rate of one every 15 minutes. In 1976 and 1977, US airlines flew more than 8000 million kilometres and had a fatality rate of 0.002 for every 1.6 million kilometres flown. And for every fatal accident, the airlines have averaged more than two million flights. Based on aviation's accident rate over the past five years, a passenger could fly more than 480 million kilometres before an accident.

Put another way, the odds in favor of a safe flight are 99.99998. All of this is done by a machine that may have as many as 4.5 million parts, 160km of wiring and 2000 pieces of tubing. Now the aeronautical boffins have created the supersonic transport and are thinking of commercial space travel. But when it comes to talking safety, the industry gets nervous.

This is often reflected in the flight attendants' status. Generally, you will find hostesses and stewards under the airline marketing department, not its flight operations, although these men and women are charged with the safety of a cabin-load of passengers.

But marketing men usually take a dim view of any plan that makes passengers more conversant with safety, not because they are anti-safety but because discussion of items like risk exposure, decompression, crashes or evacuation slides simply does not fit into the airline marketing concept.

Maybe it should.

In fact, maybe the airlines should start selling safety to passengers with the same priority they give to other flight operations.

Some airlines provide their passengers with a selection of channels for their entertainment. You can get classical music, rock and comic monologues if you don't care to listen to the movie sound. Why not add a channel to carry a well-produced cabin evacuation lecture? Or why would it be impractical for flight attendants on long flights to talk to individual rows of passengers about evacuation?

Another aspect to consider is screening passengers who sit over wing exits, perhaps giving them special instructions on how to operate escape doors. This is a key position in many evacuations – not a spot for the elderly or the infirm. Yet I have sat next to passengers who have not realised they were next to a wing exit.

Is this the fault of the airlines? No, the airlines did everything they were required to do. The wing exit was in place. It was clearly labelled. And the flight attendants had pointed it out.

But to me, this lack of instruction represents a safety failure. In the airline industry, failure has never been tolerated in the cockpit: why should it be allowed in the cabin?

Illustration by Dennis Magdich

THE PURPOSE OF THE MOON

if love is a matter of giving, mama, why is it so hard?

fiction by
TOM ROBBINS

VINCENT VAN GOGH cut off his ear and sent it to Marilyn Monroe. Marilyn Monroe was so touched that she gave up everything – her career, her swimming pool, her wiggle, her telephone, her suicide, everything – and moved to the south of France to be with Vincent van Gogh.

Did they live happily ever after? No, no one ever does. But they *pretended* to live happily ever after. And since all things eventually become what we pretend they are, fake happiness is just as good as the real stuff.

•

Vincent van Gogh cut off his ear and sent it to Marilyn Monroe. When she unwrapped the package and found the ear, Marilyn Monroe dished up her famous cat-that-swallowed-the-banana smile.

Marilyn Monroe put the ear in a rosewood box on her dressing table. Every now and again she would remove the ear from the box, pet it, blow on it, scratch it and giggle. Once, she hooked the ear on a silver chain and wore it to a party. She always intended to write the ear's original owner a pretty thank-you note, but she never quite got around to it.

Was Vincent van Gogh a fool? Maybe Marilyn Monroe was the fool. After all, Vincent van Gogh made a grand gesture and Marilyn Monroe received it frivolously.

•

Vincent van Gogh cut off his ear and sent it to Marilyn Monroe. Some weeks later, the package was returned to Vincent van Gogh. It was marked "Addressee Deceased".

Vincent van Gogh checked into the matter and found that it was true. In his research, he learned that Joe DiMaggio had ordered that fresh red

roses be placed on Marilyn Monroe's grave every three days, forever. Not for Joe DiMaggio's lifetime, mind you, not for the duration of Hollywood, its films and its cemeteries, but forever.

Vincent van Gogh leaned against the dizzy crown of an epileptic sunflower. Said he: "After the end of the world, Joe DiMaggio is going to have some money coming back."

•

Vincent van Gogh cut off his ear and sent it to Marilyn Monroe. Whereupon Marilyn Monroe cut off one of her ears and sent it to Vincent van Gogh. Vincent van Gogh cut off his little toe and sent it to Marilyn Monroe. Marilyn Monroe sent one of her little toes in return. Next, Vincent van Gogh cut off an eyelid and posted it. In the return mail, he received an eyelid from Marilyn Monroe. Their friendship was growing warm.

Then they exchanged ring fingers, tongues, belly buttons and nipples. One day, Vincent van Gogh cut out his heart and rushed it to Hollywood — but by then Marilyn Monroe had become bored with the whole affair and run off to Tijuana with Warren Beatty.

Vincent van Gogh was shattered. Yet he should not have been so surprised. That is often the pattern love follows.

•

Vincent van Gogh cut off his ear and sent it to Marilyn Monroe. Not long afterward, Marilyn Monroe flew to Paris, drove a rented car to the south of France and called on Vincent van Gogh.

Following proper introduction, Marilyn Monroe produced a package of Hostess Twinkies cakes. Because Hostess Twinkies always travel in pairs; because like the coyote, the gorilla, the killer whale and the whooping crane, Hostess Twinkies mate for life, there was a Twinkie each for them to share.

When the snack was done, Marilyn Monroe reached into her sewing basket, drew out a needle and a spool of green thread and proceeded to stitch Vincent van Gogh's ear back where it belonged.

"There," she said, licking a smear of Twinkie cream from the corner of her mouth. "There, you naughty boy. And the next time you want to clip off a piece of yourself as a token of affection, you might keep in mind the old Jewish custom. It's less messy, more socially acceptable.

"Remember, to ear is human but to foreskin is divine."

•

Vincent van Gogh cut off his ear and sent it to Marilyn Monroe.

The severed ear reminded Marilyn Monroe of a crescent moon, and for hours she contemplated it by moonlight.

She telephoned Vincent van Gogh. "Does the moon have a purpose?" she asked.

Vincent van Gogh considered her question. He decided it was silly.

Albert Camus wrote that the only serious question is whether to kill yourself or not.

Tom Robbins wrote that the only serious question is whether time has a beginning and an end.

Camus clearly got up on the wrong side of bed, and Robbins must have forgotten to set the alarm.

There is only one serious question. And that is: *Who knows how to make love stay?*

Answer me that and I will tell you whether or not to kill yourself.

Answer me that and I will ease your mind about the beginning and the end of time.

Answer me that and I will reveal to you the purpose of the moon.

•

Vincent van Gogh cut off his ear and sent it to Marilyn Monroe. Paul Gauguin was aghast.

"That was in very bad taste, Vincent," Gauguin said. "Years from now, after you are dead and gone, you will be better remembered for cutting off your ear than for the beauty and truth of your art."

From beneath his bandages, Vincent van Gogh looked at Paul Gauguin and smiled. "Don't worry," he said. "Art takes care of itself. And what the world thinks of me when I am dead and gone is none of my concern. What matters is life. What matters is love. Yeah."

The next day, Paul Gauguin cut off his wife and sent himself to Tahiti. "Poor Gauguin," sighed Vincent van Gogh. "He understood only half of what I said."

•

Vincent van Gogh cut off his ear and sent it to Marilyn Monroe. Immediately, he had second thoughts and fell into a deep depression.

"Oh, why was I so presumptuous?" he asked. "An ear is much too intimate. And what if she doesn't fancy ears? I might better have sent violets or phosphor. I should have sent potatoes, toothpaste or brush strokes of significant width. That ear will offend her, I know it. Oh, they ought to call me Vincent van Gauche. I've blown it again."

In the midst of all his fretting, a note arrived from America. "Dear Mister," it began, "Thank you so much for the silk purse." Vincent van Gogh relaxed. He grinned from ear to . . . Oops.

•

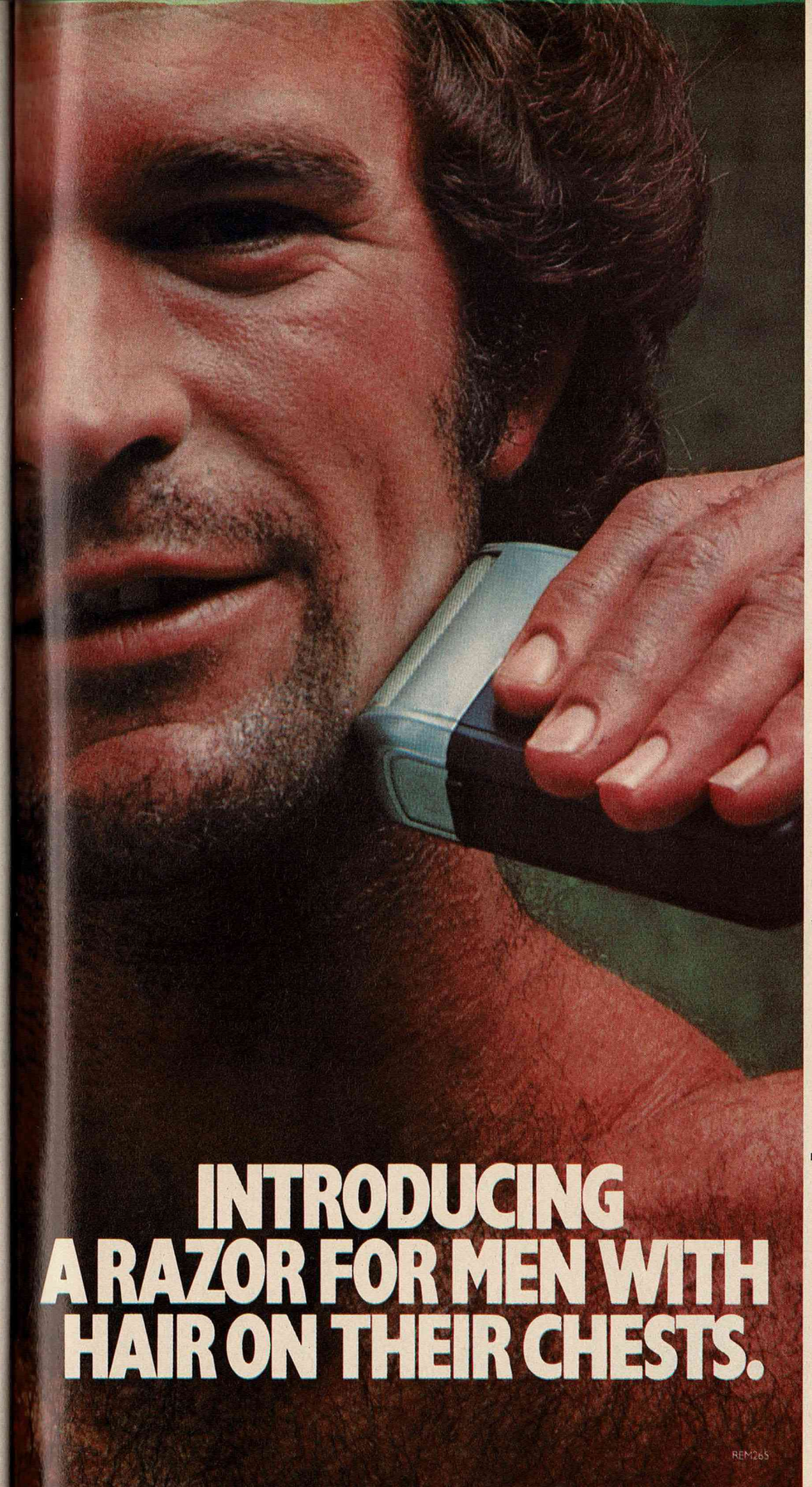
Vincent van Gogh cut off his ear. He wanted to send it to Marilyn Monroe but he didn't know how to go about it.

He couldn't afford to deliver it in person. They had no mutual friends. And were he to send it to her movie studio, a stout woman in a tweed suit would be certain to throw it away.

Dare he trust it to Railway Express? To United Parcel Service? To Brinks armoured cars?

Vincent van Gogh's ear was his love. Unable to send it through normal channels, he went out in the wheatfield and sent it by crow.

"Chief said he wanted his meat rare. She's a virgin, and you have to admit they're pretty rare."



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REMINGTON TOUGH MAN.

Photography by Peter McLean

20 QUESTIONS: **BELINDA GREEN**

our former miss world turns out to be as quotable as she is beautiful

Six years have passed since Australia's Belinda Green was crowned Miss World – in the same week that Gough Whitlam came to power. Gough's star has dimmed somewhat, but Belinda's shines on. She returned to Australia from Los Angeles last year to set up a promotions and public relations company, Five Alive, but at 26 she still looks more at home on the catwalk than in the conference room. PLAYBOY *staff writer Phil Jarratt, who conducted the following short interview, reports: "Belinda is more beautiful now than when she won the title, if that's possible. Happily, her Aussie honesty, frankness, sense of humor and accent remain intact . . ."*

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you once went to the Variety Club in London with no knickers on?

GREEN: No. Well . . . actually, yes. What happened, I'd been on the road for weeks and hadn't had an opportunity to get my laundry done. I'd been rinsing my panties in the sink, but one night I put all my stuff in to be laundered and it had to be back at nine the next morning for the Variety Club date. It didn't arrive.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you once wore a padded bra?

GREEN: Yeah, that's true, too. I mean I don't think it matters whether your bust is big or small, the important thing is whether it's firm. Quality rather than quantity. But when I arrived in Los Angeles for the Bob Hope tour I was sharing a room with my runner-up in Miss World, who had really big boobs. Her boyfriend came to the door while she was out and he looked me up and down and said: "You're cute, but you could use a padded bra." I went out and bought one. I wore it once and felt ridiculous.

PLAYBOY: On a scale of one to 10, how would you rate your looks?

GREEN: Six. I think I just pass. No one's ever said I'm ugly, but I've been told that I'm not really beautiful or attractive. I've been blessed with all the basics. Maybe six and a half.

PLAYBOY: Why did you decide to change your name?

GREEN: Well, I always had a lot of nick-names – Skinny, Toothless Terror, all sorts of horrible names. My real name is Lynette Roma Green, and I've never been a Lynette, you know?

PLAYBOY: What were you like when you were a kid?

GREEN: I was sick in hospital with rheumatic fever for 18 months and missed a lot of school and wasn't allowed to take part in the normal sporting activities until I was 13 or so. Then I became a sports fanatic. I always hung out with my big brother and his mates and they used to stand me up against the garage door and play brandings, with me as the target.

PLAYBOY: Are there any skeletons in your childhood closet?

GREEN: Yeah, I was hooked on soot. I used to love the smell of steam trains. On the way home from school I'd dangle over the bridge and wait for a train to blow soot all over me.

PLAYBOY: Did you develop early?

GREEN: An average developer but a slow starter, if you know what I mean. I couldn't understand why all the girls were wagging school on sports afternoon and going down the creek to kiss and cuddle with guys. I had no real interest in boys until I went to college.

PLAYBOY: Do you remember much about your first date?

GREEN: I can remember when I was first kissed. I was eight. I was roller skating in the school grounds and there was a bunch of boys hanging around the toilet block. I skated into the dressing rooms, you know, showing off, and they all got around me in a ring and said they wouldn't let me out until they'd all kissed me. I said I could never do that. *Never.* Eventually they said they'd let me go if I kissed Roughie Sutton, this guy who had a crush on me. I gave him a peck on the cheek and cried all the way home.

PLAYBOY: What sort of men really turn you on?

GREEN: I suppose I go for sporty, working men. I don't like flabby skin. I think the nicest part of a man's body is his bum. I like to see a man in tight jeans with that cute, tight little bum.

PLAYBOY: Have you been stood up?

GREEN: Yeah. The worst was a guy here in Australia. We made plans to go out for dinner and I got all dressed up for it and he just clean forgot. Two days later he rang and said he had no excuses, he just forgot. I liked him for his honesty.

PLAYBOY: Is it true that you gave up a romance for your career?

GREEN: No. After I won the Miss World contest there was a story in the press, but that was drummed up. What happened, I split with this guy six months before the contest and when I won he rang me reverse charge in London and asked me to marry him.

PLAYBOY: You've confessed to being "sentimental, sloppy and happiest at home". Really?

GREEN: Yeah. When I'm away I always have a picture of the Opera House on the wall of my apartment, and I feel close to my family. We've been through some difficult times. By sloppy I mean that I'm going to go crazy over a little puppy, things like that. I even collect champagne corks. I write on them what the occasion was.

PLAYBOY: What annoys you?

GREEN: Little fiddly things, like sugar packets you've gotta tear open. Fiddly bits of soap you get in hotels.

PLAYBOY: Do you believe in astrology or numerology?

GREEN: It's not so much that I believe in them, but I'm interested. I've had my astrology chart done and my numerology and biorhythms, but I don't blindly follow any of it.

PLAYBOY: What frightens you?

GREEN: Car accidents. I'd really hate to be mangled. Psycho killers scare me. And loneliness and old age.

PLAYBOY: Would you go through that year as Miss World again?

GREEN: Yeah, for sure. I've got no regrets about it, except that I wish I'd known then what I know now.

PLAYBOY: What did you do with all the money you made as Miss World?

GREEN: I came home with about a third of what I'd earned – about $30,000 after tax and expenses and so on. I used it to travel and have a good time and I invested some of it in farm land near Mudgee. I should have put it down on a house, but does a 21-year-old girl go out and buy a house? No, it's not the normal thing. So now I go to the bank and they won't give me a loan because I'm a single woman with no steady income. Boy, was I pissed off.

PLAYBOY: I read somewhere about a radical treatment you use for thigh bulge. What is it?

GREEN: You wrap plastic – I use Glad Wrap – around your thigh and sleep with it on. If you do it for a week you can really notice a difference. It's not a very romantic thing to do. I wouldn't do it when I'm sleeping with a guy.

PLAYBOY: What's the question that every interviewer asks?

GREEN: How does it feel to be the most beautiful girl in the world? I tell 'em I'm not.

PLAYBOY: Are you happy?

GREEN: Yes, very. I feel more at peace with myself now than I ever have. When you're Miss World you feel that everyone has to like you. Now I know that some people are going to think I'm a dragon, but that's good. It'd be boring if everyone liked you.

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THE BUSINESS AUSTRALIAN BEGINS: PAGE 9

THE AUSTRALIAN

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FRIDAY JANUARY 19 1979

NUMBER 4449

Failed to act on doctor's order – judge

League boss jailed over star's death

A TOP Rugby League official, Humphrey Allen, was today jailed for five years following the death of international footballer Bill Hardcourt during last year's final. Mr Justice Greenbelt found Allen guilty of conspiring for gain with leading coach Harry Thumper and club doctor Adrian Payne.

Hardcourt died when his spine snapped in a second half scrum. The court was told the League permitted him to play in the final against the findings of a panel of doctors from the newly-constituted State Sports Medical Foundation. The doctors found that Hardcourt was suffering from a serious back injury before the game and had instructed the League to deregister him.

Mr Justice Greenbelt found Allen had deliberately ignored, for profit, the foundation's ruling.

OUR LEISURE TIME IS KILLING US

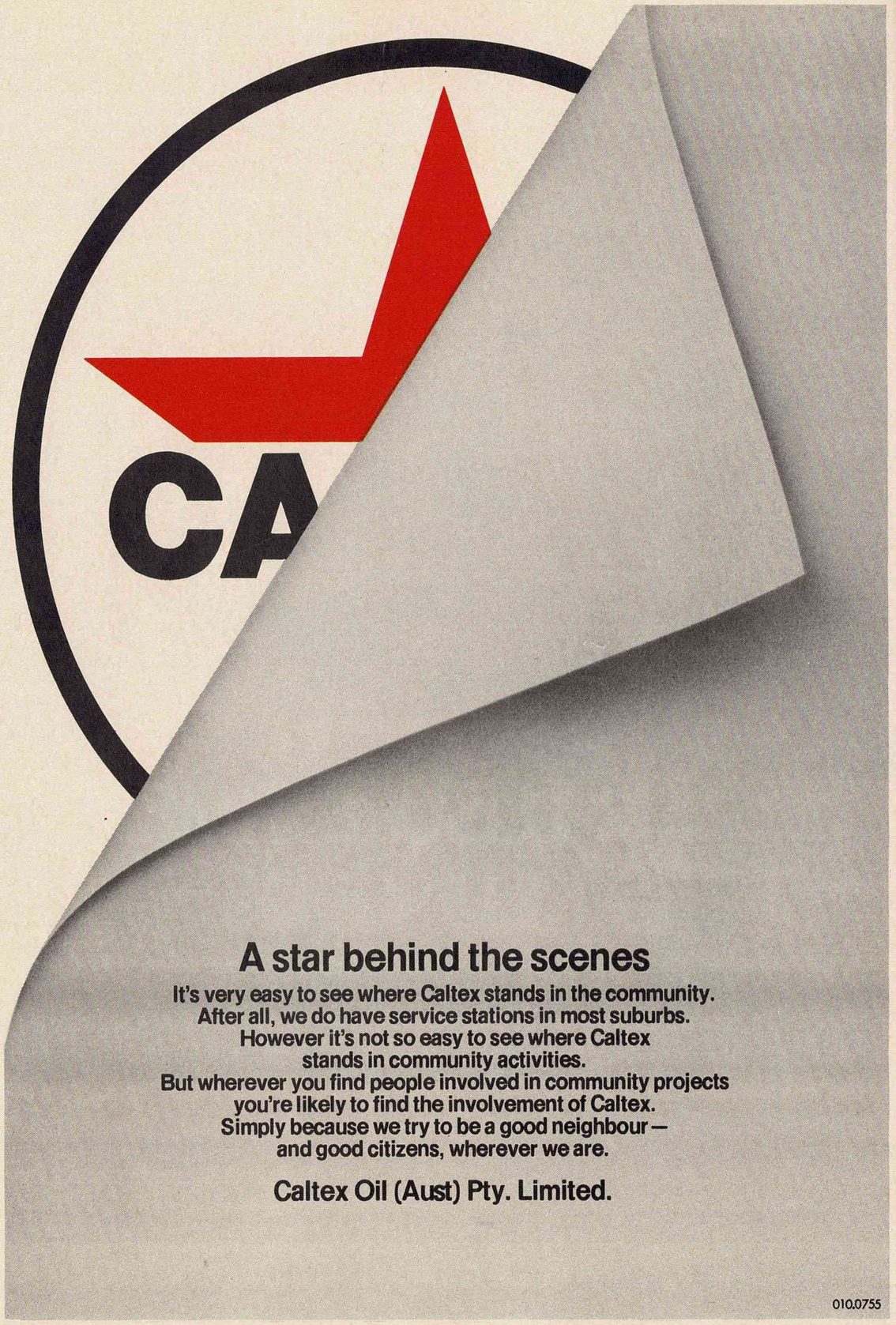
the battered goliaths of professional football are willing to risk being maimed for fame and funds – but we pay, too . . .

sport By JACK DARMODY

THE newspaper headline above is fiction. But in 10 years or less it could be fact, because a growing band of doctors are starting to ask if the drive towards professional sporting excellence is a killer.

The past year's figures point more to gladiatorial combat than competitive sport. In the organised Rugby codes, five people were killed on the field and 16 more were permanently crippled. Two were warned that more play could be fatal. In Melbourne, at season's end, 15 first-grade Victorian Football League stars lined up to go under the surgeon's scalpel and/or to be encased in plaster.

Collectively the Melbourne group represents more than $1 million in sportsflesh: an investment too costly to allow a damaged cartilage or a broken ankle to stand in the way of one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more game, one more win, which is the dividend demanded by clubs of their superheroes. Such is the philosophy of big-money sport in Australia: a player can be, and in some cases is, deliberately crippled in the name of the game.

It is an attitude set firmly on a collision course with the fledgling Australian Sports Medicine Federation, supported by men such as Dr Jack Refshauge in Melbourne, Dr Kevin Hobbs in Brisbane and Dr Tony Millar in Sydney. In short, they want doctors accredited to the Federation to have the power to terminate a player's career if they believe that one more game or season could cripple him permanently. Sports administrators, coaches and even players want the Federation to mind its own business. They claim their club doctors are competent to handle the problem – if there is a problem.

Refshauge is in no doubt that the problem exists. Sports injury, he says, is a problem from the major leagues to the smallest bush competition. It is a burden on taxpayers. Only by bringing law and order to the major registered codes can the cost of sport and leisure to the country and the participants be controlled. According to some arguments, minor weekend sports injuries account for the greatest percentage of Monday "sickies." And while only injuries to drawcard players are highlighted, the figures could be multiplied at least a hundredfold throughout the nation. So to rejig an old line: "Would you put your son on the playing field, Mrs Worthington?" Is it worth it?

•

Arthur Beetson, at 33, is the epitome of the competitive machine, committed to driving a body that is slowly being knocked apart. The giant Rugby League forward, regarded as one of the finest internationals produced by Australia in the toughest code of them all, is, in medical terms, already a cripple. Where the normal body has four cartilages to prevent its knees from giving way in a sharp pivot or heavy knock, Beetson has half of one, a small piece of matter to support a mobile giant of 113kg (18 stone). To the casual onlooker he stands like a towering bluegum, massive shoulders, bull neck, thick thighs, apparently indomitable. To some medicos he is like a huge skyscraper built on substandard foundations. To Beetson, it's all a matter of values. After 16 years of football he is prepared to risk his body for one more year. The monetary incentives are obvious.

Last year Beetson's revenue from football could have topped $40,000 as playing coach with Sydney's Eastern Suburbs, a long way from the days when he was a lowly-paid clerk with the PMG in the small Queensland town of Roma. It was as far back as 1964 that his social status, his lifestyle, started to develop in relation to his football ability.

Beetson says: "I shifted to Brisbane for my first paid playing job. At the time I worked as a laborer, but I was getting $30 a winning match and that was on a par with the basic wage. The money permitted me a higher standard of living than the mates I left behind at the Roma Post Office. The knocks have been worth it."

It is unlikely that Beetson's present financial status could have been acquired through normal employment, as his jobs ranged from clerk to laborer, assistant boilerman, cellarman and club sub-manager – positions that would not have netted him the same weekly salary as the payment for one match win. Despite his denials, his sports earnings have become essential to his lifestyle, even more so with fringe earnings as a commentator or from endorsements. To sustain the perks he must remain before the public as a top player or successful coach – and to do the former he is prepared to risk complete breakdown, permanent injury.

When Beetson lines up with Parramatta, his new club in the Sydney League this season, few will doubt he is risking physical disability. He quit Easts to sign on with Parramatta as a player and as part of the club's coaching panel. His value as a fit player will be enormous to himself and the club, but it could be less than marginal if, through injury, he is left with the scant media exposure of being on the coaching bench.

To fans of other codes: Beetson has attracted every worthwhile adjective in his playing career, but this year, running for more than his sporting life, he will be the oldest first-grade Rugby League forward on the training circuit. Again he says: "It's all been worth it." There's another reason for forcing his body to keep working: "If I don't, my weight will balloon to 125kg (20 stone) and I'll get other health problems."

Beetson guards his private life jealously, but statements that his needs are not dependent on his football earnings appear faint when he is ready to tackle the blood and grind of first-grade football for the 16th season. The real issue is whether he or any competitor in any code has the right to take such a chance. Or whether a club should use him to play "just one more game" for a win, or the governing League should let him continue playing because of his value to the turnstiles. The big forward has been smashed and belted on just about every part of his body over a long period. A doctor's diagnosis based on Beetson's career indicates he could face these problems in the future: severe arthritis to damaged joints; high blood pressure caused through years of being struck in the kidney area; failing eyesight because of continuing knocks to the skull or forehead; nasal problems from repeated nose damage; obesity; and the possibility of early heart attack.

These are the unmentionable aspects of mass body contact sport in Australia. Ironically, they are more likely to occur among undertrained men playing in the hundreds of minor leagues around the nation. At least when first-grade city players take the field they have been brought to a high degree of fitness.

Yet even this is paradoxical. According to Dr Tony Millar, of Sydney's Lewisham Sports Clinic, clubs of all codes adopt a reverse attitude to their highly-priced star players: "The object is to get them on to the paddock – 'You're OK, off you go.' They are not allowing time for injuries to heal; more, they are assisting players to carry them."

Millar agrees that some top-line players have taken drugs to enable them to carry injuries on to the playing field without thought of consequences. He cited the case of one top grade player who continually "shot up" his weakened joints with pain-killing injections to make selection because he needed the extra money. Millar says if he had the authority, he would ask the club to stand the player down or, if necessary, disqualify him altogether from playing.

"But social pressures force the player to keep going and if the club needs him, it will continue helping him to get 'fit'. There is no thought as to what his worth to the community will be in 20 years." Millar adds two other points causing medical concern in football circles: the name of the game is to take your opponent out of the game; and a lot of internationals in all codes are dying in their 50s.

Code administrators in all States are becoming concerned, if not a little frightened, about the vocal ASMF doctors. Their defensive responses tend to lend credence to the medicos' arguments. Last year the daily press was requested to play down injuries in match reports. The VFL went a step further by ordering clubs not to allow players with facial injuries to be photographed after games. In Victoria, Carlton captain-coach Alex Jesaulenko amplifies the parish pump attitude of sports administrators to competitive injury: "Jeez, what are you on about injuries for? I've had everything from a sore toe to a sore

scalp, nothing really broken except my nose and about 20 or 30 stitches in my head. My major problem is that I've had sore knees over the past two seasons, but, jeez, you can get broken legs in any contact sport. Highlight these things and parents start looking for other sports for their kids." Jesaulenko has played 232 senior League games. In that time, he says, he has been knocked out only twice. The first time he played for an extra 20 minutes before leaving the ground. "The second time I was only out for a few seconds and I played out the game." Both times he was back on the training track within four days. Jesaulenko also admits to having had back injuries for years. He says: "These are barriers you have to overcome. You must not let these things stop you."

From that exchange it is not hard to get the feeling that sport is the supreme trip and that getting back on your feet is nothing short of heroic. Week after week top players line up for pain-killing injections to their ankles, backs, groins and necks. Jesaulenko's justification is chillingly simple when talking about his own team: "We select our team on Tuesday nights. If some players are not deemed fit then, we give them until Thursday; if not then, we give them to Saturday morning. Then and only then will we give a painkiller if we need them in the side. But it will only be for that day." Shades of "You're OK – off you go".

Of the 15 VFL first-graders to face the knife after last season's games at least five, possibly nine, will be advised to end their careers or risk more serious damage to their legs. It is up to them or their clubs to make the final decisions. Doctors can only advise.

The Victorians are in their 20s. Their injuries, at the most, will be restrictive in later life if they heed medical advice. In the Rugby codes the toll is far more tragic. Of the five deaths last season the youngest was Warwick Yates, 13, a schoolboy from Queanbeyan, NSW, who died from brain damage. The second youngest was Bradley Matthews, 15, who broke his neck in a tackle. At the age of 21, first-grade Penrith forward John Farragher became the League's 11th quadriplegic in one season. If half as many had been killed or injured seriously in boxing in these two States last year, it is probable that the fistic sport would have been outlawed after outraged clamoring from the public. Yet the fight game helped pioneer sports medicine in Australia.

In a medical sense, Dr Jack Refshauge brought law and order to professional boxing in Victoria after a 10-year, nearly single-handed campaign. There the doctor is supreme, fully accredited to his State's government and answerable only to the government. The doctor calls the shots as to whether a fight can continue, despite its importance or the value of the gate. His word in this sport is law. Any non-accredited doctor appearing at ringside faces a jail sentence or a fine of $2000. Again, Refshauge helped pioneer the requirement that no boxer be allowed to fight for at least a month after being knocked unconscious. Both moves were opposed bitterly by fighters, trainers, fans and promoters as authoritarian interference. Some people say the rule helped kill the fight game here.

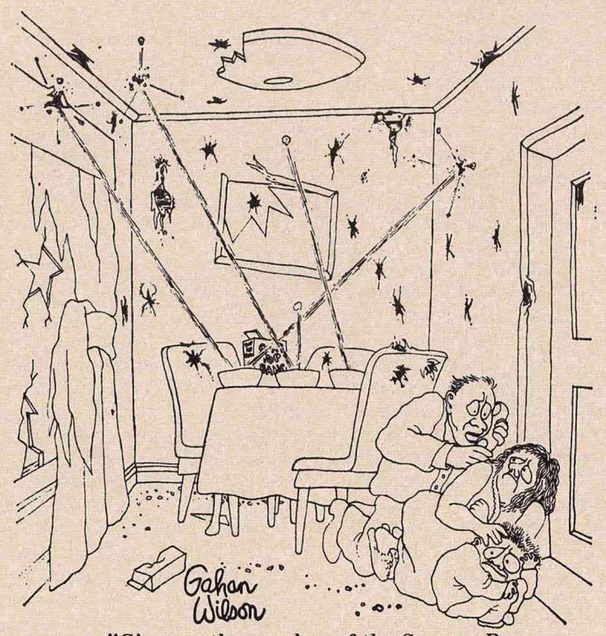
Refshauge doesn't see the same authority extending to the major football codes – not yet. It's hard to imagine a white-coated doctor removing a badly concussed, though still upright, full forward from the ground with five minutes to go and the scores level in a grand final before a crowd of 100,000 at Victoria's MCG. Emotions would also erupt if any doctor tried to take a star player from the ground with minutes to go in a Rugby League grand final.

But it is in these areas that sports medicine must create a new awareness of the need for controls in organised sports, recreation and planned leisure in Australia. Refshauge seeks to needle public opinion as much as to bring his case before legislators. He argues to elevate a sports casualty to the same level as a road accident victim: "Take a young footballer who has received a large signing-on fee to play football, say $20,000. He, his family or he and his wife have a new source of income and their expectations have increased. They have contracted to buy new things; house, car, etc. Suddenly, the boy is a quadriplegic, and it is all lost. The people who look after this patient will have to wait a long time for compensation. As parents, they will undergo tremendous trauma. The lifestyle of their other children may change. Their own potential to their other children may alter. If the footballer is married, there will be a complete change of relationship between the man and the woman. If he has head injuries, there is every possibility of a change in personality."

Refshauge is not a fanatic, but he sees an Australia with a shorter working week and increased leisure time producing more cripples. Already, he says, the cost to the taxpayer of supporting a permanently crippled footballer works out at $564 a week.

"If sport is a health-producing factor to the nation, then the taxpayer will have to pay a component," he says. "For instance, it is estimated that the damaging effects of alcohol are costing the nation up to $4000 million a year; that the damage from smoking runs between $300 and $900 million each year. But we are completely in the dark when assessing the cost of sport to the community.

"It is not realistic to talk about abolishing high-speed body contact sport, but it is necessary to adopt commonsense measures to stamp out brutality and stupidity. If two men charge at each other for 10 seconds



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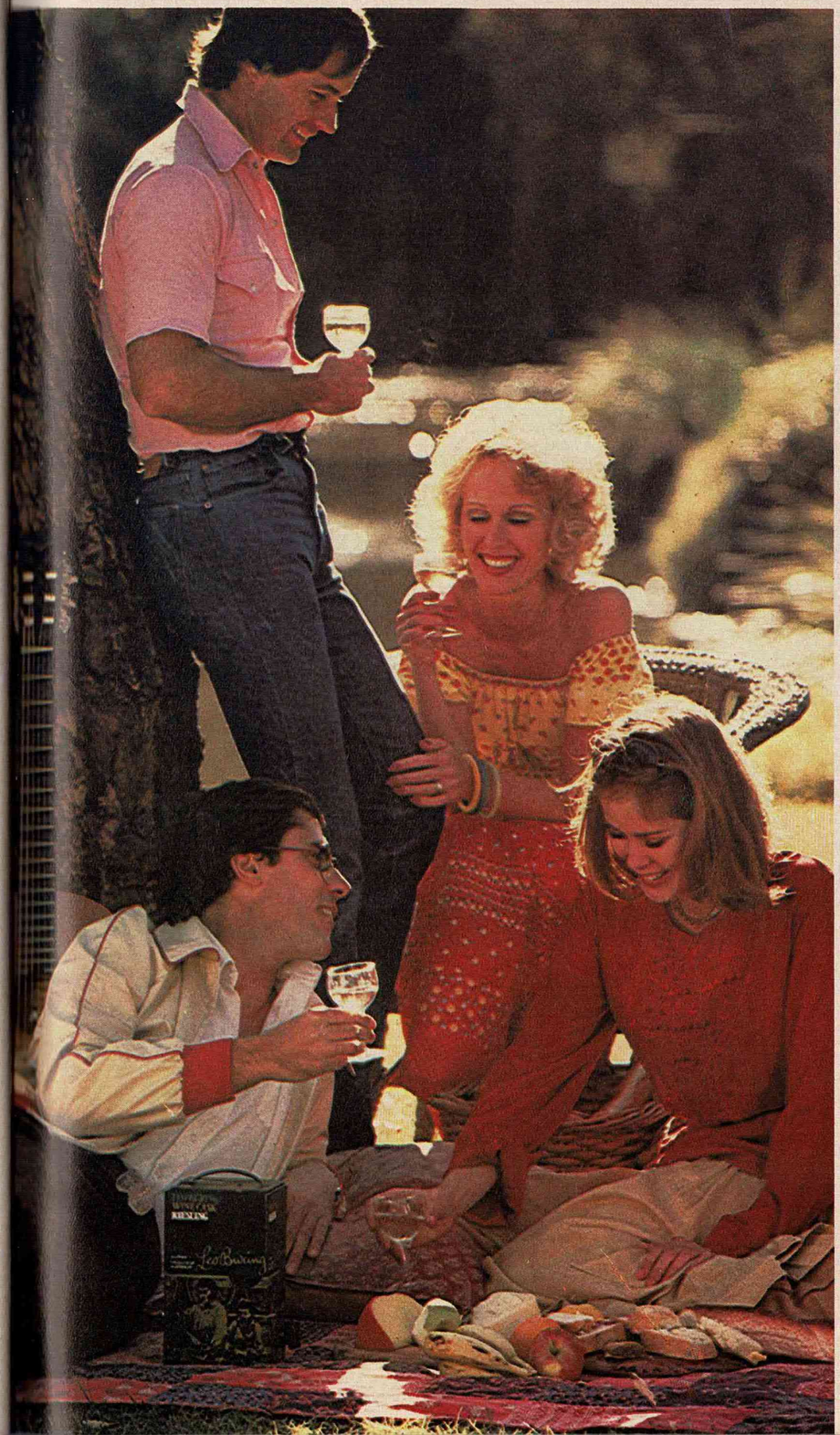

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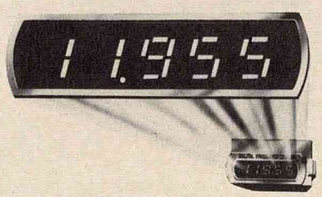

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over 100 metres, with elbows extended as weapons, they hit at a combined speed of 65 kilometres an hour. The elbow used that way can cause devastating injury and its use should be penalised – not necessarily with a player being sent off or suspended, but with a goal or a point being awarded to the opposing side immediately. Then it would be brought home to a team that dirty, violent play could cost them the match.

"This is a long way from the total answer. Concussed footballers in all codes are not required to stand down for a month. Players are urged to get their crippled bodies back on to the training track without allowing adequate healing time. From my own experience with clubs where the coach has been a strong personality the question of the future effects on health are not considered to the same extent as the immediate effect of that person playing at 40 percent fitness.

"I have heard coaches say that someone playing 40 percent fit is worth a game in front of someone with 100 percent fitness because of his skill and the fact that he can win a game in 10 minutes."

In last year's NSW grand final five players in the winning Manly team were reported to have been given pain-killing injections to get them on to the field. One, Terry Randall, a big second rower, received six – four in his shoulder and two in his groin. Later the coach, Frank Stanton, made the time-honored footy statement: "It's a tribute to their guts and determination." There was no talk of injuries.

Jack Gibson, regarded by many as the finest Rugby League coach in Australia, takes an aggressive attitude on the question of sports injuries: "There are a tremendous lot of people who have never played sport and their injuries, both mental and physical, are more bloody outstanding than those of sportsmen. It is our ideal to have a healthy public, yet people are constantly being urged to buy cigarettes and grog.

"It's about time they got their values in order. A kid a day dies of a drug overdose; five or six are killed on the roads each week through grog. They hardly make a line in the obituary columns. Yet an injury in sport is front-page news. If any of my players are concerned about their future health they should pick a second sport. If they go in with any thought of self-preservation, that's a short-cut to running second. Give me 26 kids in a pub and 26 on a playing field and I'll tell you which group will turn out the better citizens."

Gibson's stance is firm. To play is healthy. To compete is an exercise in discipline. To overcome injury is character building. Yet the long-time defences of sports bodies are slowly crumbling. Their areas of alternative criticism – road deaths, alcohol, drugs, smoking – are more and more coming under stronger legal controls, mainly because of the growth of organised medical intervention.

The first aim of the Australian Sports Medicine Federation is to set up, in conjunction with the College of General Practitioners, a post-graduate course in sports medicine. At present the ASMF is running short, specialised courses and issuing accreditation to doctors who have passed. The program was accepted in Queensland. Now only doctors accredited with the Federation can supervise first-grade teams in that State. In NSW there is no such inclination, and opinion is divided fairly evenly among sport authorities in the southern States.

Even so, Refshauge predicts the time will come when a player prone to injury will have to face a panel accredited to the ASMF. He sees the panel comprising a surgeon, physician, physiotherapist and physical educationist, with access to sociologists and physiologists. They will be in a position to advise a club to end a player's career.

Without a lot of computerised evidence it would be hard to order any club or league to take this action, not to mention asking a government to enforce it. And that will take years. But, says Refshauge, it will happen: "Injuries in all registered sports will be tabulated and cross-referenced with continuing disability. Sports medical investigation will spread out into all aspects of physical recreation. We must find out if we are creating artifically healthy people to play sport, or if sport is making people healthy. If so, to what degree?"

For Tony Millar there is a more disturbing reason why the careers of sports people should be computerised. In the past six years, six top national athletes have died from malignant diseases. A research paper from Yugoslavia has shown that the percentage of former Olympic athletes in that country who died earlier from malignant diseases was higher than in the rest of the community.

It poses the questions in Australia: Does intensive training interfere with immune systems? Does it make a person more vulnerable to the development of a fatal malignancy? It is an area where Millar can only theorise, unlike his practical approach to the bumps, cuts and breaks that pass through the Lewisham clinic each year. The clinic has the grand correct title of Institute of Sports Medicine. It is run on an honorary basis, without government funds and without any facility to conduct statistical research on the type of injuries it treats. But the effect Millar and the institute have had on sport in NSW is interesting. Last year 4000 patients sought treatment from him – 70 percent were footballers, and most of them were young.

Millar believes that while the institute is recognised as being foremost in sports medicine in the State, injured top players prefer to ignore its existence. "They don't want to bring their injuries here," he said. "I wonder why? I wonder what I could say to some of them to convince them to retire? Perhaps the club executives are concerned at what my findings would be."

Millar has his own solution for ending on-field violence which contributes to crippling injury: "Suspend the coaches. These are the people who give the orders for disruptive play, to take an opponent out of the game."

•

Neither Millar nor Refshauge wants football banned, but only by concentrating on the high media coverage sports can they stir government interest. So far the Federal Government is relying heavily on research in other fields. Each State compiles figures every year on road deaths and injuries, as does the Federal Bureau of Statistics. The same authority also compiles records on cancer, TB and VD. In all cases the relevant figures are culled to provide educational material to show people how to avoid disability. From this research have come new guidelines, controls, laws and penalties. Why not in organised professional sport? Refshauge admits real change might have to wait until clubs are hit in the hip pocket. "When an ex-player takes a club to court claiming disability for an on-field injury suffered 10 years previously and the court rules the club liable, then we might see some action. I think the first part of the answer is letting clubs see what they can lose in cash terms. The other way is research and more research."

Here, at least, there is a glimmer of a breakthrough. This year Bureau of Statistics questionnaires going out to hospital casualty wards will carry a special section requesting information on sports injuries.

The findings will not be available until later this year, but by then there will be at least some indication of who is right – the promoters, the clubs, the participants or the sports medicos.

REQUIEM FOR A PRIVATE EYE

when the case was all wrapped up, brother, maybe she wasn't such a hard-boiled babe at all

fiction

By DON HUTLEY

IT WAS one of those late autumn Sydney mornings with early fog being eaten up by a sun that promised later warmth. Even the down-at-heel Glebe area that had, I was sure, formed the backdrop to some of Lefty Stone's most brutal sado-masochistic ordeals seemed to be almost friendly.

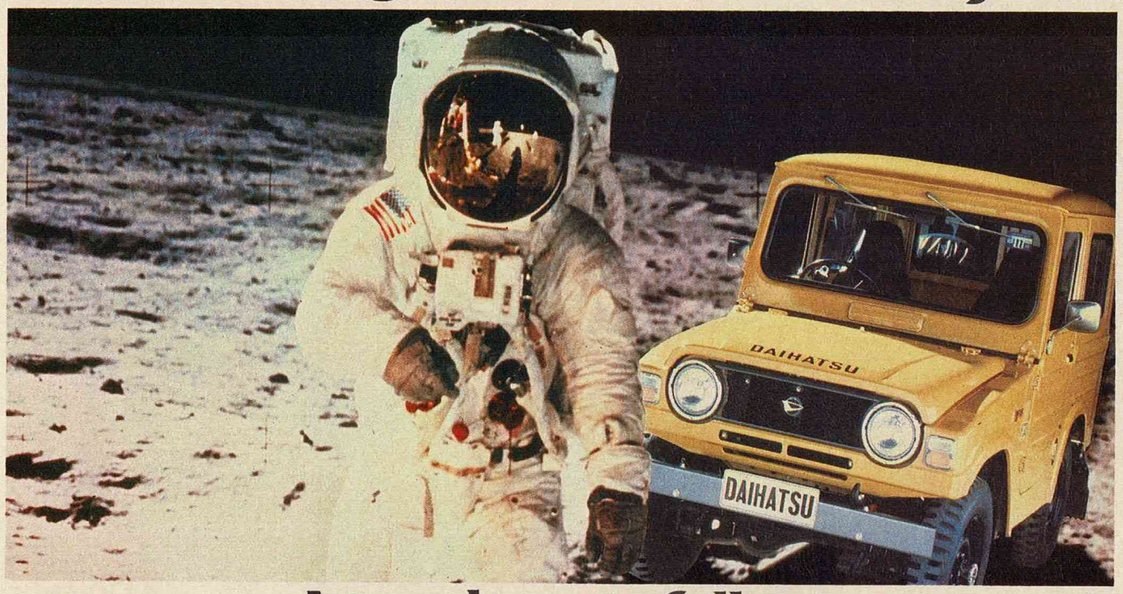
I strode on, an Amazon in bright green, my Elton John shades protecting me from those who would mock me. Often when people laughed, or even if I only thought they were laughing, I got a nasty tingling sensation. Right in the ends of my breasts. Nerves, I suppose, brought about because I'm cynical and I'm 29 and bitter about my affliction. And old enough now to know that I only ever wanted to fall in love. Always have. Straight out and not as some mother surrogate to puny little Oedipal messes or guys who have tried everything else and are into twisted role reversal.

My affliction? Whenever I think of my affliction I think of the indelible opening passage to one of Lefty Stone's first novels, *Cutie Takes It Hot,* copyright A&B Publications, 1951: *I stand six-four in gumshoes and my build hasn't altered that much since I quit the Marines in '45. So I wasn't worried by the big gorilla with the face only a blind mother could love so much as the little hood with the big rod pointed right at my gut . . .*

In the '50s and early '60s Lefty Stone had been, arguably, the best exponent of the Americanese pulp detective

Illustration by Keith Chato

Introducing Daihatsu's new 'Daddys'.



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novelette practising in Australia. Myself, I stand only about six-one or two in gumshoes, if I ever wore gumshoes. Which I don't. But I could no more help being a very big girl, I reasoned with myself, than Lefty Stone's private eye extraordinaire, Rick McShane, could help being a sentimental psychopath.

This morning my breasts were calm. Twin prows through placid seas. It could be a good day. Perhaps even the upturn in my lovelife that the horoscope in the *Telegraph* had predicted over breakfast. None of those nerves this morning. None of that anger. Anger that could be almost as bad as the terrible hungry anger Rick McShane might feel in the pit of his gut before he brought his knee up hard into some rat's groin, or acquainted some lousy punk's face with the ham-like McShane fist that could turn fat leers to blood-spurting busted flesh like smashed tomatoes bubbling teeth. Or even the dreadful, itching tremor he got in the crook of his trigger finger as he hoisted out Big Bertha each time to inflict his own inimitable form of lead poisoning on the twisted violent scum who opposed him so ineptly book after book after book.

I went up the bare stairs under a naked globe, and into the office on the first landing marked A&B Publications in black bordered gold on frosted glass. "Hi, Henry," I said. Henry looked at me, then at his watch. "Am I late?" Already the smell of hamburgers was coming up through the floorboards from Joe's Corner Joint.

"Just a little, Miss Brown," Henry said. "Something over an hour."

"I'm making coffee," I said hopefully. But Henry went to his own office and slammed the door. HENRY H. MORTON it was marked, also in gold on frosted glass panel, MANAGER. Henry might stay in his office for five or 10 minutes, then come back out and ask something trivial but truceful like "Has the mail arrived?" or "How is that poor old mother of yours, Ellen?" There are just the two of us, and I stand the best part of a foot taller than Henry, and he's afraid of me. Also, I believe he senses that all I tell him about myself is not the truth.

Six months ago I'd had to lie about my education to get the job with Henry. I had then had two very pressing problems. One was starvation. The other was a thesis for a master's degree I'm still finishing. I could have done ordinary things like *Influences of the Border Ballad on Eighteenth Century Romanticism.* Or *The Effects on the Cognitive Structure and the Constructional Implications of Subliminal Aspects in Ulysses.* But I wanted something different. Then I had seen Henry's ad: "Publisher requires Girl Friday. Must be punctual and over 30 and able to mark up for printers. Apply A&B Publications." I had none of the mentioned qualifications and I ignored the sexist connotation of Girl Friday; I knew right away the job was for me. My thesis would be *An Inquiry into the Implications of Post-War American Pulp Literature on the Mass Australian Consciousness.* I went straight down to Henry and told him I was 35 and that I'd had to leave school early and work in a lousy printing shop to support an ailing mother who still lingered in ever-increasing need of my support, and that I could spell like a dictionary. Then I crossed my legs. I got the job right away.

I let the coffee bubble until Henry came back out. "Mail come yet?" he asked. I shook my head and poured us some coffee. We were ready to work. I was on *Sex Goddess Of The Andes* by Murchison R. James, while Henry was marking up *Lust Under The Lash,* by Faye de Sade. Henry kept some records in a locked cabinet in his office saying who the authors really were and which I would need eventually to go through. I'd got up to page three on *Sex Goddess,* and was waist deep in explicit sex. I flipped over to the back of the manuscript. As I suspected, the heroine does get down to South America. Her plane runs out of fuel and she parachutes in on a lost tribe who have spent the centuries of their wait for her coming developing unusual mutations to their genitalia.

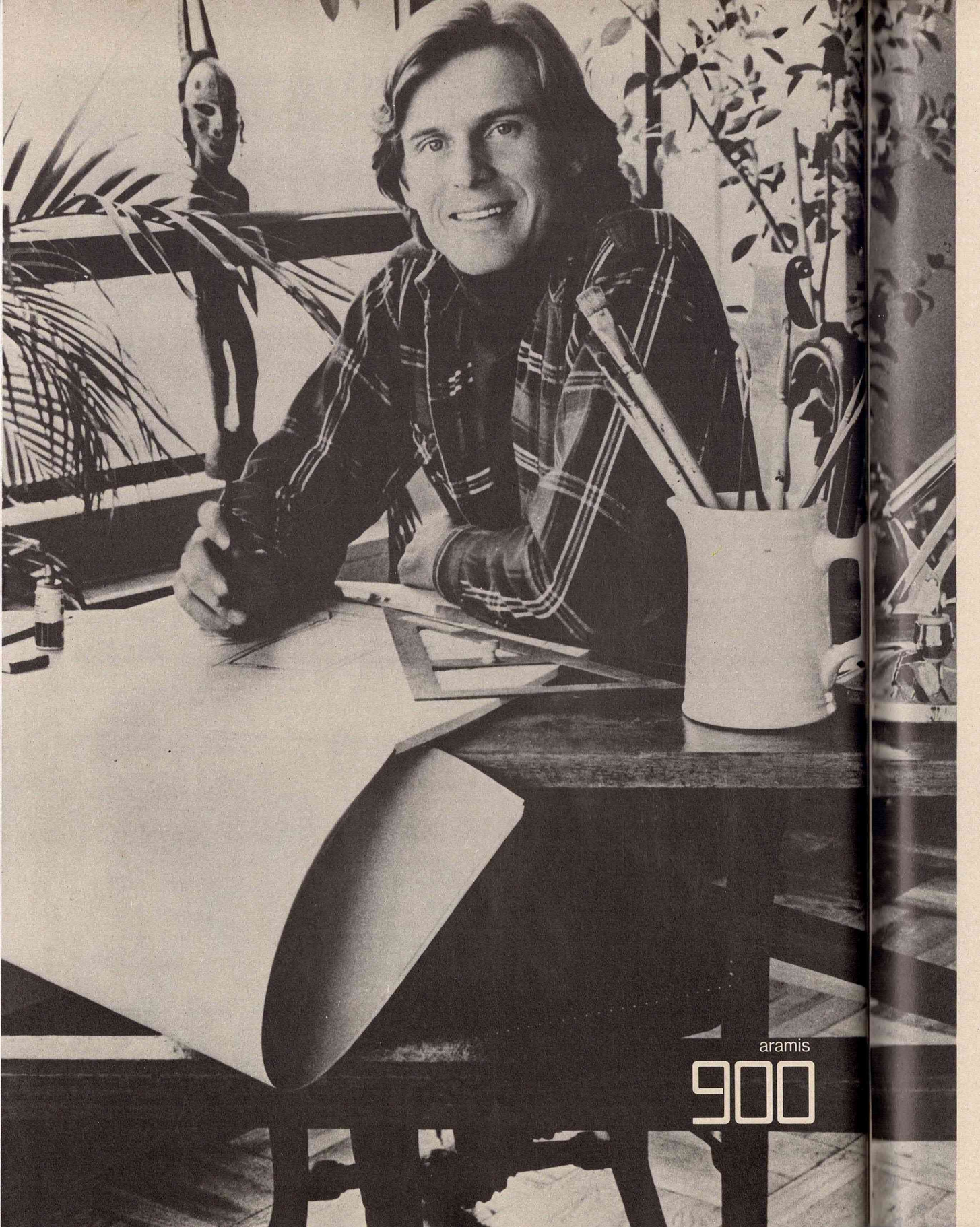
"Is Murchison R. James the judge from Melbourne?" I asked Henry.

"I've got the judge," said Henry. "You're doing the spinster from Armidale. It's all sex and no story today. Or spies." Henry sighed. Henry hated spy stories. "Take a good detective story," he said, but stopped himself. "I've told you before, haven't I, and if we get on to that we'll talk the morning away again, won't we?"

"You're dead right, Henry," I said. "And the sooner we get *Sex Goddess Of The Andes* on to the bookstands of Australia, the better off this country will be."

Henry enjoyed my little jokes. I had pumped him pretty skilfully during the first few months of my employment. And Henry liked to talk. Especially about the old days. A&B's golden era in the '50s. Henry had stuck religiously with format private detectives, and Lefty Stone's Rick McShane was the king. Henry had all 37 McShane paperbacks in his office. "With settings that are invariably pseudo-American, as is the diction and format, they betray at all levels the shiftless, urban emptiness so necessary for the genre to work, and an easy belief in the inevitability of corruption in high places. A squalid emptiness which is only relieved by McShane's hard-bitten, sardonic, but essentially Quixotic quest for truth and justice in the megalopolic situation. Quixotic but brutal. Opposing the urban scum very much on their own terms, with Rick's evergreen secretary, Eve, a modern mutation, filling the roles of faithful servant, Sancho Panza, and Quixote's lady, Dulcinea, jointly, and the battered old blue Chevvy, so thinly disguised as the Knight Errant's faithful nag, Rosinante." Or so I had written. Henry read them all the time. He had rubbed a tiny clear spot in the frosty glass panelling of his office to

". . . and what's more, I've burnt my panties, too!"



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peek at me. But this also meant I could peek back at him, reading, pencilling things in, then re-reading the well-thumbed copies, while .45s smoked wantonly in the red-nailed hands of the faded dames of a dead genre, who exposed plenty, brother. Or sometimes they were dead, the women on the lurid covers, hair spread, with neat little bullet holes in the temple, like in *Lady, Lead Can Kill,* copyright 1959. About Lefty's peak, really, and one of my favorites.

When I had shown an interest Henry dug out a full set, the whole 37, for me. I had stacked them on one of the spare desks. There were still four desks in the main office where now we both worked. In the '50s Henry had needed to employ four people. Then came the '60s and Vietnam and explicit sex and spies. All of which Henry sees as connected. And he may well be right. But whichever way, the old detective novelette floundered. My own theory is the more global scale to modern corruption, and television. Although the popular cops on TV are now almost all public cops. Two dimensional goodies working within the system and boring as hell, most of them.

I sifted through the bills and ads that made up most of the morning mail, and then I opened a thick manilla envelope with an exaggerated hand-printed address on the front. "It's a Lefty Stone manuscript," I told Henry. "It must be 10 years since he sent anything in."

"Eleven," said Henry, breaking something of a silence for him. He got up. "And I'm going out. I have some important business to attend to. I won't be back till after five. You'll have to lock up."

I was surprised. "All right," I said, easily enough, but I looked at Henry.

"Lefty Stone?" Henry laughed. "Lefty bloody Stone?" almost bitterly. "I've seen enough bloody Lefty Stone manuscripts to last me a lifetime. You'd think 37 would be enough," he added as he locked the manager's office. "And when you finish *Sex Goddess Of The Andes* you can start on that load of crap on my desk." He shrugged into his coat. "And if you finish that before five you can go home early." He left.

I went to the window. I rubbed some dirt from the pane and watched Henry walk away up the dingy back street. He'd left his briefcase. Maybe he just needed to get drunk or something. He didn't seem despondent – just a smallish middle-aged man strolling along with his hands in his pockets. But somehow his reaction was wrong. After 11 years you'd think he would want to see what Lefty had written. But there were things about Henry I hadn't fully

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SHARP

THE BEGINNING OF A NEW ERA

SHA193

figured as yet. He had a funny, private, sense of humor so you never quite knew if he was laughing at you or at what you had just said, or at himself, or at something you might have said last week.

I flipped open the Stone manuscript and began to read a random page.

The fire behind was the only light in the room. It made a shimmering mockery of the negligee she was wearing. Breasts that would make Venus de Milo feel inadequate heaved under the filmy black nylon of a garment that could send a saint straight to hell. I whipped off my belt as I took a step closer. "I want some answers, Ellen," I said. "You'd better start talking fast."

But she got a hold of the belt. "Answers?" she said in that mocking way she had. I felt the blood begin to thud through my brain. "I have a few questions of my own, Mr McShane."

I knew I shouldn't be thinking what I was thinking, but I was. She drew me down, wrapping leather till our hands were bound together in a knot we both knew could only be undone one way. With my free hand I tore at the negligee. It came off like a busted sheath, and her hand went to work on me. She was all thumbs until our bodies came together like animals fighting for life and then she began to sob, just like a kid. Society dame? I'd give her society dame all right. I did. And oh, brother, how come tears taste so good?

Vintage Stone. Impossible fantasies for sexual cripples.

The typing was immaculate, the punctuation fair, and the lapses in syntax were all shrewdly calculated tokens to Lefty's readership:

It was the damndest case I'd ever heard of. Nobody in his right mind would take on such a case. Well hardly nobody!

A classic of the genre in fact. There was still the evergreen Rick's evergreen secretary, Eve, who was everything any simplistic male primitive could ever hope for. At once beautiful with ripe, red lips that begged to be kissed she, with every movement of her body, asked every red-blooded guy the same eternal question. But even though she asked this question of every other red-blooded guy, she kept herself totally for Rick. Also she was punctual, efficient, subservient without being servile, and handy with a rod in a tight pinch. They never actually made it to bed. But there were three other lechers' dreams Rick was called upon to make love to pursuant to his investigations, including the beautiful Ellen Green, this time, whose unusual height wasn't noticed at first because of her panther-like grace and green, green, eyes like deep jungle pools of liquid jade that threatened unknown violence and kept your gaze riveted within the scope of their emerald fire.

I liked that part. But then my own eyes are green. The story began, not unexpectedly, with a reference to height:

She came into my office. I stood. It was automatic, because I knew right away she had class. I say I stood and I stand all right, six-four in my gumshoes. But in six-inch heels she was the spectacular sort of dame even I had to look up to . . .

It was the beautiful, but prodigious, Miss Ellen Green someone was trying to kill and whose very appearance made McShane go hoarse as she took the Lucky he flipped out of his pack at her. She leant forward for his light in a dress that was frankly indecent and his hands began to shake, like he'd seen guys shake with malaria in the war, and she blew out smoke and watched it curl away through slitted lids and crossed her legs. Real slow. And, brother, some dames just didn't know the rules.

About half way through, the smell from Joe's became too much and I phoned down for hamburgers. I'd read somewhere that if Australians continued to eat protein at their present rate, the average height of the race would increase by an estimated six inches by the turn of the century. But that was no help to me now. And pieces were beginning to fall into place. I had loved Rick McShane ever since I was a six-foot adolescent. And other things were becoming clearer. When I had read that job ad for A&B Publications six months ago a small bell had gone off in my head. A tiny memory cell buried deep in the yearnings of my youth had suddenly sprung to life and reminded my subconscious that at some stage I had, perhaps inadvertently, taken in the fact that A&B Publications were the publishers of the redoubtable Lefty Stone, creator of that private eye extraordinaire, Rick McShane.

It was this that had sent me hotfooting across town. It was not primarily in pursuit of some novel subject for a thesis. And nor was it starvation. There were other ways to avoid starvation besides working as a small pornographer's sidekick. It was none of those things. None of those ordinary considerations that had spurred me to action. It was love. I had come down that day in pursuit of love and out of nostalgia for a misspent adolescence and lied to Henry, for if Lefty created ideal women he also created ideal men — handsome, incorruptible, brave, virile, humorous, dependable when it mattered most and about two inches taller than me. I had to meet this Lefty Stone, who must surely have some of the McShane attributes.

"Sure I've met Lefty Stone," was all Henry would say when I asked. "Lots of times. He's a short, insecure, snivelling coward of a guy who's never pulled a trigger in his life. And about his sex life — the less said the better."

I finished the thing about three. It stuck strictly to format right up to the end. The tangle of murders began to tie in with dirty city politics about the middle of the book, as usual. But Rick wasn't sure just how until pieces began to fall into place during the terrible beating he got in chapter seven at the hands of two delightfuls, Fatso and The Razor. Six pages of really vintage sadism in which Fatso and The Razor fail to get Rick to talk because he knows less than they think, as usual, and from which he is rescued, mercifully, by the prodigious but gorgeous Miss Ellen Green just as The Razor is about to remodel the rugged but handsome McShane features.

Rick's revenge in chapter 11 is total. Fatso has his head assisted into a moving grain escalator. The Razor, a sardonic humorist in life, cuts himself while shaving. In death he also smiles. One big bloodied grin right across his ugly throat.

Then the usual double-crosses leading up to the big think-out in chapter 13 to bring readers who have not actually followed the plot too closely right back into the picture so they know why Rick, and only Rick, has to go it alone into the final showdown with Mister Big. This particular time it's a dirty little rat called Hubert Duval, hiding behind a veneer of society respectability, which makes his demise even more agreeable to the readership. He drowns in a silo of wheat. Symbol of wholesome purity. And even though he screams and claws at the walls of the silo until his fingers bleed, begging Rick to pass him down the ladder that could save him, Rick is unmoved and leans against the ladder to watch Duval die because he knows guys like Duval. Rich guys who can buy the law.

It strikes Rick as funny that such tiny grains are to be Duval's noose, his electric chair, his gas chamber. It's so funny that Rick laughs, he laughs himself sick, until he thinks about Ellen who is dead because he was too dumb to see she loved him. And he knows then that he has loved her all along and never told her and he thinks about that and only that, brother, until hands are all that are left to Duval.

Hands above a sea of grain. Hands with bloodied stumps for fingers that grasped to the bitter end in death like they had grasped in life. But all they grasped now was a handful of wheat. And I watched till the dead fingers began to release the wheat. Till every grain had trickled from Duval's dead hands. Till I was sure Ellen was avenged.

Then I walked out into the night, into the clear, clean, blaze of the stars, only glad that another dirty rat was dead. But I thought of Ellen again and how dumb I'd been, and it hurt. It hurt like I'd never felt anything hurt before. I unhooked the sling under my arm and took out the .45. Big Bertha, the old equaliser, who had given me all my

"Twenty minutes at $200 a week is $1.67. Thank you, Miss Fanley . . . that's all for today!"

advantages in life and now had one last job to do. I put the gun to my skull. Cold steel on my temple where I knew it should be. I could stand and watch a man die, and laugh. I had no place in the world. Not now. Not after Ellen. I'd mixed with scum so long I'd become scum. I'd lived in a world where love was a dirty four-letter word so long that I didn't recognise real love any more. I looked up at the stars, the pure white lights of other worlds, as I thumbed off the safety.

And I squeezed the trigger for the last time.

I got dust in my eye then. Both eyes. I squeezed a bitter cup of coffee from the tired grounds of lunch before I kicked the lock off Henry's door. The managerial suite where he did all his thinking. There was just one fact I wanted to confirm. I went through the authors' file — the real names and addresses — which made interesting reading but was not what I wanted. I was after Lefty Stone, the little creep, and I tore the office apart before I finally found it, where any good gumshoe would have looked first: in the taxation files. I found tax records going back two decades. Advance payments and half-yearly royalties on the full 37.

Kiss Of Death and *Night Of The Big Rods* and *Cutie Takes It Hot* had done very well, but *Night Cab to Nowhere* and *Lady, Lead Can Kill* were real money spinners. The little rat was worth a fortune. The name on the files was Henry Morton. The Taxation Department did not take kindly to pseudonyms.

The evening had begun to come down by then, glooming right over for a good night fog. I shut the front office and switched out all the lights. Then I patched up the lock on Henry's door as well as I could with the heel of my shoe and settled back in Henry's managerial swivel chair to wait.

And I waited, as the night came right down. Nearly two hours I waited until just after six, when I heard Henry on the stairs. I guessed he'd been drinking, but he wasn't drunk because his key went straight into the outside lock. He slammed the door. Then the light on my desk came on. For some moments Henry stood still, caught in the low light, a looming black silhouette, a figure of McShane proportions, six-four in gumshoes, on the old-fashioned frosted glass panelling of his office.

He must have been taking in the more obvious clues of my presence, such as my green coat behind the door, the new Stone manuscript *Requiem For A Private Eye* across my desk, his kicked-in door, because he came straight through into the semi-darkness of his office and said: "I told you to go home."

"You killed him," I said.

"He had to die."

"Why?"

"Because he was an overgrown, paranoid delinquent. You said so yourself when you first came."

"I loved him."

"Do you know how many people he'd killed? Let me tell you, Miss Brown. One hundred and forty-nine in 37 books. The man is a psychopath, like you also said."

"You could never publish it," I said. "Apart from the fact that a first person narrator would have to be writing it from the next world to kill himself at the end like that, it's an anachronism with no market value."

"I'm aware of the state of the market, Miss Brown."

"Then why write it?"

"For fun, Miss Brown. They were all written in fun. At least at first. But then snivelling little Lefty Stone began to act out his own fantasies through Rick and make us so much dough we couldn't afford to kill him."

"So you had to kill Rick to get Lefty and leave yourself free?"

"Something like that."

"But there's more, isn't there? In this last one."

"Maybe there is."

"You're damned right there is."

"OK, Miss Brown, you're supposed to be the smart one. You tell me. And I don't want to hear that shit about you having to leave school early to work in a printing shop to support an ailing mother. You've got a six-foot-one-inch mother who's as strong as an ox and a six-three father who teaches classics, and you're doing a thesis on trash literature for a master's degree."

"You've been snooping," I said. A statement of the obvious, I realised, but I was dumbfounded.

"Sure I have. You came in like a dream six months ago and I knew right away you weren't 35. The first day I knew you'd never marked up for printers in your life and after a week you'd even forgotten the punctuality. So I slipped your landlady a fin and she sang like a canary."

"So why didn't you fire me?"

"You spell like a dictionary."

"OK, Henry, but if you think that I, Ellen Brown, did not recognise myself as the exceptionally tall Miss Ellen Green, fantasy lover to you, Lefty and Rick . . ."

"What if you did?"

"So why did you kill her, too?"

"Because she was a fantasy. Unattainable. Just like Rick as far as you are concerned."

"Unattainable is the word, Henry. Thirty-eight books now and 38 times Rick meets the love of his life, but there's always something. She either gets rubbed out protecting him or she's loved some other feeble jerk all along. They make love once and it's all dynamite and feeling good about life. Then disaster. Thirty-eight tragedies of the heart. How could any man stand all that?"

Henry smiled briefly in the frosty light. "It's the nature of the genre," he said.

"Rick has to be left on the loose for the next book and the next woman?"

"Did you ever hear of a married private eye?"

"No, I never did."

"Eve is the closest he can ever come to anything domestic."

"They never make love?"

"No."

"Someone once mentioned a girl called Dolly."

"Yeah, I remember Dolly. Dolly by name, Dolly by nature. She used to sit at your desk."

"She must have hurt you pretty badly, Henry. Thirty-eight unhappy endings."

"I can't remember that far back. I'm so bloody old now."

"Not too old to make the damnedest proposition of love I've ever had."

"We're worlds apart, Ellen. Worlds apart." Henry shrugged.

"I know."

"So you might as well do your blouse back up again, hadn't you?"

"I only ever liked his sense of humor, Henry. So it was really you I liked, wasn't it? The author. You were laughing at yourself the whole time, weren't you? Your height. Your city fears. Your betrayed love. And anyway, Rick's dead now, isn't he? Which also finishes Lefty, and that leaves only you. That's the way you planned it, isn't it?"

"You're crazy."

"Unhook me, will you?"

"No."

"Look, just unhook me, will you?"

"No."

"I can't do it myself, Henry. I'm all thumbs."

"You'd better go, Ellen, before I change my mind."

"But isn't this where our ill-matched bodies come together like animals fighting for life?"

"No."

"But the *Telegraph* promised an upturn in my lovelife."

"You can't believe what you read in papers."

I did up my blouse.

Henry smiled in a tight sort of way.

"Good-bye, Henry," I said. Then I kissed him, tasting tears, and left.

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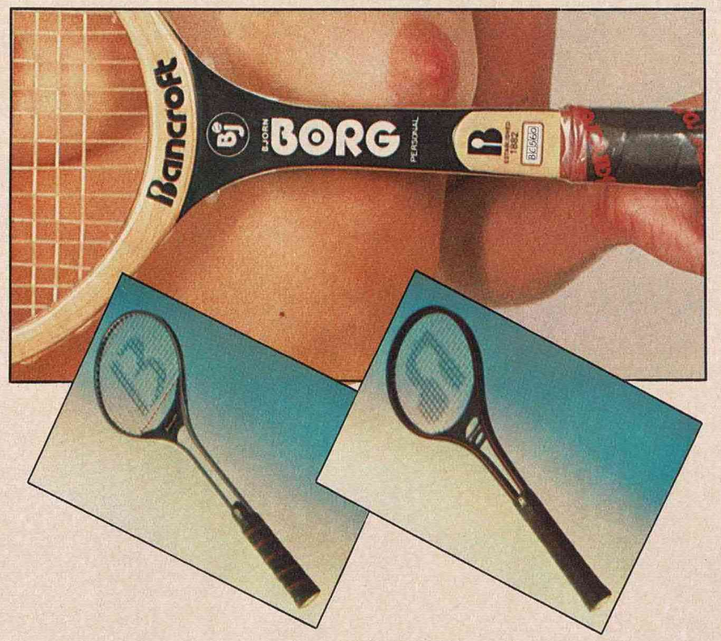
PLAYBOY POTPOURRI

people, places, objects and events of interest or amusement



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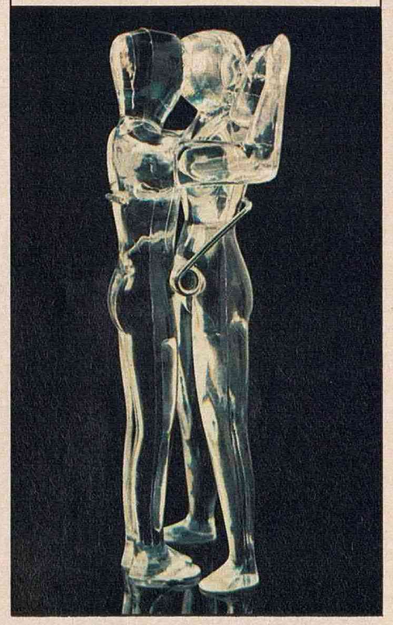
SPELL-BOUND NUMBER PLATES

"Honk if your horny" says this message number plate. But the message is: learn to spell before you go into the plate-making business. Slightly more literate plates are available, from "Do it in the dirt" to "Golfers love birdies". But ideas such as "If it feels good do it" are fine until the guy behind you is fed up with the way you are driving and "feels good" about ramming your car – and "does it". While the debate over putting State mottoes on number plates goes on, you can solve the problem immediately by forking out $3.50 at any of the many Repco outlets.

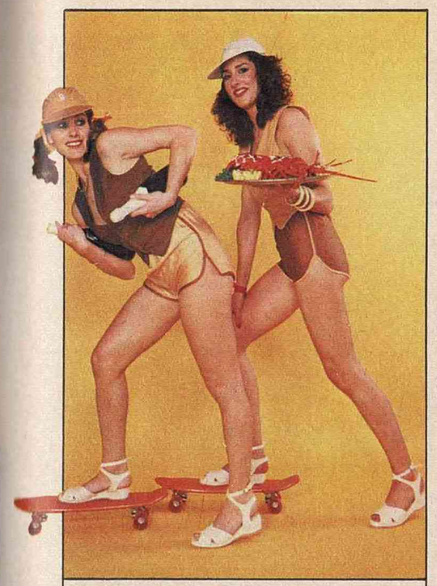
PAPER GAMES

You'll be able to distinguish urgent business papers from the pile of work on your desk if you clip them together with this distinctive paper peg. It's available at Mosmania, Sydney; Giftmaker, Brisbane; Presents, Melbourne; Concept, Adelaide.



OH, HOW NICE

The Power Look, by Egon von Fürstenberg, international clothes designer and tastemaker, tells you how to look like a million dollars. A book for daydreamers and the wealthy, you can have it on your coffee table by spending $13.25.

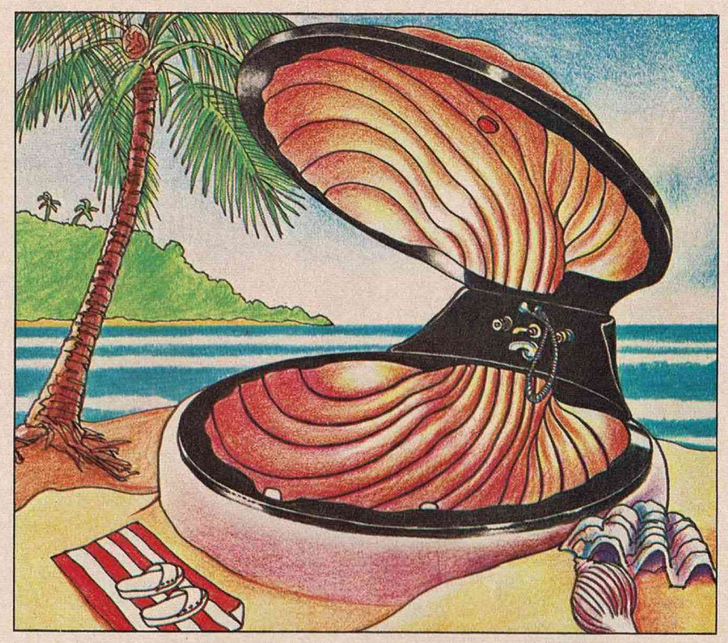


MEALS ON WHEELS

Two young Sydney businessmen, Michael Lau, 27, and Geoffrey Scarf, 26, decided to have a dinner from a favorite restaurant picked up and delivered by taxi. The result was an expensive, inedible lump. But out of their discontent was born Dinner in a Dash, a hot food delivery service with a menu of meals from 30 restaurants. Phone (02) 326-1322.

RUB-A-DUB-DUB . . .

You'll have to shell out $7000 – and probably build on the house – to be the first in your suburb with this acrylic clamshell bath tub. And for an extra payout you can go all the way and add the optional bath whirlpool attachment. The bath and shower shell features classy fittings and has ample room for two (or more). There's also a built-in hand-shower for shampoos or body sprays. With a bath like this you would have to decorate the bathroom with loads of indoor plants and hanging baskets of ferns and use a South Seas motif wallpaper. Inquiries from Euromode, Sydney; The Linen Press, Melbourne; and Co-ordinated Design, Perth. It's an Italian design, but Dorothy Lamour would have loved it.



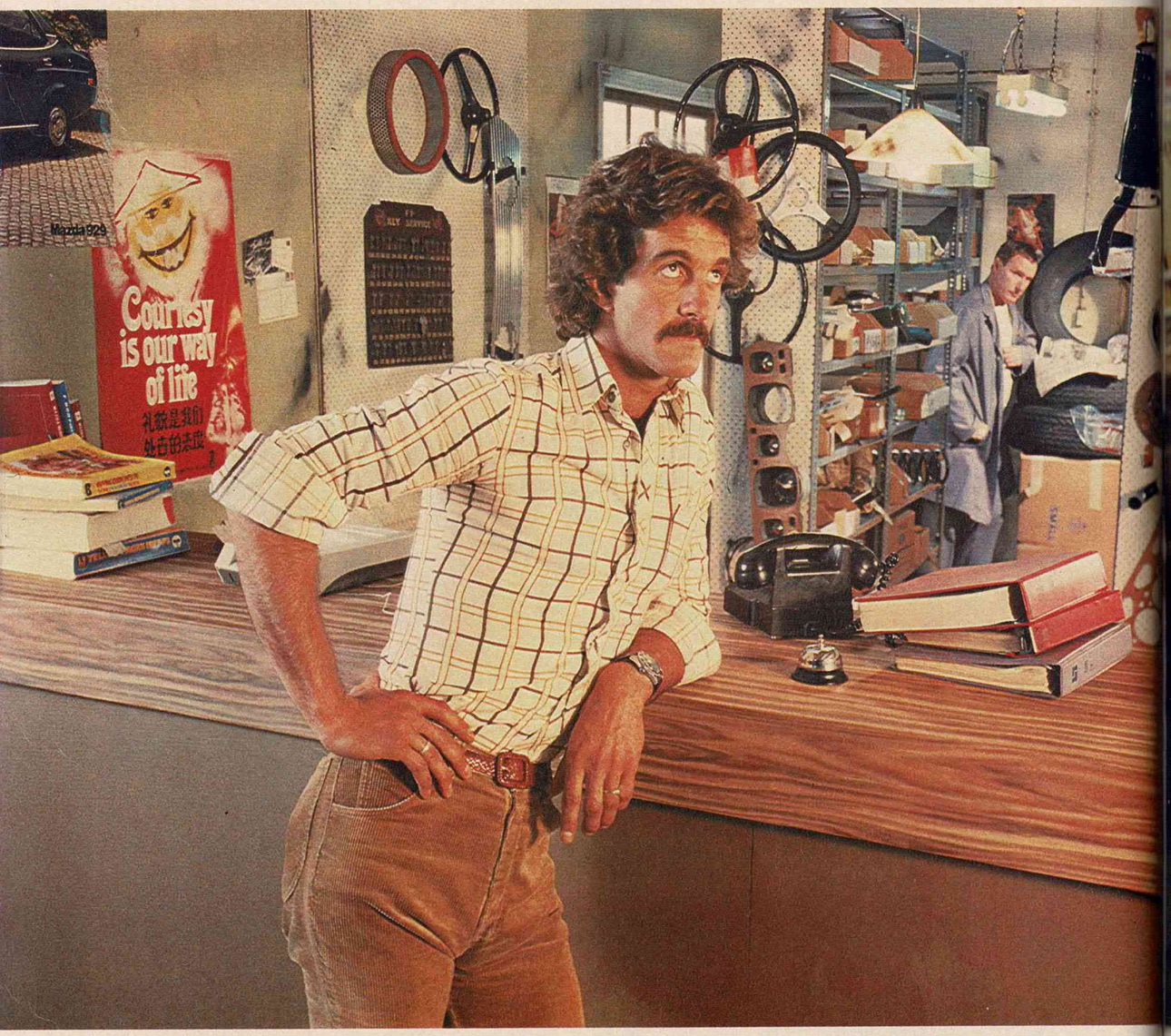
GET STUMPFED

The Stumpf Fiddle was designed for the man who can't read music and never wanted to play in a band. It comes assembled with comfort-grip handle, a good sounding woodbloc, "santa" bells, cymbals, a drumstick, rubber ball base and lacquered shaft. Our luxury Bigshot model, around $98, came from Eyes and Hands Games, Double Bay, Sydney 2028.

KEY TO SUCCESS

Ever have trouble aligning key and keyhole? The answer is this key wallet with built-in torch. The leather wallet is almost indestructible, and the light runs off a concealed 1.5 volt battery. So you won't get caught with a flat battery, the cunning makers have not used an on off switch. The light is activated by flipping out the globe casing. Flip it back into the case and the light goes out. All this for $29 from Cache Holdings, Sydney; Trevor West and Georges, Melbourne; J. B. Conlan, Brisbane; Boans, Perth.

Unipart Centres. Something you've been waiting years for.



If you're fixing your car and you need a part it's usually an expensive hassle. Now there's Unipart.

Unipart is a sort of supermarket of spares for most popular makes. The parts are dead easy to find and they carry a 12 month/20,000 kilometre warranty. Don't be messed around, get into Unipart where they've got thousands of parts for millions of cars all under the one sign.

Thousands of parts for millions of cars. Under one sign.

UN9/R

NEW SOUTH WALES. City: Campbelltown, 172 Queen St. Caringbah, 153 Denman Ave. Liverpool, Shop 24 Memorial Ave. Maroubra Jnctn, 165 Maroubra Rd. Marrickville, Illawarra Rd. Revesby, 112-114 Milperra Road. **Country:** Barrack Heights, 254 Shellharbour Rd. Bathurst, 199A Russell St. Coffs Harbour, 129 High St. Fairy Meadow, 115 Princess Hwy. Narooma, Princess Hwy. Newcastle West, Cnr Hunter, Railway & Tudor Sts. Tamworth, 539 Peel St. **A.C.T.** Fyshwick, 96 Barrier St. Phillip, 61 Colbee Court. **VICTORIA. City:** Elsternwick, 495 Glenhuntly Rd. Footscray, 95 Irving St. Forest Hill, 35 Mahoreys Rd. Preston, 43-63 High St. **Country:** Bairnsdale, 46-56 Nicholson St. Belmont, Cnr High St and Mount Pleasant Rd. Mildura, 25-29 Orange Ave. **QUEENSLAND. City:** Sandgate, Rainbow St. **Country:** Nambour, 73 Howard St. North Rockhampton, Queen Elizabeth Drive. Southport, 121 Scarborough St. Townsville, 614-628 Sturt St. Warwick, Fitzroy St. **SOUTH AUSTRALIA. City:** Enfield, 451 Main North Rd. Unley, 248 Unley Rd. **Country:** Salisbury, 160 Commercial Rd. **WESTERN AUSTRALIA. City:** Cottesloe, Shop 24A, Grove Plaza Shopping Centre. Fremantle, 93 Market St. Gosnells, 102 Connell Ave. Karrinyup, Shop 33, Karrinyup Shopping Centre. Mirrabooka, Shop 23, Mirrabooka Square. Welshpool, 171 Welshpool Rd. Whitford City, Shop 8/9 Whitford City Shopping Centre. **Country:** Bunbury, 20 Arthur St. Cannington, 1251 Albany Hwy. Como, 464 Canning Hwy. Geraldton, 27 Chapman Rd. Kalamunda, 5 Haynes St. Kalgoorlie, 257 Hannan St. **TASMANIA.** Rosny, East Lands Shopping Centre. **NORTHERN TERRITORY.** Stirling, 18 Sturt Valley Rd.

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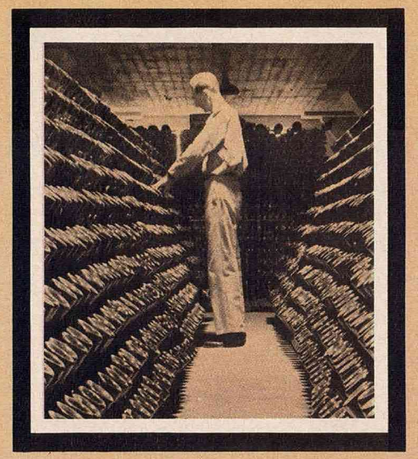
KNOCKED OUT BY THE NEW CHAMP



THEY decked me out with boughs of holly, so I'm told, over the festive season. They could have decked me out with spangles and a tricolored tutu for all I cared. Or knew.

It was the champers that laid me low and at the same time gave me some magnificent highs. And it was, I'm here to say (and that by the grace of God), worth every moment, every cent of it. The champers was, as they say on the Champs, très magnifique. I am more convinced than ever, having sampled them all in the past few weeks, that there is only one champagne – and it comes from that area of France from which the wine takes its name. It is, to my way of thinking, unquestionably the greatest wine ever made.

I have tasted many Australian reds and whites which could – and have – equalled any in the world. And in some not infrequent cases, they've bettered them. But when it comes to champagne, there is only one.

GREAT NEWS FOR ALL LOVERS

Australia does, admittedly, produce some pretty good champagne-style sparkling wines. The best are made by the traditional methode champagnoise – Lindeman's Imperator, McWilliam's Brut, Hardy's Brut (a very rare but delightful commodity), Seppelt Great Western, Penfolds Minchinbury. These are but a few of our better-known "champagnes" and, in a price bracket ranging from around $5 to $7, they're good value.

But to my palate they still lack a magnificence, a headiness, which characterises the French product. It is, in my book, out on its own.

Unfortunately, I don't always have the money to buy it. The cheapest of the French champagnes in Australian bottle shops is around (apart from the odd variety) $12 to $13, so more often than not I've had to deprive myself and support the local industry instead.

Now, however, I have great news for all lovers such as I. Now there is one champagne, a French champagne, coming on the market at around eight bucks a bottle. It's being imported by the ebullient and estimable wine merchant-writer-drinker-you-name-it, Len Evans. Len, you may recall, recently popped off to France where he negotiated the sale of a vineyard to himself and some Australian contacts. Moreover, it's in the Champagne district. Even more moreover, it's good-oh. Très bloody good-oh.

Recently I was at writer Bob Sanders' home in Sydney for a barbecue attended by, among other people, TV producer Bob Raymond, the host (naturally) and the aforementioned Evans. There, in the secrecy of a closed room, Len produced a bottle – one of the first from the area to be brought to Australia. Suffice it to say that it looked, smelled and tasted glorious. It will sell through the Rothbury Estate Society, let me predict, like a bomb.

I think there are many people, like myself, who have a great deal to thank Len for in this latest venture. Now, for the first time, a top quality French champagne will be available at prices that are realistic and highly competitive with the Australian counterparts.

Len's champagne has all the immediately identifiable qualities of the top French product. It has a brilliant light straw color, a full, fruity nose, is absolutely bone-dry and has a wonderful finish on the palate. The wine is a non-vintage cuvée from a blend selected by Len and is made from pinot noir and chardonnay grapes. Its character, delicate finish and balance are all hallmarks of the true Champagne wines, and it should have a great reception among Australian drinkers who care for quality.

It certainly did that day at Bob Sanders' home. Bob Raymond, who has been known to have had the odd glass or two, was delighted with Len's offering. "It takes me back," he said. He was referring to the time when he and host Bob toured France together and, having sampled far and wide, they returned even more enthusiastically affirming – if possible – their love for the fruits of the Champagne vignerons.

We didn't rush that solitary bottle, but sat and savored it for well over half an hour – and for all that time, the tiny bubbles continued to rise.

AN ASSASSIN UNCOVERED

While I'm on the subject, I'd like to have my tuppence worth and have a shot at those people who continue to purvey and promote that excrescence, that assassin – the saucer-shaped champagne glass. Among those who stand condemned, regrettably, are certain sections of the wine industry. Tell me, if you can, what champagne – irrespective of its original excellence – could that container not reduce to a state of total mortality in less than a minute? No, it is a fake and a fraud, an abomination. It should be put to death.

Odd that I should say that, because that very fate befell the person responsible for its creation. It was, as I mentioned to Len the other day, allegedly modelled on the shape of one of Marie Antoinette's breasts. "Then she must have had a terrific personality," snarled the Evans in reply. "She had bugger all going for her in the tit department."

– DERRIL FARRAR

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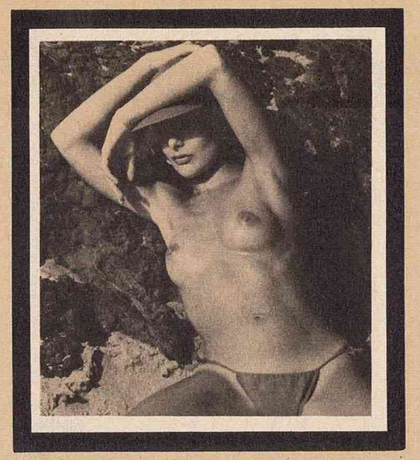


SKIN CANCER: TAN NOW, PAY LATER

WHOEVER coined the phrases "bronze gods" and "bronzed Anzacs" dictated, by thoughtless inference, that only bronze is beautiful. Introduced to the language by patriotic, war-time fervor, those evocative words have left all of us who spring from either Celtic or Aryan stock – and that means most Australians – to repent in peace. And as more of us fall victim to this national repentance, it is not mere intellectual snobbery that brings doctors out in favor of another, more thoughtful quotation: beauty is but a vain and doubtful god.

POST-WAR BRONZE BOOM

Once upon a recent time skin cancer, that unsightly scourge, was largely confined to men whose way of life demanded that they spent most of their daylight hours out of doors – the drovers, the swaggies, the squatters and the rouseabouts. World War Two changed all that. Pictures of sun-ripened diggers in shorts-'n'-shirt service in the Middle East and the Pacific set the pace, and the post-war boom in bronzed bodies has catapulted Australia into unassailable world leadership in the endemic incidence of skin cancer.

There was a time when even those who had to work in the sun bared only what was essential. But-toned-down shirts, long trousers and wide-brimmed hats were the uniform of the bushie. As a result, most skin cancers were restricted to the face, the back of the neck, and the backs of the hands and wrists. Today, skin cancers on the trunk, the legs and the arms are becoming more common.

Tomorrow, as both near and total nudity gather acceptance, the carcinomas are bound to erupt on parts once bared only in the bathroom or bedroom. And while a tanned, taut and trim body might chalk up more bedroom scores than the pale, white variety, the ultimate cost of those few hours of ecstasy will be high.

ONE MILLION OF US TREATED

Some doctors go as far as to declare that every white Australian of Celtic or Aryan origin will develop at least one skin cancer in his lifetime. Others more cautiously write that most Australian families can expect to have personal experience of skin cancer. Surveys show that the current crop of Australian dermatologists have treated or are treating one million of us for one form of skin cancer or another. All doctors agree that the incidence of skin cancer among white Australians is a direct inheritance of the enforced and voluntary transportation of a people designed to live in northern Europe to a continent naturally populated by a black-skinned race.

The alert signs of a cancer developing in the outer layers of the skin – the basal or squamous layers – are any lump, sore, ulcer or scaly patch which shows a reluctance to clear up or heal itself. Moles and birth marks which become itchy, change color, alter their shape, begin to scale or crust, bleed or ulcerate, can indicate the early development of a melanoma. If you suspect you have any of these, see a doctor as fast as your little BMW 528 will get you to his surgery.

Ninety to 95 per cent of basal and squamous cell carcinomas are curable if detected at early, and what doctors call "agreeable", stages. Excision, radio-therapy and cryosurgery (using ultra cold liquid nitrogen) are the classic treatments of these forms of cancer. The disagreeable basal and squamous cancers are more troublesome to treat and might require disfiguring surgery. The survival rates for melanoma are not as encouraging, but early diagnoses and significant advances in the traditional forms of surgical treatment and developments in the use of chemo-surgery give new hope to the victims of this nastiest skin cancer.

A FEW SIMPLE PRECAUTIONS

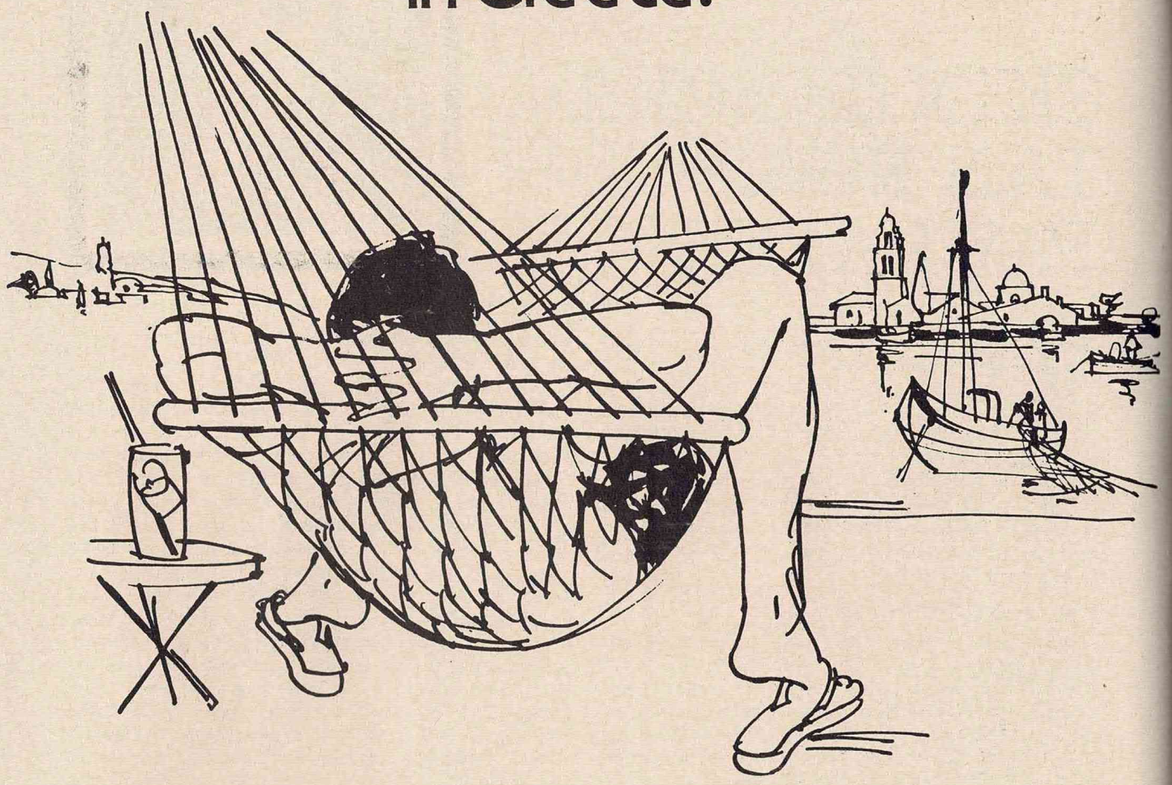
Prevention, however, is the best of all cures. Brown might be beautiful, and an all-over tan might make your baby blues more bedazzling, but your skin and your sex appeal are bound to survive a damned sight longer if you spend less time parading your body in the sunshine.

Of course, covering up in the bikini circle these days is considered unfashionable, anti-social and even unmasculine. But if you must swim with the reddening crowd, take a few simple precautions. Wear a hat that will protect the vulnerable areas like the face, neck and ears. And insure your body by using reliable, ultra-violet blocking lotions, creams or sprays.

There are hundreds of proprietary potions on the market, offered in almost every conceivable consistency and fragrance. Some block out more of the damaging rays than others, but if you have any doubts, consult the Australian Cancer Society, which publishes a list grouping all the products according to the degree of protection they give. There are 74 different brand names listed in Group 1, which is restricted to screening agents offering more than 99 percent protection from the damage caused by ultra-violet B rays. Although doctors will not endorse any particular product, they recommend that you use a sun screener containing para-amino-benzoic acid.

– COLIN RUSSELL

After holidaying in Europe, recover in Greece.



Holidaying in Europe can sometimes be more tiring than you have ever imagined. Places to go. Things to see. People to visit. Planes to catch. Calling it a holiday often couldn't be further from the truth. So, on your way home, why not take a real break? In Greece.

Greece offers you the chance to really recover on your way home. On the edge of Europe, but unlike any other part of it. Greece is a cruise through the most beautiful islands on earth. You can fish, swim, water ski, sunbake.

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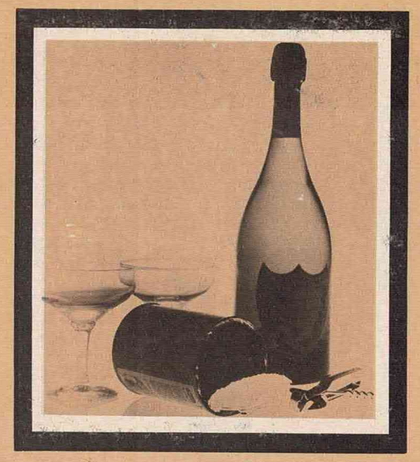

WHAM, SPAM, THANK YOU, MA'AM

MICHEL GUERARD, Paul Bocuse and other leaders of la nouvelle cuisine would throw down their toques in disgust, but good things DO come in cans. And being able to whip up a sumptuous dinner (with a little imagination and a can opener) has won more hearts than the worn-out restaurant and dancing routine.

So what do you do with a couple of frozen steaks? Put them under a griller and, when they are almost done, open a small can of pate de foie gras, spread it on one side of the steaks, score in a diamond pattern with a knife, and brown. Heat canned baby potatoes, drain, roll in butter, sprinkle with dried dill. Drain a can of artichoke hearts (or hearts of palms), sprinkle with oil and lemon juice. It just took you 20 minutes to prepare and cook a most impressive meal.

Unfortunately, canned soup always tastes like canned soup. But a can of crabmeat thrown into a lobster bisque made from the imported packet mix available in most supermarkets makes a creamy, slide-down-the-throat first course.

The acceptance of canned food has made it possible to buy the specialties of many countries at a reasonable price. Most major stores and supermarkets have a canned gourmet food section where you can buy truffles from France and tomatoes from Italy and pickles from China. (I was amused to find cans of kangaroo tail soup in a supermarket in Nashville, Tennessee.)

DON'T DESSERT UNDER FIRE

Canned champignons – local and imported – are probably the most versatile product. They can be marinated in bottled French dressing with garlic and served in lettuce cups, or threaded on to skewers with bacon and scallops and barbecued. Make a small slash on the top of each champignon cap and insert a small canned prawn in each mushroom. Brown in hot, garlic-flavored oil, drain and sprinkle with paprika and freshly-chopped parsley.

Canned fruit is probably the worst dessert you can serve but, used properly, it can become a winner. Heat apricot halves in the syrup from the can, add a dash of vinegar, pepper and nutmeg, and serve as a side dish with roast lamb. Peach slices can be tossed with parsley, rosemary, sliced champignons, bacon pieces and cooked rice to make a superb stuffing for poultry. And canned grapes or cherries make roast duck a delight.

For the canny cook, you can't beat a chicken. Put chicken pieces in a pot, add a can of mushroom soup, a small can of creamed sweet corn, a dash of brandy or dry sherry, some seasoning, a little water and simmer. Or put a whole chicken in a pot, sprinkle with basil and rosemary, add a small can of lima beans and a small can of apricot juice. Casseroles extraordinaire.

Add a can of beer to a pot roast, or open a can of strained apples (the baby food variety), add salt and vinegar and you have "home-made" apple sauce for pork. Spread strained apricots over a leg of lamb, sprinkle lightly with powdered mustard and parsley, salt and pepper, and roast. And just before you take a veal roast out of the oven, spread it with a can of tomato paste and top with canned anchovies placed in a star design. Decorate with halved black olives and sprinkle with parmesan cheese just before serving.

PUT THE HEAT ON BEANS

Canned tuna is invaluable for light summer meals. A small can of tuna in oil mixed with bottled French dressing, chopped onion and capsicum makes lettuce a lunch, and tuna mixed with very cold mayonnaise and poured over cold, sliced veal is delicious. Or mix tuna with cottage cheese and chives and stuff into tomatoes.

And what about baked beans, the single's sustenance? They can be a feast. Put some into a heat-proof dish, stir in a big spoonful of molasses, a good pinch of mustard, a finely chopped onion and a can of diced frankfurters. Top with bacon slices and bread crumbs and bake in a moderate oven until a crust forms.

Always have a couple of cans of orange juice in the refrigerator (or freezer if it's the condensed, frozen kind). You can slurp it into soups, stews, casseroles or roasts, or empty a can of frozen juice into a blender, add ice cubes and vodka and make amazing screwdrivers. And few things beat chilled champagne and orange juice as a heart-starter on a sunny Sunday morning.

Of course, there are some canned goods that can't be disguised successfully, such as processed meat. It still tastes like processed meat. And adding a dash of good red wine to a can of steak and vegetables is a waste of good wine. Canned ham is the exception: it can be sliced thinly for salads or to serve with melon as a starter, baked whole and served with canned yams or cubed with tomatoes, baby canned potatoes and capsicum squares for grilling on skewers.

There are only two things to remember when canned goods are a major contributing factor in your cooking repertoire. One – don't store canned leftovers in the can in the fridge. Two – don't get caught. Make sure all the empty cans are buried in the rubbish bin before your dinner partner arrives. – CAROL ASHDOWN

I won't allow you to buy a hairpiece from Blundell's that looks like a wig.

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WHEELS

trim, taut and turbocharged – that's sweden's supersaab

AT 110km/h he is right on the Turbo's tail. A tonne-and-a-half of hopped up old Falcon sitting on widies that make it look like a beach buggy. And so close to the exhaust pipe that I can almost smell the driver's breath. Smartarse. Plant the foot. The Turbo takes off. Exit V8 rearwards. Rapidly. Ah yes, amazing cars these Porsches. Porsche? No, mate, it's a Saab. One of those funny-looking things from Sweden. Only this one's like a jet with an afterburner. Which is perhaps what you'd expect from a company that makes the Viggen, one of Europe's top jet fighters. Or would you? Saabs have always had, for many of us, that emphasis on Scandinavian stolidity which makes Volvos so society Holdenish. Sort of up-market 244s, front-wheel drive, two-stroke engines, that sort of thing. The Turbo has changed most of that. It's a real rocket. A hell of a car in a straight line, one that can show a dazzling pair of heels to cars with twice its cubic capacity. Top speed: nearly 200km/h; 0-100 in nine seconds. Where the modern turbo unit wins out is in its selectivity: it's in use only 10 to 15 percent of the time, and a gauge atop the dash tells you when. While you're using its extra power by putting your foot down, the engine's going like the clappers and gobbling juice. The other 85 percent of its life is spent being normally-aspirated, lower-powered . . . and economical. The

Saab Turbo is a far from complicated machine. The makers have taken the standard overhead camshaft two-litre four, fiddled with the compression and valve overlap, added a Garrett Airresearch turbo unit, and presto! A fairly ordinary front-wheel drive family five-seater is transformed into a road-eater that will destroy your house-or-garden family six, and most of the Yank-tank V8s. And it will still return 27mpg if you don't thrash it too hard. We gave one a weekend workout from Sydney to Bathurst, over the Blue Mountains, on one of Australia's great goat-track national highways. It was, to be sure, a revelation: a deep metallic red revelation. It went like hell and we'd done the old-fashioned ton before we got to the mountains. It would be hard to imagine a more effortless 160km/h cruiser. The turbocharger, which will spin to 100,000rpm in its frenetic quest for power, really starts to bite when the engine's turning at 2500: you feel a great kick in your back. Handling can be a problem. High-power, high-speed tight cornering will exercise your sphincter as well as your arm muscles. The first sharp corner we entered gave us food for thought for some time. First there's the expected front-wheel drive understeer, which you allow for. Then, as you're accelerating out in, say, second gear, the turbocharger bites and you're faced with a surge of power which hits you like jet lag. If the road is wet or slippery, or there's some loose gravel lying around, the front wheels go into a syncopated jig that would put the fear of Christ into Fangio. You've really got to bulge the biceps to hold it. Still, those sort of automotive calisthenics are unlikely to confront you in everyday driving.

With its sexy paint job, and odd – but good – lines, the Turbo is an eye-turner. But the real appeal is under the bonnet. – TONY REES

GETTING IT ON

for those with style, a forecast for the cooler months ahead

LEFT: The phone rings, and your best friend has come through with the hard-to-get tickets for the concert. You want to look your best, so you get into dark green corduroy pants with tapered legs and slit back pockets by Frieze, $52; shirt with bellows pockets by Cuggi, $50; pull on a woollen blouson jumper in variegated browns and greens by Givenchy, $170; and top it off with a tweed jacket by Frieze, $140. The blue short battle jacket in pure wool by Frieze, $94, and the casual suede jacket with zip-front pockets and drawstring belt by Pierre Cardin, $295, co-ordinate with any pair of jeans. Add John Karandonis calf leather shoes, $70, belt by Cache, $37, and a pure wool scarf by Frieze, $15.

FAR RIGHT: Whatever the game you'll want to win points for style, and choosing a wardrobe for sports is no problem. The only criterion is comfort. So try these: zip-front jacket with matching elastic-waist pull-on pants by Puma, $45; Puma Whirlwind track shoes, $25. Her outfit by the Action Image shop, Sydney; towel from Mark Foys, Sydney; tennis socks by Red Robin; tennis racquets from the Bancroft range.

RIGHT: With a pillion passenger like this you'd take time to pack your calf leather overnight bag by Cache, $270. For a weekend away there's a beige check flannel shirt by Cuggi, $42; navy sweater with plain trim by Jump for Phillip, $40; pure natural silk casual top by Pierre Cardin, $46; khaki cotton all-purpose sweater by Marlboro, $28; brown leather zip-front jacket by Pierre Cardin, $185; faded Amco jeans $28; cowskin boots by Frye $85.50; scarves by Ponti, $18; Polaroid sunglasses, $17.

Photography by Tandy Rowley. All prices are approximate.

STOCKISTS

Cuggi: NSW and Vic, Cuggi and Rarity shops. SA, Jonathan Silver, Adelaide. WA, Tony Barlow, Perth.

Jump for Phillip: NSW, David Jones; Squire Shop, Double Bay.

Marlboro sportswear: NSW, David Jones. Vic, Myer; In-Jean-Ious, all stores. SA, Myer; Peter Shearer, Adelaide.

Pierre Cardin leather: NSW, Sebastians, Double Bay; Brogue for Men, Cremorne and Crows Nest. Vic, Opal Menswear, Bentleigh and Ringwood; Rarity shops. SA, Nova Menswear, North Adelaide. WA, Mainardi Menswear, Perth. Qld, Rothwells, Brisbane.

Pierre Cardin clothing: NSW, Ron Bennetts; The 556 Shop, Sydney. Vic, Peter G. Clothes, South Yarra. SA, Valentino, North Adelaide. Qld, Just Men, Brisbane.

Cache overnight bag: NSW, Bag-Stop, Sydney. Vic, Moda Di Domani, South Yarra. Qld, Isabel Taylor, Brisbane. ACT, Portofoli, Canberra.

Cache belt: NSW, Clive Richards, Sydney. SA, Butlers for Men, Adelaide. Qld, J. B. Conlan, Brisbane.

Givenchy: NSW, John Lane, Double Bay. Vic, Moda Di Domani, South Yarra.

Frieze, John Karandonis, Ponti: From leading menswear shops nationally.

Puma, Frye: From selected stores nationally.

GETTING IT OFF

why the chaps are sticking their noses into pinocchio's

FRIDAY night is amateur strip night at Pinocchio's disco in Perth. You can tell by the guys queueing on the footpath with four bucks in their hands . . . and the girls. Tall, confident, cheeky, with bright eyes meeting stares defiantly; mousy teenagers with hairy calves and brown leather earth sandals; bold painted young women with high, heavy breasts and sprayed-on denims. They're amateurs because they haven't done it before; but at the same time they come for the money.

The club's manager, Joe Cossi, guessed months ago that it might pull the crowds to have a strip show. But something different. Amateurs were the answer. He advertised. The first night there were six girls and 1100 paying customers jammed into the club. Since then the parade of pudenda has rolled on merrily. Paddy Cooper has taken over as den mother to the tyros and already she has enough anecdotes to put Gypsy Rose Lee out of business.

In Paddy's office, which doubles as a dressing room on amateur nights, we found Carmen. Cool and demure. The prettiest girl in the typing pool who can't quite believe why men make such a fuss of her.

Her boyfriend insisted he would pick her up at 1.30am – *after* the show. And her friends were equally bashful. But the guys from the office were coming en masse. "I suppose they want to have a good look at how I am," she said, and added icily: "They'll have to pay."

She had the air of a prize-fighter on the night of a title fight. Barefooted in her brown street dress, she said: "My girlfriend did it. I go to Swanbourne (Perth's unofficial nude beach) all the time, so I don't care who looks. Besides, $100 for three minutes is nearly a week's pay in my ordinary job."

Sue-Anne, who had been on before, was a big help for the novices. "The crowd is really nice," she reassured them. "Besides, you can't really see them. The spotlight is in your face and you get really awful butterflies just before you go on, but when you're out there you just hear the music and it's great. I didn't want to come off last time."

Carmen didn't quite agree. She sat in the crowd last Friday. "These guys can be really ignorant, some of them. The things they say are crude – the things hoons say to you on the street. One guy was sitting in front of me and he turned round and said 'Would you take it off for $100?' I knew I was going to do it this week so I said 'Yes, I would'. And he said, 'Would you do other things for $100, sweetie?' Boy, I just hope he comes here one night and sees his own daughter out there in front."

"You wouldn't believe some of the acts," said Paddy. "The most popular girl we ever had was Twinkle. All 16 stone of her. They didn't know whether to laugh or cry. She was so fat, but so funny. They loved it. I wish we could get more chicks her size."

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BWD 279 APB

Expense Allowances:

How to avoid the tax blitz.

Expense allowances are the latest target in the current tax blitz. The 'tax-free' nature of these allowances is under close scrutiny from the Taxation Department and numerous taxpayers are being quizzed on their travel and entertainment expenses for the tax year ended 30th June, 1978. There is every indication that the 'please explain' questionnaires will continue into the 1978/79 tax year.

In *The McCabe Letter* there is a special four-page report on expense allowances and the tax blitz. It explains the procedures being followed by the Taxation Department and clarifies the information required to *substantiate the 'tax-free' claims.*

More importantly the report sets out specific guidelines for employer and employee to follow in order to avoid the blitz. For taxpayers who have no records available to support their expense allowance claims the report shows you how to negotiate with the Taxation Department.

THIS SPECIAL REPORT SHOULD BE COMPULSORY READING FOR EVERY EMPLOYER AND EMPLOYEE WHO HAS EXPENSE ALLOWANCES.

The McCabe Letter

No one has yet been prosecuted for smuggling a copy of The McCabe Letter into Russia although we feel this is only a matter of time. As Australia's leading investment newsletter it is totally devoted to the decadent Western habit of making money.

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MUSIC

chicago comes alive and elton john makes his first honest music in years

SINCE its debut double album *Chicago Transit Authority* in 1969, every album by Chicago has gone platinum, and *Hot Streets* (the first album with a title) is no exception. It went platinum in the US the day it was released. The group, which is on its second Australian tour, has shown on this album that it can still produce the exciting sounds which took it to the top 10 years ago. This resurgence is partly due to Donnie Dacus, who joined after the death of guitarist Terry Kath. Dacus's rockier sound has given Chicago the lift it needed, and is evident on tracks such as Alive Again, Little Miss Lovin' (with the Bee Gees singing harmonies) and Ain't It Time.

•

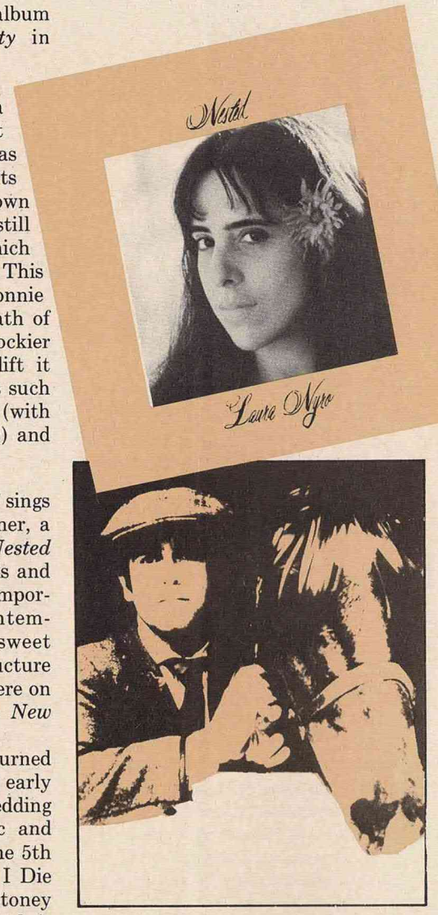
"Oh America, I am your rose," sings Laura Nyro in American Dreamer, a track from her new album, *Nested* (CBS), and she is – velvet petals and sharp thorns. One of the most important singer-songwriters in contemporary music, Nyro's bitter-sweet lyrics and innovative melodic structure are just as strong now as they were on her first album, *More Than A New Discovery,* in 1966.

Just about every time you turned on the radio in the late '60s and early '70s you heard a Nyro song: Wedding Bell Blues, Stoned Soul Picnic and Sweet Blindness were hits for the 5th Dimension, as were And When I Die (Blood, Sweat and Tears) and Stoney End (Barbra Streisand). *Nested* is Nyro's first album of new songs in more than two years, and she asserts her authority with style, grace and power. She retains the wide vocal range, individual piano style, time changes and cross rhythms that made her *Eli and the Thirteenth Confession* album (1968) a classic.

Stand-out tracks include Rhythm and Blues, which has echoes of Sweet Blindness and features John Sebastian on harmonica, My Innocence, The Sweet Sky, American Dreamer, Springblown and The Nest. Recorded at her home with a mobile unit, *Nested* was produced by Nyro and Roscoe Harring. – ANN CAMERON

•

The obvious talents of the dusky, delectable Donna Summer have never been disputed but now, three years after the sensuous Love To Love You Baby was released in America, she has established another quality – she can sing. That's right, folks, minus the Moogs, double tracking and echo, Ms Summer has a voice. A victim of a PR campaign by Neil Bogart, of Casablanca Records, which made her an instant sex symbol rather than a singer, she makes this musical revelation on the double album *Donna Summer Live And More* (Casablanca).



Laura Nyro feathers her nest: Elton combines song and sport.

On side one of the live section she rips through a string of her hits, including Once Upon A Time and Fairy Tale High, without her drummer pausing to vary his monotonous disco beat. Most considerate. The next side is the eye opener as Ms Summer casts aside the plastic disco mould, makes some use of vocal cords and generates some warmth as an entertainer with musical sensitivity. Only One Man, I Remember Yesterday slightly break the ice before she launches into a Phil Spector type '60s rocker, Love's Unkind – which proves at least that she has a sense of humor. Then, would you believe, a straight version of the Gershwin classic The Man I Love, Some Of These Days, The Way We Were and a song she wrote for her daughter, Mimi's Song – all with a lot of aplomb and polish.

The production is first class, her band of session musos pleasurably tight and the album enjoyable until the fourth and only studio side, where she declares war on Jimmy Webb with a disco version of Macarthur Park – which proves that you can't leave your cake out in the rain and eat it. – IAN MOORE

•

For those who've been listening since *Tumbleweed Connection,* Elton John without Bernie Taupin is something akin to fish without chips. Nevertheless, on *A Single Man* (Rocket), Svelte Elt does a fair job of erasing our memory of his brilliant former lyricist. The words, of course, are not the same and the ballads (Shine On Through, Georgia) suffer for it. But John's new co-writer Gary Osborne has a few tricks of his own. Big Dipper, in particular, shows promise.

John, never shy about self indulgence, is joined on two tracks by members of the Watford Football Club (well, he owns the bloody club; he says sing, they sing). As backing vocalists the boys make very good footballers, but it obviously got a lot of locker room laughs at the time, and Elton's made far too much money to be entirely serious about his music these days. Oddly enough, it's a sombre note towards the end which rescues this album from a season on the bench. The tragic death of his teenage messenger boy inspired John to put down six and a half minutes of beautiful, haunting instrumental. Multi-tracking on pianos, Moog and string synthesizer, John makes his first honest music in too many years.

•

You could hardly call these comeback albums. Van Morrison and Neil Young have never strayed very far from the top since they burst on to the charts with Them and Buffalo Springfield respectively back in the '60s. Still, recent offerings from both artists have been patchy at best. Morrison's *Wavelength* (Warner Bros) and Young's *Comes A Time* (WEA) signal a return to form. On his *Wavelength* album Morrison recaptures

some of the magic style that made *Moondance* such a breakthrough solo album. The distinctive skat singing permeates most of the tracks, but there is also strength of lyrics, particularly on the semi-autobiographical Take It Where You Find It. The musicianship, as always, is superb, and Morrison seems as at ease singing simple songs about living in America as he once was singing about the bovver boys of Belfast in his earlier days.

Comes A Time combines the clever use of strings and back-up vocals employed on *Harvest* with the simple country feel of *After The Gold Rush.* Young fans have always been equally divided about which of those earlier efforts was his best, so this record should please all.

Gone are the morbid lyrics of Zuma and American Stars and Bars, and the desperate drunkenness of Tonight's The Night. In their place we have Neil, the good ol' boy, grinning wickedly out of the cover at us. The title track, Human Highway and Motorcycle Mama are vintage Young, with commercial success stamped all over them. The composer himself sums up his attitude towards his best album in a long while with the line: "In the field of opportunity it's ploughing time again."

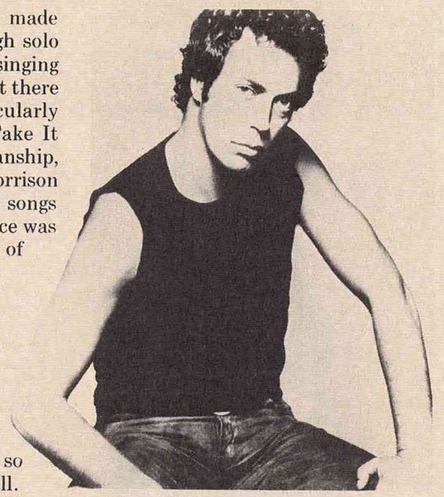
•

Actors who dabble in music on the side are generally bad news – take the warbling Richard Harris, for example. Tim Curry's debut album, *Read My Lips* (A & M), shows there are exceptions to the rule. Curry, who played Dr Frank N. Furter in *The Rocky Horror Picture Show* and the Bard in youth and middle-age in the BBC's *The Life of Shakespeare;* has taken on nine new roles here. He moves from reggae to blues to soul to jazz and finally to the top floor of the Brill building, mercilessly taking the mickey out of every style he tries.

It's a funny album. The blues were never raunchier than on Curry's expletive-riddled Sloe Gin; Phil Spector is given a run for his money on Anyone Who Had a Heart, and Irving Berlin is dragged screaming through the decades on Harlem On My Mind. It's a virtuoso performance of pop standards that manages to be both richly satirical and respectful. Curry has a voice he can twist at whim and, with some of the best session musicians in the world to back him, he covers almost every facet of modern music with a skill rarely found in mimics. The album is an interesting experiment in thespo-rock. – RALPH JITTAR

•

Alivemutherforya (CBS) is the unlikely title of a new one by drummer Billy Cobham, reed man Tom Scott, bass player Alphonso Johnson, guitarist Steve Khan, and Cobham's regular keyboard man, Mark Soskin, more than holding his own with these modern masters.



Tim Curry makes an interesting experiment in thespo-rock.

After a successful concert appearance at the Montreux Festival in Switzerland, the group did a month's tour at the end of 1977 starting on America's East Coast and heading west. The six tracks on this album were taped during those concerts. All the performers are heard to advantage, especially Tom Scott, whose pretty Shadows and Spindrift are highlights. Khan is perhaps not quite as aggressive as some of his contemporaries – he even plays acoustic guitar.

This sort of music is attracting a new audience for jazz from people who listened only to rock. The musicians are known equally by kids as by long-time jazz enthusiasts. Jazz is alive and well – even if much of its music could hardly be described as recognisably unique.

•

Pianist non pareil Bill Evans has, once again, changed labels and now records for Warner Brothers, which has celebrated the occasion by bringing out a stunning tour de force by this never less than interesting musical colossus. The album, *New Conversations* (Monologue, Dialogue and Trialogue), is just that – a series of tracks utilising multi-tracking so that at times the performer is heard simultaneously on three pianos – two acoustic and one electric. This follows Evans' previous excursions in this field – *Conversations With Myself* and *Further Conversations With Myself,* made some years back for Verve. There is no grand-standing here. Evans has never been along that road. It is just superb musicianship all the way in the style one has come to expect of him.

As a performer of ballads, Bill Evans has few peers. His treatment of his own Remembering the Rain and Ellington's undeservedly lesser-known Reflections In D is breathtaking. There is no evidence of his "playing with death", as one critic harshly accused him. It's all a celebration of life and its joys played with an obvious sincerity by one of the real masters of modern music. – KYM BONYTHON

•

Whenever I hear a Beethoven symphony, live or on record, I always think the music is somehow greater in itself than it can ever be performed.

But I'm beginning to think Lorin Maazel's cycle of the symphonies for CBS is going to be different. It is already a wonderful surprise. Maazel's version of the Fifth, released a few months ago, has the freshest, most forceful approach I have ever heard to one of the most familiar pieces of classical music in the world. Listening to it is like hearing the thing for the first time. That, in itself, is amazing. Now comes Maazel's recording of *Beethoven's Third,* the *Eroica* (CBS) – and it's even better. To capture the intensity and drama of the Fifth, Maazel may have sacrificed a measure of nobility. But his performance of the Third is totally satisfying. It positively glows with deeply-felt emotion.

The first marvel is that Maazel has built a performance charged with equal measures of controlled power and lyrical warmth. The second is the brilliant, rivetting playing of the Cleveland Orchestra, whose sumptuous contribution abounds with clarity, polish and almost incredible precision.

Maazel's is not an over-rich romantic approach. He goes for clean, taut, but unforced power. And he gets it. The rich complexity of the first movement is monumental and driven with energy; the measured Funeral March is noble, poignant and moving; the vibrant Scherzo alive with rhythm; and the last movement vigorous and lyrical by turns: in all, a performance to excite the mind and make the heart beat faster. – ADRIAN READ

SHORT CUTS

John Williamson *Road To Town* (Mercury): Williamson sheds the Old Man Emu image with 12 good tracks showcasing his depth of character and sense of humor.

Ian Tamblyn (Astor). A badly produced Canadian version of John Denver who reaches an absolute all-time Rocky Mountain low.

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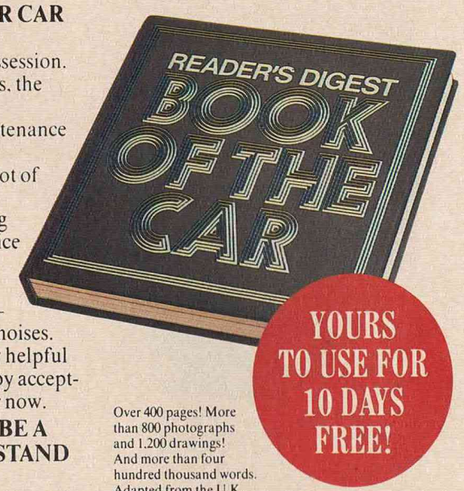

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MOVIES

gregory peck upstages lord olivier in a macabre tale of nazi sadism

SOME people have never forgiven Laurence Olivier for those Polaroid television commercials. I was never one to blame him: better his Lordship turn an honest penny selling cameras than a dishonest performance in front of them. But am I right in detecting a certain shoddiness in his recent work for the screen, something faintly slick and meretricious, almost a contempt for the art he has now so totally mastered? Of course there is a kind of bad acting that only great actors can get away with.

I suspected as much in *Marathon Man:* here was the famous thespian flaunting his versatility, parading his many-faceted talents and voices as a murderous dentist. Now, after seeing *The Boys from Brazil,* a ludicrous but highly diverting thriller from Franklin J. Schaffner, I'm sure of it.

Here is Olivier again, hamming it for all he's worth as a doddering, absent-minded, watery-eyed but brilliantly intrepid tracker-down of notorious nazi war criminals.

The character is a pastiche of cliches, and Olivier adds to it one more layer of sentimental unreality. I never thought I'd see Gregory Peck upstage the great Larry in the same film, but mein Gott, he does in this.

The Boys from Brazil derives from prose by Ira Levin, all of whose works have been expensively and profitably filmed. Levin has the inspired knack of identifying the latest macabre fad (be it teenage homicide, cybernetics or devil worship in lower Manhattan), giving it a stylish twist, and timing his book for maximum advantage. All of this makes a pretty penny for Levin, and who can blame him? This time he combines *two* macabre fads – one of them the possibility of genetic cloning, enjoying a brief topicality thanks to the efforts of irresponsible publishers and scientific romancers; the other the cinema's insatiable and perennial preoccupation with Hitler.

For years the nazis have provided serious film-makers with a valid excuse for making horror movies disguised as relevant social statements. Bergman has just done it with the pre-nazi era in *The Serpent's Egg* (parts of which were excellent), and now here is Schaffner's little effort, a scary thriller with just enough nods towards serious social themes to preserve his fading reputation as a serious director. (It will also, of course, keep Levin well supplied with life's comforts for the foreseeable future.) The basic idea is horrific, as all who have read the book will know, and as usual with such films the less said about the story the better. I am never one to spoil enjoyment by giving away details. We return to Levin's obsession with the monstrous birth. This time it has to do with the grisly medical experiments performed on living victims by the nazi sadist Josef Mengele, who turns up alive and well, and is played in the movie by none other than Gregory Peck. Now having Gregory Peck play a sadistic killer is rather like having Boris Karloff in the lead role in *Goodbye Mr Chips.* It's highly original casting.

Fearsome as Peck may look with sinister make-up, shambling gait, heavy-lidded eyes and a cruel moustache, there is still the major problem of his voice.

This is as distinctively mellifluous as James Mason's and, would you believe, the very same James Mason appears in the film as an old nazi with impeccable manners and a taste for Brahms. The plot requires a number of unsuspecting people to be done to death in different parts of the world, which enables Schaffner to prod our flagging interest with some highly ingenious murders, photographed in picturesque locations by Henri Decaiy. It all ends in a ranch house in rural Massachussetts with ferocious dobermanns bloodily involved, the final confrontation between Olivier and Peck – our old friends Good and Evil, you understand – surpassing Levin's wildest excesses of gruesome fantasy.

Don't misunderstand me: it's not that I'm against Schaffner's film; it's not that I didn't enjoy it in a morbid way. It is a slick, pacy, handsome, thoroughly professional thriller. It's just that I can't help feeling uneasy when the worst horrors in the history of our fragile race are adapted for a work of commercial entertainment. Or is that being too squeamish? If the film has a message, it's to watch out for spoilt 14-year-old boys with swarthy hair and a yen for photography. It seems there are quite a few around.

•

I had been trying to remember the last great English movie I had seen – not just a great movie made in England *(2001,* for example), but a great movie by an English director. I kept harking

Felicity **gained film-maker John Lamond his third R-rating. These scenes, featuring Glory Annen and supporting love-cast, show why.**

R-RATED

FELICITY is young, Felicity is beautiful. Felicity explores sex, pursues it from the bonnet of a car, through the whorehouses of Asia, demolishing, as she goes, each barrier from lesbianism to erotica. Canadian actress Glory Annen plays the title role of Felicity, a 17-year-old convent-educated Australian schoolgirl. The film traces her sexual awakening and loss of virginity – the disillusionment of an aspiring young girl who finds frustration rather than love as she moves from man to woman in a fruitless search for happiness. The raunchy *Felicity* is the third R-rated feature by Australian film-maker John Lamond, whose first two movies were the highly successful money-earners *Australia After Dark* and *The ABC of Love and Sex.*

Lamond tested scores of Aussie girls, but could not find a suitable actress. He signed Glory Annen, and co-star Joni Flynn, in London. Joni, 24, a London-based Eurasian, plays the role of the older woman who helps awaken Felicity's burgeoning sexuality. Coinciding with the film's release is an edition of the book *Felicity,* by Jean Le Monde – a wry nom-de-plume. As we might expect, a constant procession of ripe young bodies and moist thighs fills the pages.

The publishers, Circus, must feel subtlety is out of place in a sex saga, so the book gets right down to raising a full head of steam. But it's a professional writing job, carefully paced and with a vocabulary usually hopelessly beyond your average soft-porn author. – MARTIN ANDERSON

back to the old guard of new wavers in the '60s, who made all those slum tenements look fetching in black and white. No doubt about the strange death of the English film industry: something to do, I guess, with all the money and talent being drained off in brilliant TV serials.

Now along comes *Midnight Express,* a new film by a new chap called Alan Parker, which just about settles the question once and for all: this could be the most striking and powerful English picture since – well, let me think – Richard Attenborough's *Oh! What A Lovely War.* And, like that masterpiece, it's about the limits of human anguish, extremes of degradation and hypocrisy, the perversion of legal and social codes. This may be stretching the analogy a bit, I grant; but not for years have I seen a film whose accumulation of passion, indignation and horror makes it, at times, almost unbearable to watch.

I recall very little of the true story of Billy Hayes, whose actual experiences in a Turkish prison are the basis of *Midnight Express.* The film's authenticity isn't helped by the standard small-print disclaimer in the credits about characters and incidents bearing no resemblance, etc. But let's take the blurb men and Billy Hayes' own book at face value.

Billy, a young American student, is arrested at Istanbul airport in October, 1970, sneaking a few packets of hashish on to a flight back home to the States. He's not a pusher: he's a silly, impulsive kid looking for an easy dollar.

The Turks grab him and sentence him to four years in the appalling Sagimilcar prison. When his sentence is almost over he is hauled back into court, the charge is converted to smuggling, and Billy gets 30 years. The prison is a hell-hole, and to list the ingredients in the plot will not only inflame Sydney's Reverend Fred Nile, but leave readers with the tiniest suspicion that the producers set out to concoct a potboiler with everything nasty thrown in – torture, sodomy, murder, violence, not to mention drugs, masturbation, cannibalism and cruelty to animals.

It's unfair, I know, to list things baldly like that, because the subject is inevitably grim (all prison movies are), and an honest film won't shirk the truth. Here indeed some sneaking doubts keep troubling me.

Young Parker is a director to conjure with, but does he conjure a little too craftily with his raw materials? *Midnight Express* doesn't *need* that gloss: no nifty cutting or smart angles, thank you. Ultimately what redeems it – what places it above suspicion – is the integrity of the main performers, particularly Brad Davis as Billy, and Randy Quaid and John Hurt as his desperate prison comrades.

For me, nothing quite matches the brilliance of the opening. From a back screen rises a reverberating cry of twanging strings, wailing voices like the plaints of some mad psalmist, above a rising and quickening pulse of amplified heartbeats. We watch Billy strap the hashish to his waist; he takes his place in the customs and departure queues; his girlfriend (Irene Miracle) is briefly introduced. It's a beautifully-timed sequence of controlled terror, not unlike Jane Fonda's railway station ordeal in *Julia,* and none the worse for the resemblance. Fear of discovery by officialdom is one of the oldest suspense formulas in films; it has rarely been better handled.

We move with Billy to the remand prison, to a brief encounter with impotent embassy officials and his pathetic, bewildered dad (an ageing insurance salesman brilliantly played by veteran Mike Kellin), who brings Billy a clean suit in a parcel "to smarten y'up in court"; then to Billy's perfunctory trial and final incarceration. The Turkish dialogue of jailers, policemen and court officials is never translated in subtitles; we are left to share all Billy's bafflement, panic and incomprehension, reading the twists and buffetings of his fate from the faces and gestures of his captors. There is great acting here, right down to the smallest roles.

Only occasionally does Parker's hand falter. Billy's denunciation of his Turkish captors from the dock is a set-piece speech of which I doubt an adolescent would be capable, especially one as essentially foolish as Billy; and the scenes in the prison madhouse, when Parker treats us to a Fellini-style gallery of freaks and misfits, veer pretty close to sensationalism.

I doubt, too, that the gentle and sensitive Billy, however grievous the provocation, would be capable of biting out the tongue of a prison informer. When Parker overreaches, he weakens the real flavor of melancholy and despair at the heart of the story, best conveyed in the unforgettable encounter between Billy and his girl in the interview block, and in flashes of cynical humor. Billy is asked why he keeps his hair cut short. "To remind me." "To remind you of what?" "How much I hate it here."

As I say, I have no wish to be cynical or mistrustful, but one has only Hayes' word for the veracity of this terrible story. We know that a young American spent five years in Sagimilcar before making his escape in 1975. But would such a film stand up as a work of art if every detail of the story was known to be fiction? It's an old question, and it's a sound rule in art and entertainment to trust the work rather than the artist. Let the film speak for itself. Parker's film speaks with a clear and uncompromising voice for justice and humanity. I have no doubt it will be judged in time as one of the great testaments to human valor, as well as a film of superb craftsmanship and technical distinction.

•

It's a relief to have Robert Morley back in a part that exercises his talents more effectively than soup commercials, and with a genuinely witty script into the bargain. *Who Is Killing The Great Chefs of Europe?* is a stylish comedy directed with some unevenness by Ted Kotcheff, in which Morley is a super-gourmet and epigrammatic bon-vivant, the editor of an influential restaurant guide and food magazine who gets mixed up in a lot of unlikely murders.

Wildean parallels come to mind: I still remember Morley in the best of the Oscar films of the late '50s. Here we discover him reprimanding a feature writer for a tasteless speculation on the menu for the Last Supper and refusing to let his doctor call him Max: "I decline," he says, "to be on first-name terms with anyone whose fingers have been in my rectum."

Despite excellent fun with George Segal as an American fast-food tycoon re-wooing his former wife (Jacqueline Bisset), the film flagged for me whenever Morley was off the screen. The plot is concerned with professional jealousies in the higher reaches of the very competitive culinary trade.

There are lovingly-photographed sequences of food preparation and some charming shots of London and Venice. The discovery of the first corpse is a sufficiently unnerving experience to take the gusto out of some of the laughs.

None too deep or subtle in its satire – not too deep or subtle at all, in fact – but full of pleasurable lines and with a well-turned double (or is it triple?) twist in the final moments.

•

Blue Fin, directed by Carl Schultz from the novel by Colin Thiele, is an appealing and thoroughly workmanlike boys' adventure about tuna fishing. Boy (Greg Rowe) eventually proves himself a man in the eyes of Dad (Hardy Kruger), and the storm scene is effective. By all means take the kids, but don't expect another *Storm Boy.* This one lacks an incredible pelican, a brilliant Aboriginal star and the wild, mysterious scenery of its predecessor.

– EVAN WILLIAMS

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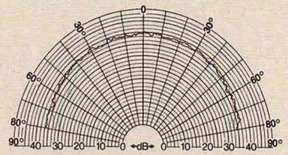

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BOOKS

it's not all wine and roses for the men who screw around

YOU MIGHT have known, or at least have guessed, that about half of all married men have extra-marital affairs. You might find it more surprising to learn that 80 percent of them put a very high value on their home sex lives and have no intention of leaving their wives and families.

If that's not much consolation to a wife who feels she has been cheated, she'll probably be even less enthralled to learn that most of the men who engage in "extrasex" do so simply because they need and enjoy the company of other women – sex is only part of that need.

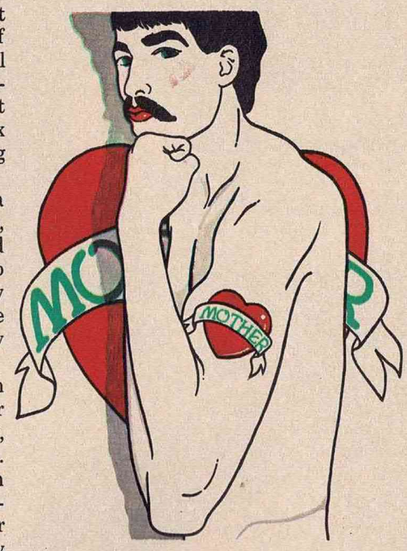
These are some of the findings from a study by Lewis Yablonsky, a doctor of philosophy and sociology professor, of more than 800 American men. Yablonsky coined the term extrasex in preference to extra-marital sex because he found that such behavior largely was not related to or caused by the marriage.

As for the cheated wife, more than 80 percent of the affairs are kept secret – often because the wife adopts an "ostrich attitude" to avoid pain and having to react in ways which might destroy the marriage. Husbands who play around and who don't want to threaten the marriage have an obvious interest in encouraging this attitude.

In his book *The Extrasex Factor* (Times), Yablonsky has covered the fertile ground turned up by the "sexual revolution" – a greater willingness on the part of the men to be open about discussing their behavior (except with their wives) than when Alfred Kinsey carried out his research into male sexuality in 1948.

For instance, there is no doubt that those who play around do so more often and with far less guilt than husbands of the previous generation. There is also a wider understanding of personal motivation: a man whose wife found him out and never stopped harping on his infidelity inspired the response: "I'm getting blamed anyway, so I may as well have some fun". He recognised this response as an excuse, but still increased his sexual activity beyond the home.

What of the other half, the married men who don't play around? Apart from religious or compassionate values, the reasons for staying faithful are mainly negative – the high price of getting caught, guilt, lack of courage, fear of failure, lack of time. But it's not all wine and roses for the men who screw around. A quarter of them had



negative feelings about their activities and another quarter had mixed feelings. One of the negative responses was: "I felt terrible. I was at this convention and the guys talked me into screwing this whore. She gave me clap. It almost broke up my marriage because I had to tell my wife so she could go to the doctor, too. I'm still paying for that one mistake five years later."

But one positive response aired a common reaction – improved sex with the wife after a rejuvenating affair: "Frankly, I was worried about my potency. I could hardly get it up for my wife any more. With other different women I have no problems at all. And since I've been screwing other women, sex with my wife has improved, too."

After assessing the many complex aspects of human sexuality which lead to extrasex, Yablonsky comes to the conclusion that "monogamy is another idealised myth in contemporary society".

•

Melbourne psychologist Ronald Conway (author of *The Great Australian Stupor*) makes another descent into the murky Australian mind in *Land of the Long Weekend* (Sun Books). No shallow pop exploration, this, despite the title; it is a deep, discursive view from the porthole of his private bathysphere. For Conway is a true conservative; the raucous excesses of the Left obviously nettle him more than the bland brutality of the Right. But he is undeniably a valuable (and fairly even-handed) observer – and a privileged one. The confessions of his patients spice his own sometimes po-faced couch-side manner.

Conway values the family and scorns spineless Aussie males who do not shoulder its weight ("Momism", it seems, is even stronger here than in the US). The most precious gift any man can offer his children, he says, is "his unguarded, spontaneous self" – which isn't what a bloke wants to hear when he's just ducking off to golf, the local pub or the club.

He is, then, a Christian moralist bearing a message of love – and most of the people who need him won't read him. His patient is the fleshy Australian of the '70s who flinches from self-examination.

Sex? The book's worth buying for this chapter alone – irrespective of whether you agree with his view of the permissive society. One small facet: "So many Australian men might be bluntly described as rollers, thrusters and grunters. Their eyes are so fixed upon the competitive goal of orgasm that they have little time for delicate preliminaries and rarely let themselves enjoy the simple delights of tactile closeness, warmth and togetherness."

Mechanical Anglo-Saxon man, he adds, must work towards recovering "those discarded feelings and passionate sensibilities which are the true basis of manliness".

•

It's a brave man indeed who sets out to tell young men and women of varying sexual preferences how to get their rocks off. In *Will I Like It?* (Hutchinson), author Peter Mayle at least has the honesty to admit that he really hasn't a bloody clue. Which says something for the man, but not much for the book.

Mayle previously pumped out *Where Did I Come From?*, which presented kids with an honest summary of the sex act, but this time around his readers are likely to be at a much more critical stage of sexual development. *Will I Like It?* is for virgins. It is supposed to break through the emotional hymen and discuss ways and means of making that first sexual experience pleasurable. And there are a number of good – if fairly obvious – suggestions.

Don't do it in a crowded bus. Don't climax before you get inside. Try the missionary position for starters and don't break a leg or bust a gut. Don't tell her she's got no tits and don't tell him you've seen bigger dicks on field

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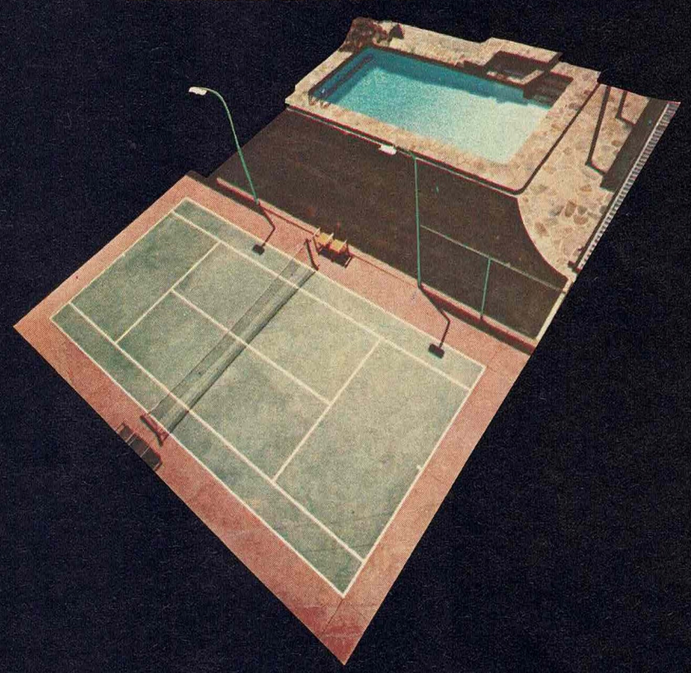

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mice. And so on. All good advice, but too often not heeded.

The trouble is that in trying not to preach a gospel of good sex, Mayle has two bob each way on just about everything. The message is simply that there are no rules, but Mayle arrives at that conclusion with a maximum of verbosity.

He tries to steer clear of moral judgments (although he does make quite clear that he is hetero and any knowledge of homosexual love is not derived from personal experience), but when it comes to the practical side of sex, he harbors some funny notions. He's very hung-up on cleanliness, for example, and even suggests that soap and water will cure the crabs. Anyone who believes that has simply never had crabs and many will take offence at the insinuation that only dirty people are plagued by visits from them. Similarly, Mayle has doubts about abortion for reasons of cleanliness rather than morality. But, perhaps thinking of sales to church schools, he adds: "... it is impossible to escape the fact that you are ending a life ..."

Another annoying thing about the text is the constant reference to an anonymous "we". Which we? Mayle and his lady? Mayle and his mates at the pub? The royal plural? Mayle and the photographer? If "we" have found something out (and it seems "we" haven't) we should know who helped.

For all the above, *Will I Like It?* isn't all bad news. The photographs, by expatriate Aussie John Thornton, are excellent, although a cretinous art director has seen fit to overlay pop art question marks on one smoky bedroom shot. There's a terrific black and white pic of a backseat boogie in a Volkswagen and, overall, the presentation is tasteful without intruding on Paul Hamlyn's well-trodden territory of coffee-table kitsch.

There may well be a market for this book, although it's hard to see where. By the time kids are old enough to appreciate a well-produced book you can bet they know a great deal more about getting laid than *Will I Like It?* will tell them.

•

There's a book on sale named *The Tabloid Story Pocket Book* (Wild & Woolley). Selling for · $3.95 in paperback form, it claims to be "a moveable feast of stories from our (Australia's) best writers". Names you might recognise among them are Frank Moorhouse, Dal Stivens and Michael Wilding.

It is, with all due respect to its 34 contributing authors, an anthology of the most ego-tripping writing-wanking that has been put together in this country. Or possibly any other. Just the same, it does have one thing going for it. The stories are, mercifully, short.

In fairness to some of the writers, it probably is their first attempt – or at least their first successful one – at having a manuscript published. Even so, it is hard to offer encouragement. It really is that bad.

This is a book which every aspiring Australian author should read. It will, if nothing else, provide an incentive by revealing that anyone can get into print. Read it if you can bear it, but in no circumstances buy it.

•

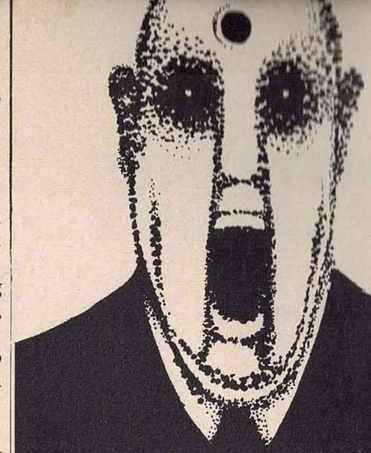
Mass murder, high financial intrigue and the subversion of national governments make a rich meal for any reader, but it can easily prove indigestible unless the author is a master chef. Robert L. Duncan has the secret of appearing totally familiar with his chosen milieu. His tense and suspensful account of multinational machinations in *Temple Dogs* (Michael Joseph) is executed with just the tight control needed to make this book a four-course gourmet must on any thriller buff's menu.

•

Unfortunately Richard Brautigan has now been replaced as America's number one funky pop novelist by soulful Tom Robbins. Unfortunate because they see the world through different eyes and comparison does neither author justice, but that's the price you pay for becoming a trend.

Robbins takes the drama of life and makes it funny/sad. Brautigan takes the comedy of life and makes it funny ha-ha. In this one, *Dreaming of Babylon* (Jonathan Cape), Brautigan is C. Card (ha-ha, get it?), a private eye down on his luck in San Francisco in 1942. Why 1942? Who knows? Certainly *The Abortion* was set in 1966 because flower power was about to break out all over San Francisco and it made the librarian's devotion to duty all the more ridiculous, but the significance of 1942 is beyond us. Perhaps we're meant to feel that the Japanese may be landing at any moment and here's this private eye wandering around snatching corpses in the middle of America's darkest night. What the hell? C. Card is a very funny guy indeed.

He drifts off into dreamland and chases his tail around San Francisco through 220 very funny pages. There is little departure from the whimsical absurdity of Brautigan's seven previous novels, but he certainly isn't losing his touch. Those who have moved on to other things will say it's passé. Faithful Brautigan fans will think it's wonderful.



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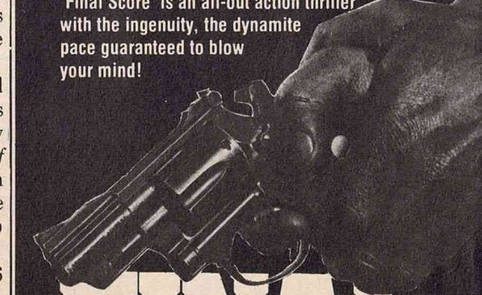
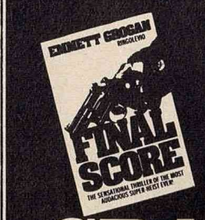


FINAL SCORE

by Emmett Grogan



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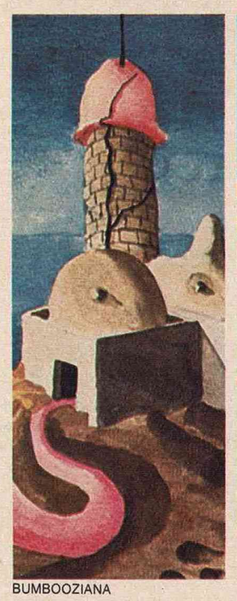
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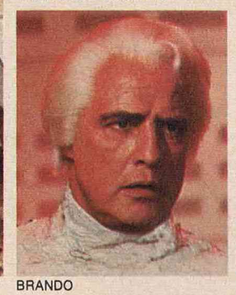
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